BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Boston Public Library

http://archive.org/details/elizerstroupesch00gree

Elizer's Troupe

SCHEINS IN AMERICA

1890-1999

Linda Schein Greenebaum

CS 71
.S32 0783
1999

Elizer's Troupe—Scheins in America
by Linda Schein Greenebaum
All Rights Reserved
©1999
Page design by Lisa Carta
Printed by Common Wealth Printing
Hadley, Massachusetts

Elizer's Troupe is based on personal research, interviews, and memories. The author gathered information from many sources and family members as possible, and intended to report the findings faithfully. She regrets any errors that serve in any way to injure the feelings or reputation of any of the subjects.

No part of this book may be used or reproduced without written permission except in the case of a brief quotation.

For information, contact:
Linda Schein Greenebaum
7 Winston Court
Amherst, MA 01002
or call
413-256-0922
e-mail:lindag@javanet.com

To my beloved children, Sally, Katie, Debby and Susie
My grandchildren, Nora, Sam, Jacob and Alice
and those that follow.
And to the spirit of Ernie,
wherever he may be.

CENTRAL &
EASTERN EUROPE
BEFORE WORLD WAR I
St. Petersburg
Reval
Dorpat
Pskov
Tver
Riga
Velikiye Luki
Moskva
Shavli
Dvinsk
RUSSIAN
EMPIRE
Kovno
Vilna
Vitebsk
Smolensk
Minsk
Bryansk
Rostock
Danzig
Königsberg
Hamburg
Stettin
Hannover
Berlin
Bialostok
Gomel
Kursk
GERMANY
Posen
Warszawa
Pinsk
Konotop
Lodz
Koln
Leipzig
Breslau
Lublin
Chenstokhov
Kiev
Kharkov
Frankfurt am Main
SEDZIZSOW
Prague
OSTRAVA
Nürnberg
Cracow
Przemysl
Lemberg
Stuttgart
Yekaterinoslav
Vinnitsa
NEUSANDEC
Brünn
München
Munkacs
Czernowitz
Wien
Pressburg
Miskolcz
Salzburg
Budapest
Innsbruck
Graz
Jassy
Kishinev
Odessa
Kolozsvar
Nagykanizsa
Szeged
Agram
Simferopol
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
RUMANIA
Bucharest
Belgrade
SERBIA
BULGARIA
Varna
MONTE-
NEGRO
Sofia
Skopje
ALBANIA
Salonika
Ioannina
GREECE
Athens

TABLE *of* CONTENTS

1 AUTHOR'S FOREWORD 1

2 ELIZER'S TROUPE—*The Musical Cast* 6

3 PREFACE—*A Talk With Dad* 18

4 CHAPTER ONE: *Elizer's Children in Galicia* 25

5 CHAPTER TWO: 1890-1910—*Elizer's Children in Chicago* 35

6 CHAPTER THREE: *Elizer's Grandchildren Are Launched* 53

7 CHAPTER FOUR: *Elizer's Great-Grandchildren—My Generation* 85

8 CHAPTER FIVE: *Generation Five and Beyond* 129

9 CHAPTER SIX: *The Current Color of Our Feathers* 163

9 APPENDIX: 178

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book is a labor of love, an effort on my part to build a family. Elizer's Troupe is vastly varied, as are all extended families. But this search effort has strengthened immeasurably my bonds with those I already knew, and planted seeds of friendship with the newly-found. I appreciate the cooperation I experienced.

I thank Katie, Susie and Michael Greenebaum for reading the manuscript and offering suggestions. Two professional editors, Bella Halsted and Kitty Axelson-Berry, helped me in the earlier stages. Lisa Carta is my fine page designer. Sybil Brabner was my first researcher when the goal seemed far away. And thanks to all who put considerable effort into writing their own entries.

George Shields and Bertha Greenebaum Wadt have been generous financial backers. As have the May family, the Krauss family, Michael Shapiro, Donna Levitz, Glela Sharp, Fred Schein, Jerry Wolf, Betsy Goldman and Maya Molner. I thank all of you who purchase a book.

For opening your homes to me in my travels to meet all of you, I am grateful to Linda Randall, David and Jane Amsterdam, Mimi Amsterdam, Maya and Carver, and Betsy Goldman.

For special support, I thank my daughters, my sister Ann, and cousin Maya. And my E-mail buddies—cousins Norm, Harvey, Jerry, Mindy, Betsy, Judy, and nephew Stephen. And a posthumous prayer and thanks to Kalman and Betty Schein, Ethyl Schein Krauss, and Mutzie Fischmann Schein, who passed away during the writing.

Just as the book went to press, I learned of the passing of my first cousin George L. Shields (1919-1999). His interest in providing a family history for his son Todd Schein coincided with the very beginning of my research. His financial support was invaluable.

I have tried very hard to minimize factual errors, but a project of this method and scope is bound to produce mistakes. I accept responsibility for errors and omissions and apologize to those who are affected. I also would like to hear from you of new births, marriages, and deaths, so the records will grow with our family.

Author's Foreword

In life's lottery, I have landed in a quaint college town in western Massachusetts to enact my last thirty years as musician and mother. I've followed the pattern of uprootedness established by my father, Ernest Schein, whose hundredth birthday is this year. He has been dead these thirty-two years, as has my mother, Elizabeth Cain Schein. They too cast away from their midwestern moorings and sought a new life in Washington D.C. in the 1940s. They raised me and my brother Bob and sister Ann as Christian Scientists. This very American religion was my father's language of liberation from his Jewish background. A Chicago version of "Milvaukee Deutsch" peppered his wonderful command of the English language with colorful Yiddish-German expressions. Most other aspects of this past were suppressed as he lifted off onto a magic carpet ride into the new America. We sped along, holding on tight. Now, in my sixties, I am interested in the "carpet-port" he took off from, and what he left behind. Who were his family and where did they come from? As a start, I knew the American names of my Grandpa and Grandma—Louis and Frances. And I had personal memories of six of my father's seven siblings. I thought I knew they were "German," and had come over as an orchestra of brothers and cousins, presumably together.

One day when being especially neurotic about my heart symptoms, my thoughts turned to the Grandma I never knew. How could I find out whether this pesky gene was passed from her? And then my dormant curiousity and emotion become involved: who was she, anyway? Is there anyone alive who remembers her? And this strong musical gene that I inherit modestly, and my sister Ann vastly—who were these musical forbears? I decided to make a questionnaire—ever the efficient historian! There weren't many to send it to. Just four living first cousins and one older than I in the next generation. Some remembered wonderful meals at Grandma's, but didn't know anything of her origins. And they couldn't

remember Grandpa being at those dinners very often. The house was in a mixed neighborhood, said one cousin who made a tape for me. Were they Jewish? Maybe Grandma wasn't, said some. My Dad said she was from Ulm, Germany. I was really confused by now. A logical solution seemed to be to hire a researcher on the scene in Chicago. My cousin George Shields was good enough to help me finance this. And so it started.

Sybil Brabner's major early discovery was my Uncle Sam Schein's naturalization certificate. Now we had a place of origin! Very excited, I took out a map to try to find the town of NeuSandec. It took some searching to translate it to today's Nowy Sacz. And located in, of all places, the tip of southern Poland, a little south of Krakow. In Grandma's day, there were 4500 residents, 1400 of them Jews. How could such a place be called Austria or Germany? Well, it was, from 1772 to 1918, a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. I researched the town and the province of Galicia. This was western Galicia, and the home of many Jews in the 1880s when, it turns out, Grandma had her first four children. None of us knew they were born in Europe.

The Eastern part of Galicia had even more Jews, and many were involved in the Turkey-Russia trade. This part became Ukraine when Western Galicia melted into Poland after World War I. I looked up the cultural life of the Jews, and found that the trend toward Hasidism and Zionism came about when the life for Jews became too unpredictable. This part of Europe missed the industrialization and inventions of Western Europe, and the Jews in Galicia sought refuge in Hasidism, a more emotional and traditional form of Judaism. Or they became Socialists, or assimilated, or emigrated to Palestine. But when the Russian pogroms began in 1880 they emigrated by the thousands, mainly to America. There remained, though, a considerable Jewish community in Nowy Sacz until the Holocaust. And surprisingly there is still a synagogue with beautiful frescoes, as well as a surviving Jewish hospital.

My researcher Sybil warned me that the information on naturalization certificates and censuses is often faulty. But, though I never found absolute proof, the date of 1892 on my Uncle Sam Schein's certificate is probably right. The ship, S.S. "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" of May 10, 1892, didn't check out. There was a Schein family on that ship, but they were from Balzamer. Their names and ages were tantalizingly close: Hanna (37), Novak (male 9), Karze (female 8), Mayer (male 7), Rivka (female 6), and Salom (male 4). Grandma would have named herself, Frieda (30), Rose (11), Sarah (8), Samuel (7), and George (4). If their names weren't changed! Sybil

looked in vain for a record of Grandpa Louis' passport out of Hamburg between 1885-88, dates we'd found on the censuses. It turned out he probably came from Bremen where the records are destroyed—and more likely in 1892. Increasing the obfuscation, I found Uncle Sam's marriage application of 1910 stating Cincinnati, Ohio as his birthplace!

Other towns emerged from the research, all within a hundred miles or so of Nowy Sacz. One was Ostrava, now on the Czech border in an area called Moravia. Grandpa's brother Nathan settled there. It had a large welcoming Jewish community with 6500 members. Another town we found was Sedzizsow, Poland, and Satoralujhelly, Hungary, both connected with the Amsterdams, in-laws of Grandpa Louis' sister Betty. These were still within the confines of the Austro-Hungarian Empire back in the 1880s and 90s.

Fast forward to Chicago, where the Scheins landed in the 1890s. Sybil looked for evidence of Scheins and Amsterdams in the Music Union records. They were active in its foundation, and there were several entries. She looked for Tribune articles about my father, Ernest, and his lawyer brothers Sam and George. They appeared to be high profile lawyers. She found cemetery records. Then a major discovery of a living first cousin of Dad's, Kalman Schein, also a lawyer. We talked and corresponded until he passed away only a few months later. He led me to others in the family, until gradually the whole sibling group of Grandpa Louis emerged: Louis, Betty, Nathan, Henry and Sigmund. And even great-grandparents Elizer (Leiser) and Ester Schein came to light. I had never heard of them! I wanted to trace them back into the earlier 19th Century, but the birth records at the Mormon Library (major family research repository in this country) were missing for the years we wanted. This will be a future project. Also, it took two death certificates to find Ester's maiden name of Loeffer, or Laufer. It was a major excitement to find Ester and Elizer on an actual ship's manifest. This time it really was the S.S. "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," Nord-Deutscher Lloyd, leaving Bremen on October 21, 1899, and arriving in New York on October 29th. Elizer stated on the manifest that he had three sons and a daughter in Chicago. The son named Henry was the only one for whom I had no date of immigration. Now I knew that he was over before 1899.

Sybil found the U.S. censuses of 1900, 1910 and 1920, and Grandpa Louis wrote different places of origins and dates of immigration on all of them. He tended to say they came over four or five years earlier than they did. It took a long time to find that their first "American" child, Edward, was born in 1894 instead of 1891, which would have allowed the 1892 to 1893

immigration date that is probably correct. Since Grandma's first seven children were born between 1881 and 1898, Sybil was very suspicious of the eighth child Ethyl's parentage, born in 1913! She said it was common for families to take in an illegitimate child of one of the older siblings and call it their own. This never checked out.

But then my researcher Sybil suddenly married and went off to Singapore! I was on my own. Gradually I placed all thirty-five first and second cousins of my generation. Nine were deceased, including my sister Paula. Cousin Kalman led me to his daughters and to my other second cousins in the Nathan Schein branch. Then I found a cousin from Henry's and Sigmund's branches on the great new toy, the Internet. Finding Great-Aunt Betty Amsterdam's family was harder. Finally there was a good clue: Sylvia Amsterdam Schlutz (niece of Betty Schein's husband Ben Amsterdam) wrote a letter to my concert pianist sister Ann about her concert pianist daughter Linda Love. Ann gave me the letter, I called Sylvia, and—Bingo—there were the California Amsterdams!

A wonderful story actually precedes this, and was an earlier contact with Amsterdams. Ann Schein, my pianist sister, went to play a Tschaikowsky Concerto at Hollywood Bowl. She was twenty-five at the time, in 1965. It was in very challenging conditions for a young artist—a lagoon between her and the outdoor audience of 20,000! But who should come up to her but the first cellist. "Hello, I am your father's cousin Maurice Amsterdam. I'm delighted to meet you, and you're every inch a Schein!" After that he sent Ann the precious pictures that appear in the Troupe chapter. We still didn't establish contact with his family, and he died a few years later.

I made two trips of discovery to California and Chicago, and managed to meet thirteen of the second cousins, and three in the next generation. I've talked to most of the others. I visited two Chicago cemeteries. The family began to take shape. Most in the family were unaware of the true extent of the Scheins. I wanted to find how many were actively Jewish, and how many intermarried. Also whether my Dad was the only one to deny his origins. I wanted to know how many had carried on the musical tradition, so precious to me and Ann and our daughters. At the same time, better late than never, I wanted to find my family. Very few knew of me or of Ernie, except to have heard there was a hot-shot lawyer in the family who went to Harvard and moved to Washington.

So, I turn to the big words: Expatriation, Assimilation, Dissimulation. I am interested in these things, and in having a framework family to secure

my moorings in life. Also I want to hang my musicality and half-Jewishness on this framework. I have taken the liberty of creating a fictional correspondence between me and Father Ernie, and Grandma Frances (known as Fanny), Grandpa Louis, Uncle Nathan's wife Jeanette, and Sig's third wife Glela "Suni" Sharp, who is still alive. I have imagined their voices, and assume that they are even today in the loop of communication. I'm pretending that Grandma Fanny could read and write, which was probably not the case. I am attempting to create the memoir that Ernie, a wonderful writer who hid his past, never wrote. It would be about his Jewish childhood, his immigrant family, the poverty, the attempt to start a life in a new world. Would I have packed up my four babies, a few baskets and my violin and hopped on a packed ship to start a new life in a new world? Grandma did.

Grandma Fanny Langer Schein
Chicago, about 1915

Elizer's Troupe

The Musical Cast 1885-1999

"The sum total of these pictures may seem elementary—a poor thing of our own, to be regarded with affection if not admiration."

—Maurice Schein Amsterdam, 1971

On the left, Grandpa Louis (Leibish) Schein
next to his father Elizer (Leiser) Schein
circa 1885, in Galicia
The emphasis was on Johann Strauss who was then alive.

Son and Son-in-Law of Elizer

"Note the professional pride and dignity here which is not conspicuous on pictures of symphony orchestras or chamber music groups. This might be compared to the picture of Wyatt Earp and his deputies in contrast to one of the Supreme Court. Did Marshall, Holmes or Cardozo have the assurance of my father?"

—MAURICE SCHEIN AMSTERDAM

Benjamin Amsterdam (center, married to Betty Schein) and his group that played at the Chicago Columbian Exposition of 1893
Alt Wien Café
Seated at left, Ben's brother Harry Amsterdam
Standing second from left, Sig Schein, 16 years old

Daughter and Granddaughter of Elizer

FANNY'S BROTHER MAURICE WRITES: *"The cimbalom was then an essential feature of the hussar-costumed ensembles presenting Hungarian atmosphere for fashionable social functions in Chicago. So the greatly gifted child of nine was sent abroad with her mother to Budapest, where she earned a diploma with highest honors in cimbalom. In 1900 she was sent abroad to learn singing, and returned with TB, only to die at the age of 25."*

Preparing the prodigy on cimbalom
Fanny Amsterdam and her mother Betty Schein
Budapest, 1894

Sons, Son-in-Law and Granddaughter of Elizer

MAURICE AMSTERDAM, FANNY'S BROTHER, WRITES: *"Fanny was the darling of the ensemble with an excellent ear, indispensable as the instrument was largely 'arpeggiando' accompaniment, producing a more alive sound than a piano. The strings were struck by cotton padded mallets of thin and flexible stems. A note could be sustained by rapid drumming. I (Maurice) was a 'second best' cimbalomist at the age of 10 and for several years thereafter. Their repertoire extended from Czardas to Johann Strauss, usually memorized. The contrast with today's raucous 'combos' is definitely not in favor of the vaunted 'more modern.' The free improvisation of individual members was left to the cimbalom, but within the limits of the accompaniment framework of traditional harmony. I recall partaking at the castellated brick residence of the Chicago social leader, Mrs. Potter Palmer, on the last night of the 19th Century, when the whole world celebrated my twelfth birthday! Because Illinois law forebade late hour employment of girls (Fanny) under sixteen, I (though several years younger)—played the after-theater shift at the steady hotel engagements—and attending school next morning!"*

Taken about 1900 in Chicago
Benjamin Amsterdam, leader (Evinson, Sr., clarinet),
Fanny Amsterdam, cimbalom, at 14 years, Henry Schein, bass,
Louis Schein, viola, Sigmund Schein, second violin.

Grandson of Elizer

Max B. Amsterdam
Chicago, 1908

Son of Beatrice Schein and Benjamin Amsterdam

Son, Grandson and In-Laws of Elizer

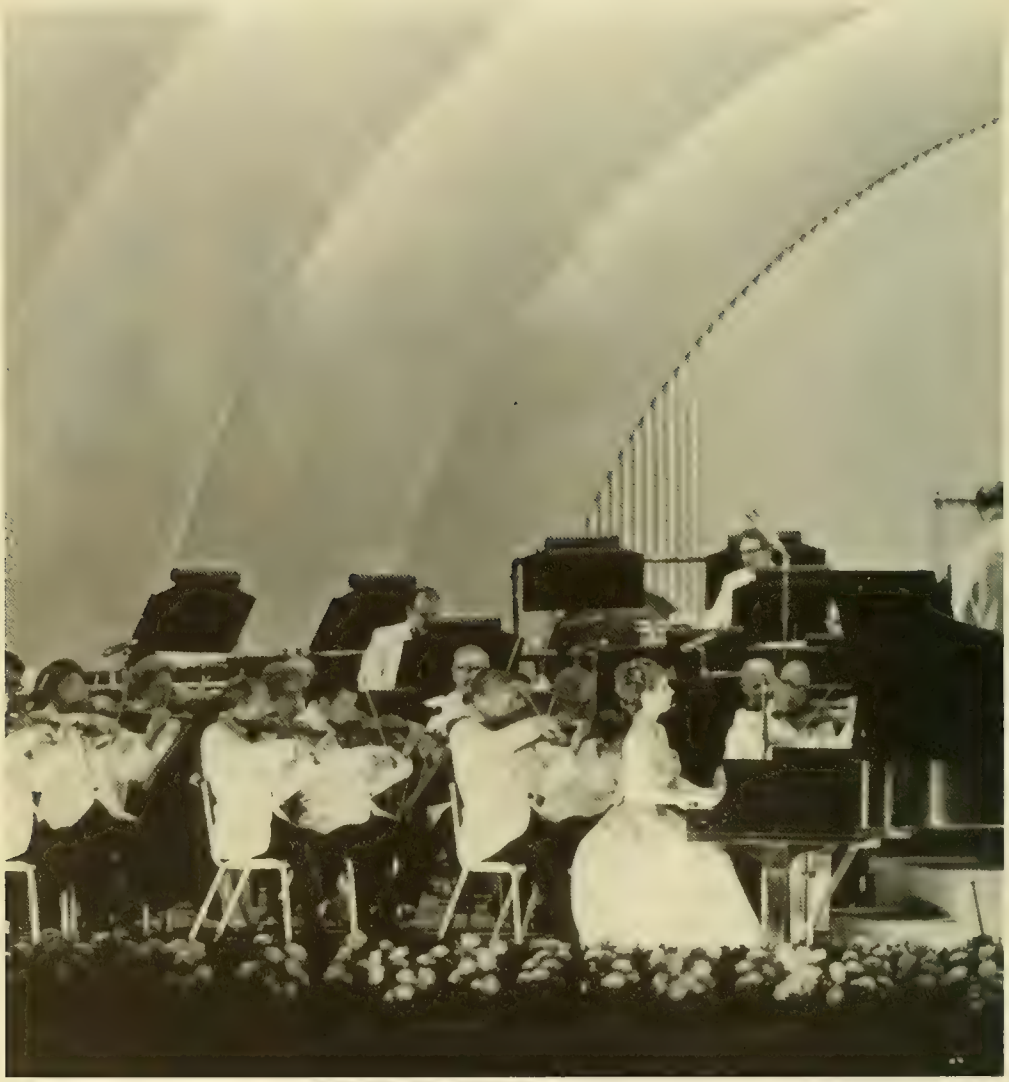
Chicago, 1910

First on left, Maurice Amsterdam
Third from left, Max Amsterdam, brother of Ben and father of Morey
Fourth from left, Henry Schein
Fifth from left, Harry Amsterdam, brother of Ben

Grandson of Elizer

Samuel Schein, Pianist, second from left
Pit Orchestra of the Wilson Avenue Theater of Chicago, circa 1914

Great-Granddaughter of Elizer



Ann Schein
Piano Soloist with Hollywood Bowl Orchestra
1965

Great-Granddaughter of Elizer (and friends)

Linda Schein Greenebaum
Second violinist, Quadra Lyrica Quartet
1978

Great-Great Granddaughters of Elizer

Katherine, Deborah, Sarah and Susan Greenebaum
Greenebaum Family Quartet
1985

Great-Great-Granddaughter of Elizer

Lynne Farley Whitaker-Hensler (Amsterdam Family)
Sessions Jazz Trio
CD Cover
1999

Great-Great Grandchildren of Elizer

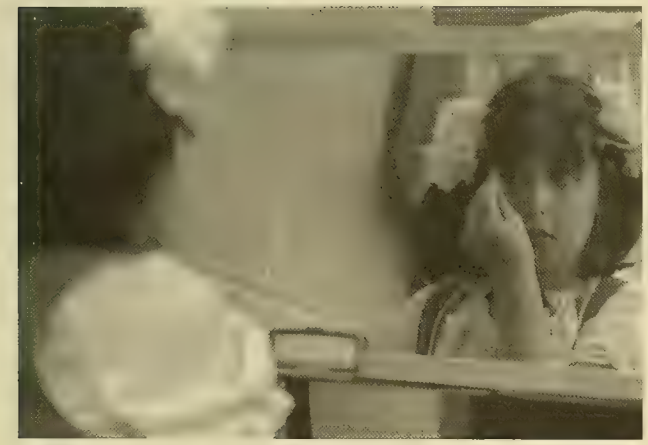
Gary Krauss in "Fiddler"

Linnea Carlyss in a Revue

Fifth Generation Musical Cast

Katie

Debby



Susie

Sally

Four Greenebaum Girls

PREFACE

A Talk with Dad

Ernest Schein, Washington, late 1950s

1999

Dear Father,

Tonight I am playing my violin for a rabbi convention. I am playing "Jerusalem of Gold," a militant and moving theme song of the Six-Day War of 1967, the same June when you passed on. I never knew Jewish music until now. In my sixties I am playing with a Klezmer group. Dad, if you're having eternal rest, I want to disturb it briefly to ask you important questions about our heritage. I, your loving daughter devoted to your memory, am endowed full well with the absolute pitch gene. Music was the core of my upbringing. Now I want to know you in the context of your Jewishness. May I proceed?

It's about the 100th year of your birth, in 1898 or 1899. Birth records differ. And your name—wasn't there a middle name—Ernest Isador Schein? And who are all these other strangers perched on the family tree I've researched? All these missing relatives? All these Jewish relatives? My identity slips in and out of focus as I find out more of your family and background. And my fascination with your great American assimilation story increases as I uncover the family you left behind.

You and mother raised me as a Christian Scientist, which on the plus side has left me a legacy of openness to spirituality and alternative medicine. It was a new American path in those days in the 1930s when

worry overtook comfortable optimism. You found in Mother's Christian Oklahoma background a spiritual and stoic light to lead you on a new path. She didn't talk about her ideas much, but I remember her saying that the Jews were persecuted because they didn't accept Christ. You wrote an article in the 1950s for the Christian Science Journal, a publication with very rigid guidelines. It was called "Reality." You wrote me this letter when I was in college, talking about where you were in your study of your religion of adoption:

MAY 7, 1953

"Christian Science becomes more and more meaningful and helpful as I continue my studies. As in all other pursuits the results attained are commensurate with the work applied. The impulse of the young is to question and then not wait for an answer. I studied many of the famous philosophy courses given at Harvard in my days in Cambridge. Ralph Barton Perry, Muensterberg, Ernest Hocking were giants among the scholars who were our teachers. I read extensively and conscientiously. I increased my knowledge, possibly developed my human intellect, but I did not grow in understanding the fundamentals."

This was where you had come by your fifties. But I never felt comfortable looking over at you in that puritanical pew of the Chevy Chase church. You just didn't exude disembodied spirituality. You were a brilliant, funny Jewish "Mensch," Harvard and Harvard Law, active Republican, leader of men, writer, music-lover, indulgent and proud Papa. Even if it was on one of the ladies of the Chevy Chase Church that you bestowed your wit in the following reply to rhyming invitation to a 1950s style Backwards Dinner:

"The call for dinner, back to front
Intrigues us as a novel stunt.

Limitless the implication
Of a rhyming invitation
To improve our eating fashions
By reversal of our rations.

Would our hostess look askance
At giving pointers in advance?

Does one eat platter, leaving pork,
Or with an olive, spear a fork?

Or do we cluster in a group
And follow through from nuts to soup?

(And will the little hors d'oeuvres
Lessen, not increase, our curves?)

One thing is sure with Katy Needham—
She'll have the wherewithal to feedem.
Gather the gourmets—
The Scheins will leadem."

I could go on and on, because I loved and admired you, and was also often the recipient of your puns and rhyming kudos. Many, many others loved you too. But, except for news of your immediate siblings, you kept your family from me. Since I feel your presence daily, I know we can talk about this.

I know that there were humble immigrant beginnings behind this American success story. Becoming a Christian, being a Republican instead of a radical or a Socialist like other Jewish intellectuals, becoming a lawyer instead of a musician, running for Congress, moving to Washington, travelling around the world in the infancy of flying (you always used to say that flying was in its infancy!), taking your family to the Philippines for a year, visiting Shanghai before the 1948 fall, leading the Harvard Clubs, the Alumni visiting committee, the Legal Aid Society. All these measure the full weight of your indoctrination into the American mainstream as the brilliant man you were.

I remember how you trained Mom to make you matzoh brei, and how you loved bagels and gefillte fish and borscht. But you were embarrassed at taking us to the Bar Mitzvah of a law colleague's son. The word Jewish never crossed your lips, as also seems to be the case in Uncle George's family. I know you smoldered silently when you were refused membership in Protestant country clubs. You always boasted about going to Door County—No Jews Allowed—with the Oscar Mayer clan.

But I remember, in later years, our Russian emigré neighbor on Bancroft Place in D.C. putting her hand on your knee and saying, "So, nu?" You acted surprised, but maybe familiar and warm, as if someone finally recognized you for who you were. You may have been the first Jewish member of the Cosmos Club. You formed a neighborhood vigilante group to keep Consulates "of color" off our block. And you were indeed a pillar of the Christian Science Church. But to this neighbor woman you were a fellow Jew—obvious by your face, stature, humor, wit, volubility, warmth. You were a Jew, and I was half a one. This half has been my dominant one, and I want now to befriend it.

Nothing really struck me as identity crisis until I followed your footsteps to Harvard in 1952. You weren't sure I was ready for Cambridge, although you'd gone when you were sixteen. You were really proud of me anyway. The Jewish boys thought I was Jewish—what did they know? Uncle George's daughter Bette, also raised in denial of Jewishness (and by nannies at that), reports a similar experience when she was put in the dormitory section with the "Jewish gals." This was a severe blow for her. I was not quite so sensitive as she, or maybe better protected by an otherwise loving upbringing. But I do remember thinking it odd that Stuart Levine, the horn player, would warm to me as a Jewish girl! I liked red-headed violinist boys like McCully and Garcia (yes, he was a red-head!)

I studied German and chose to do my Senior Thesis on the Protestant Resistance to the Nazis. You remember I got a "Summa" on it, even though you didn't write it for me as you did my high school Valedictory. Anyway, see how interested I was in the horrors of Nazis and World War II? And yet I'd never heard you mention the Holocaust. And then I selected Germany to go on my Fulbright. Jewish girls didn't go to Germany in the 1950s. But you came there to meet me at the end of the year. We drove your new Mercedes through Ulm, and in a rare moment of candor about your past, you said "My mother came from this town." I didn't know to question you. Maybe she really told you that. I've found out that she came from Nowy Sacz, now southern Poland, with your father. Maybe they weren't "Germans" after all.

Only now, alone and in my early sixties, do I feel the need to discover my roots. My children are three-quarters Jewish, two of the quarters being "echt" German Jew. They were raised with only a little knowledge of religion, but much knowledge of their father's Greenebaum-Loeb-Heimerdinger roots, plus the influence of a wonderful

long-lived Grandma on that side. You remember Bertha—the one who tried to get you to dry the dishes? I am still floundering, playing in the Klezmer band but feeling embarrassed when I don't know those tunes. I am trying to feel moved to go to Temple on Yom Kippur, but have only assured my daughters that I'm on the verge. Our family lighted Hanukah candles for the first time this year. Christian Science was stark and New England pure. The rich orthodoxy and abundant tradition of the Jewish service are so far uncomfortable for me.

What do you think, Dad? I know your ambitions for the future were endless—you wanted to be a college president, visit any and all world's fairs, hunt, fish, invest in dry oil wells or movie script flops, and write songs and poetry. You were so many things, reaching out with eager grasp for the American gusto. I have turned more inward and backward. I would like for you to put me in touch with Grandma Frieda (or Frances, as her name was anglicized), and Grandpa Louis, and his brothers Henry, Nathan and Sig, and sister Betty. I want to know their stories and all about their progeny. I'm ready if you are. Unravel away!

Much, much love,
Linny

DarLin,

Remember, that's the way I greeted you on all those college pep-talk letters? Thanks for printing a bit of my hunt-and-peck prose and verse style. Yes, I was a communicator on all sorts of subjects. But now you want me to reveal things I tried so hard to overcome and transcend. You know, darling, that was normal for the times. It was called "playing the game." In your times, at the end of the Century, it may be permissible and fascinating to honor one's ethnic roots. I am delighted for you, and regret that especially your Uncle George and I put so much effort into changing our feathers. Let me try to explain a few things to you, my darling Linny.

As you know, I rose up as the fourth son and seventh child of a poor immigrant musician. I am proud of this and never kept from you the family orchestra of Papa Louis and his brothers and the Amsterdam in-laws. You remember how I knew all the words to every song from musical theater? That was from sitting in orchestra pits with my Father while he played. True, I hardly kept up contact with my seventeen first cousins after I was married in 1930. I had been the one to go off to Harvard—a "brain,"

a leader, a lawyer, a politician. A lot was expected of me, and I took care of my siblings, despite two deaths from tuberculosis, and two suicides. My mom and dad, Louis and Frieda, died during the 1930s when you were born. My grandparents Ester and Elizer I never mentioned to you. They had passed away by the time I was eleven or twelve (1910). Where they came from seemed not a matter of importance to me. In fact it was important not to dwell on it. We were all Americans now.

I was a sincere patriot, serving in World War I, and then in the Reserves until 1935. Do you remember me patrolling the neighborhood as an Air Raid Warden in the 1940s? I loved America—the opportunity, the good life, the new values. You know how I loved to read. I didn't believe in wallowing in sentiment over the past or backward yearnings. I became a progressive Republican, though your Uncle George was a New Deal Democrat. As a very young undergraduate I was an official of the Republican Club in the election of 1916, supporting Hughes against Wilson. Though a Hughes supporter, upon reflection I feel that Wilson was a great man who, despite his frustrations, sowed the seeds of international thinking. So don't be so hard on my Republican status!

I ran for Congress in 1929 on a platform of Prohibition repeal. Now that's a surprise for you who knew me as a tee-totalling Christian Scientist! I was unsuccessful in that campaign, and was even physically beat up for being a Jew. George had married Louise Mayer, daughter of Oscar Mayer the meat-packer. The marriage into the Mayer family, who were strong Protestants, was a major move into establishment America. George and I intuited that being Jewish was something to be left behind—far behind. We formed a law firm with an older 1889 Yale graduate, John W. Beckwith. His father was a Chicago pioneer who for years was a distinguished member of the Illinois Supreme Court. John was Corporation Counsel for the city, and believe it or not, a Democrat! This alliance with a bona-fide White Anglo-Saxon Protestant ("WASP") seemed the right thing at the time. Your mother certainly thought so, as did your Oklahoma grandmother, who did not relish a Jewish son-in-law. This must ring oddly in your ear, since I was the one who thought it strange to be "waking up with a Jewish son-in-law"—your husband Michael!

Yet I never changed my name or straightened my nose. I cultivated people of all descriptions, though you may have remembered only the "Waspy" and influential. I had a great deal on my shoulders—all my civic, legal, Harvard and musical irons in the fire, along with your sister Ann's musical career, supporting your grandmother, and the fitful challenges of

making a living (my rockiest road). I tried to heal my prostate-liver cancer with faith alone, and I kept up a proud and peppy facade. Remember that joke I told about the Pope while being wheeled off to surgery for the jaundice? I can't remember the punch line. I can remember the regret I felt at leaving you when I was only sixty-eight. I also left without contact with my extended family of origin, but well connected to a new extensive community of civic and legal leaders, religious and personal friends. And of course, you and Annie and Bob and my dearest Betty. Without modesty I can say that I tested just about everything the tumultuous first two-thirds of the 20th Century had to offer—jack of all trades and even master of a few!

You know, Linny dear, from my new "vantage point," I'd relish the idea of tackling my denial and your "identity crisis." Things look different from up here. I'll even call my mother by her real Jewish name of Frieda or Fanny, instead of the Frances we invented. We can summon my uncles and cousins and give them the place in your life that I denied them before. I've plenty of time for this journey now, and your keen interest gives me a push. Fire away!

All my love,
Fa

CHAPTER 1

Elizer's Children

IN GALICIA

Dear Grandma Schein,

Here I am—Linda, your granddaughter! I don't really have a name to give you. It's very strange and exciting for me to try from this great distance to give you a form, a name, and a personality. I want so much to see you clearly. I must have known you in my first four years, but Father didn't say much about his family background. So, Grandma, let's correspond. My dad Ernie told me one time as we were driving through Ulm, Germany, that you were from there. Was that in the family lore because it sounded better to be a German Jew? I got so confused when I looked at the three censuses I found from 1900, 1910 and 1920. They all said something different. I've found that your father's name was Samuel Langer, and I've found there were Langers in Galicia. One of my cousins said you might be fifth cousins with Senator Langer from North Dakota. But I looked him up and he seems safely a pioneer North Dakotan and non-Hebraic. I've done more homework, and found where you came from in Galicia. I didn't even know about Galicia before. It's sent me into a frenzy of research—I've always been a good little student!

So, do I call you the German "Oma," or the Yiddish "Bubbe?" Or Fanny, or Frieda, or Frances? Did you speak German, Polish and Yiddish? What did people think of the Galicians? Why did you leave? Grandma, please write. I can't wait to hear.

Your loving granddaughter,
Linda

Liebe Linda,

How delighted I am that you've written me, my dear! You are my tenth grandchild—how could I forget. . . . These sixty years of eternal rest have been quiet to say the least. Now maybe there will be some excitement. I will try to recollect those times from May, 1862, when I was born, to the early 1890s when I left for America. Yes, we were born in Western Galicia. You probably never heard of it because we had an Emperor who was Austrian, and we sometimes liked to call ourselves Austrians or Germans, depending on how hard things were for us Jews at the time! There were lots of Jews in NeuSandec, but I hear tell there were many more in Eastern Galicia. Brody, over east, was a place where lots of Jews took part in the Turkey-Russia trade. Those Jews, and the Poles too, looked down on us Western Galicians sort of like you Yankees looked down on Southerners. They thought we were coarse, had no taste, took cream with our herring, and mispronounced the language—whichever one we were talking at the moment. Some folks I know went over to Germany, and the German Jews thought we gave them a bad reputation—like we were "schnorrers" or beggars. But we musicians had a trade, though not one that was very highly prized.

Of course you know that your Grandpa Louis' family played violins. He and his brothers and uncles played weddings and celebrations, moving all around the territory in their wagon. It was a blessing to play violin! Music is such a language of tradition, of joy, of Jewishness! Most of our friends were normal people like shopkeepers, craftsmen, tailors, furriers, hatters, or owned drinking establishments. Your Great-Uncle Nathan was a shopkeeper and furrier. We were all poor, and hadn't gone to formal school. The men read Torah and did their work, and the women kept the "Kinder and Küche." We wanted to know more, but the opportunities just weren't there.

As for our language, I know you saw on the censuses that we spoke German. Well—only if we had to! Mostly we spoke Yiddish. It had words from German, and maybe some Slavic languages, and Hebrew. We were kept in a separate part of town as Jews. We were treated differently. My mother told me a story you'll hardly believe of how all these Jews got to Poland and Galicia. They were chased out of Central and Western Europe because they had poisoned the well water and caused the Black Plague in the 14th Century! Look that one up, my little scholar granddaughter! That could be why there was so much German in our Yiddish. Louis felt it was important to be German, not Yiddish-speakers, when we got to America.

You know, it was quite hard being a Jew in those days. Sometimes

the government tolerated us, other times they sent us from towns to farms, or said we could or couldn't be civil servants, didn't allow us to go to school or made us go to force assimilation. They told us we couldn't be peddlers, made us serve in the army, forced us to take German family names, or taxed our kosher meat and candles. Some more educated Jewish teachers came from Germany and Bohemia who really wanted us to be Germans. But we protested by not sending our children to school. If Leibish (that was Louis' yiddish name, dear) and I had stayed, I don't know if my children would have gone to school, or to the army, become Germans or Poles, or run off to Palestine with the really religious Hasidic Jews!

But there was always the rich Jewish cultural life to bring us together. We had a synagogue with lovely frescoes on the wall. When I was a girl in 1867, Emperor Joseph granted us Jews equal rights. Many of our friends started making money in business and government, export-import, and oil. Some of my friends' children started going further in school. Things were a little better. But then those "nebbishe" Poles started to think we were taking their business away. And then the terrible Russian pogroms started in 1880, and the Jews from the Russian Pale of Settlement started flocking into Galicia. That's when Louis and Benjamin and Sig decided to go to America.

Maybe that's all I should say for now, Liebchen. This is so nice telling you about my life. I didn't do much talking when I was on Earth. The kitchen was my home.

Love,
Oma Fanny

Liebe Oma Fanny,

This is what I want to call you for now. It is fantastic (literally!) to be in touch with you. You know, I've lived in other countries—Germany, England, Mexico, the Philippines, and short trips as far east as Hungary, Yugoslavia and Greece. But that was all after the Holocaust, after the demise of strong vital Jewish communities in Europe. A rural region such as Galicia with so many Jews is a strange concept today except in Israel. I watch with interest television programs on the Hasidim in New York, who came over from your area not to find a new way of life, but to preserve the old.

My town of Amherst is small and very diverse. We call it "multicultural." The Jewish community includes Jews from Reform to Conservative and many marriage partners of other faiths. The Rabbi is

a woman and the building is a recycled Congregational Church. I know you would look on in wonderment! But how about your town of NeuSandec and the other three towns I've found? They are Sedzizsow (the Amsterdams call is Shen-dá-shev), Mahrische Ostrau (Ostrava), and Satoralujhelly—how could you miss that one on a map! Write soon.

Love,
Linda

Liebe Linda,
I'm so relieved you know about NeuSandec! We had vowed to keep it secret when we got to America. Did you find my son Samuel's citizenship papers, you little snoop? Just kidding! Now I can feel free to talk about "der heym." It was a small town then, under five thousand, and maybe a third of it was Jews. It was ringed with the ancient walls—fortifications really. They'd been there for five hundred years. I would go over there sometimes when I was young and walk around the top. That got difficult when I had four little ones in seven years. Our Jewish quarter was near the walls. There were open markets and unpaved streets. Our hill ran down to the Dunajec River. In springtime, the river rose to terrifying heights when the snow melted on the Carpathian Mountains nearby. Sometimes when Louis and the other musicians would pack up their wagons to go out playing, I would know that it might take them six or eight hours to cross the valley. The mountains were in a ring around us. There wasn't much mail service, and the nearest post office was six miles away in Bochnial.

Sanzer Shul, Nowy Sacz

On Shabbos we would go to the Synagogue, which they say was built in 1746. Of course the women had to sit upstairs then, so I would sit and gaze at the "schayne" wall paintings during the long services. How amazing that you have a woman Rabbi! We women had to stay home and keep the homefires burning, and believe me there was a lot to do! I don't mean to "kvetch," but you have electric lights and running water, liebchen!

Then there's the town over there in Moravia that Nathan went to, called in our day Mahrische (Moravian) Ostrau (Ostrava). There was a time when Jews weren't even allowed to settle there, less than a hundred years before. But after about fifty years of that nonsense, it became the second largest Jewish congregation in Moravia. Nathan said that people came from all over to worship there.

The Amsterdams, who married into our family, were from a town you couldn't pronounce—and we Galician "schnorrers" couldn't either! It was Sedzizsow, and later Ben and Betty moved to the one called Satoralujhelly. They were all in our region, although the second one is now in Hungary, a little further south. I rarely got around to these places, but the family would talk about them. Maybe you should drive around that area some day. You could fly over in one of those new-fangled jet planes. That is, if you brush up on your Polish, Yiddish and Hungarian! Oy, I'm talking too much. I'll save the introduction of the Schein family for the next time.

Voll libbe,
Oma Fanny

Dear Grandma (I'll try the English version),

Yes, I'm brimming with curiousity about Louis and—I think I have their names right—Betty, Henry, Nathan and Sigmund. These were the great-uncles and aunt that I never knew anything about. I knew my great-uncles on Mother's side—Adelbert and Alan Weston of Neosho, Missouri. And the Cain family that came from the Isle of Man. If only I could have known your side too! Tell me, Grandma, when were they born and what were they like as musicians and young people? Tell me the gossip about you and Louis!

Much love,
Linda

Liebe Linda,

My Louis' Schein family were musicians—playing weddings, dances, Strauss waltzes. They played Jewish music, like what you call Klezmer. But they wanted to modernize their repertoire with the Viennese and Hungarian—the stylish music of the day that they would play later in Chicago in their hussar outfits. You know, like the picture you have.

Sig, Henry, Nathan, Louis, Chicago, 1920

I'm not sure how long Louis' family had been around NeuSandec. They might not have been there very long. Musician families moved around. We all had to take German names, though I knew some other Scheins who came from Romania. Louis was

Betty Schein Amsterdam, c. 1900

born in 1858, and Betty in 1864, and Nathan, the furrier, the year after that. There were nine or ten years then until Henry was born, and Sigmund a year later. Louis, Henry and Sig all played string instruments like their dad, Elizer. Nathan followed other paths, which I'll tell you about later. Betty met and married Benjamin Amsterdam who was also a good musician from a family of musicians. I knew Ben's parents, Ethel and Isaac. Ethel later came to America.

You want to know how Grandpa Louis and I met and married? In 1880 I was eighteen—old enough in those days, and he was a handsome musician—full-bearded and tall, with his Jewish yarmulke, a little cap. My father, Samuel Langer, was anxious, like all other fathers, to marry me off. The Scheins were reputable and had a trade. We had little time for "libbe" (love), though we managed to have four little ones in seven years! We lived very close in the Jewish quarter to the rest of the family. Papa Elizer and Mama Ester (Loeffer) took care of us all, chased the chickens around the yard, hauled the water, lit the Shabbos candles. We were a close Jewish family.

Betty was called Beatrice in the old days. Her marriage to Benjamin Amsterdam was encouraged by the family. I seem to remember that she was in love with someone else at the time! The Amsterdams were musical friends of ours. Betty didn't play an instrument—we women weren't given lessons, except in baking bread—but she loved music. The Amsterdams were from Sedzizsow, the unpronouncable I told you about before, and were living in NeuSandec. The Scheins would set out in their wagon with Ben and brothers Max and Harry to play "gigs," as you call them. The Amsterdams were to play a very big part in our family and musical life for many years to come. Betty moved around with Ben and had their first two children, Fanny and Maurice, in the 1880s—when I had my first four. She and Ben were the first to leave, blazing the trail for all of us.

Brother Nathan was born just a year after Beatrice, in 1865. He followed a different path from the others. He decided to strike out on his own at an early age. This must have been because he wasn't a musician. I don't know what happened—there were stories, though. Louis told me that Nathan was very bright, and the one they were grooming to be a rabbi, not

a musician. So when he wanted to practice a violin, Papa broke it! The contradictory story is that the reason he didn't become a fiddler was that he wouldn't practice! At any rate, he set off on his own to be an apprentice to a shopkeeper. That was more prestigious than working in a factory. You had to do it for three years before getting a paid job.

So off he went, before he was twenty, to a town west of NeuSandec, just over the border into Moravia. The town was Mahrische (Moravian) Ostrau—I think I told you about it before. He kept going over to Chicago and New York to see his brothers and work in America before he was married. He even went a few times after he married Aunt Jenny (Jeanette Donner). But his family was firmly settled in Ostrava, and kept a general store and fur trade there until 1910. Isn't it funny that my oldest child Rose married Ignatz Klein, a furrier also? I hear that furs are out of style in your day. Even with all the trips to America, he and Jenny managed to produce seven little ones. Nathan loved to read to them by the kerosene lamps in their small quarters behind the store.

Quite a few years went by before Mama Ester had Louis' brother Henry. I believe it was 1875. He was a welcome addition to the family—Louis was already fifteen and out playing fiddle with the family. Henry took to the musical tradition. He became the bass player. You had to have one of those—even though basses are so hard to "schlepp" around! Henry married Lena Weissman, who was also from our area. They left Galicia when Henry was in his early twenties. Elizer and Ester had lost all of their chicks but Nathan by that time. Nathan and Jenny used to bring the grandchildren over from Ostrava to cheer them up!

Sigmund was the baby, born just a year after Henry, in 1876. I seem to remember that he had a twin brother who died as a baby. Louis told me that Mama Ester had a goose that followed her around all the time in the yard, and she thought this goose was the ghost of her baby! Anyway, Sig was a beloved youngest child, only five years older than Louis' and my first child Rose. Let's see, that makes her Sig's niece. Rose grew up with a possessive crush on her Uncle Sig, and was disappointed each of the four times he married other women! Mama Ester didn't want Sig to go into the Army. So they sent him off by himself in 1892 or 1893 to go to America to join Ben and Betty. There are good stories of his trip—first he was jumped for his precious gold pieces in the hotel in Bremen waiting for the boat. After that he could afford only the herring they threw out of barrels onto the lower deck for the Jews. From New York to Chicago on the train he had to play his violin in the stations for food. The only word he knew in English was "apple pie"—so that's all he got!

I hope this wasn't too much all at once about the family! Write about what you want to know next. Goodbye for now.

Viele Küssen,
Oma Fanny

Liebe Oma,

My family is emerging thanks to you, Grandma. I can now imagine them coming to maturity in a turbulent time and each making the decision to come to America. I visited Ellis Island recently with my daughter and grandchildren (too young to allow me much of a visit!). The hecticness and romance of the five thousand immigrants a day that passed through the great hall made me long to know more. I have looked for scraps of evidence of the family's arrival—on censuses, ship manifests, Chicago Directories, naturalization documents—the only tools I have. The countries of origin varied from Germany to Hungary to Austria. Language: German or Yiddish. Dates: from 1887 to 1892. And your first "American" child, Edward, born in 1891—or 1894, as it turns out. It seems no one took those census takers too seriously! Tell me, Oma, what motivated each one to leave and when it all happened.

Love,
Linda

Liebe Linda,

How funny that you looked all that up! Oh my dear, I hardly know any more when we came! Oh goodness, my memory's gone fuzzy. Louis was so interested in covering up all these things about our origins that I hardly remember what was true. Liebchen, we were in the middle of a very stormy time in Galicia—the Russian pogroms causing new refugees to come every day. Louis' family was in turmoil about leaving for a better life somewhere. We had four tiny children, which didn't make it easy. But the Scheins and Amsterdams had one thing on their mind—get the family to America. And when they had enough money, bring over the parents. All these things were accomplished in a very hectic twenty years or so, between 1890 and 1910. Oh, I know you have challenges in your time, but be glad you weren't in the middle of that turbulence. I'm so sorry I wasn't able to tell you in person—and that my children were so anxious to bury our story.

All I know is that we came, squeezed like sardines on a big North

German Lloyd ship from Bremen. My Rose was about twelve, Sarah eight, Samuel seven, and little George, four. They had Yiddish names then, but I can't spell them anymore. Louis was "Leibish." As you know, I've been Frieda, Freija, Fanny and Frances. We came with straw baskets filled with our worldy goods, which weren't many. The crowding and wonder of the New York harbor is all "vermischt" in my mind. Ben and Betty and Sig were already in Chicago, so we headed for there, for the fantastic World's Columbian Exposition of 1893. We thought we would find work there.

But let me tell you, darling, a little about what you found on the censuses. You know, you hardly knew who was going to answer the door and give the information. And I think people fibbed a little! By the 1910 census, we were firmly Americans and we wanted to be from Austria with German as our language. And my George was already a young lawyer, and wanted to have officially been born in America—on the 4th of July! Ah well, we stretched the truth a little to make our new life all the more official.

As I told you, Ben and Betty came over first. They followed Ben's sister Sarah Amsterdam, who was the first trail-blazer. Ben and Betty went to New York at first with their oldest, Fanny. It was around 1890, and their third child Max was born there. They left their boy Maurice with grandparents Ester and Elizer in NeuSandec, since he was sickly

You've probably looked at the 1893 picture at the World's Fair and seen only Ben and Sig in it. Well, yes, Sig came over by himself when he was sixteen, in 1892. We came over soon after, but with four little ones Louis didn't get organized to get his hussar outfit and join the band.

What a time it was! Brother Nathan was still busy as a shopkeeper for those coalminers over in Ostrava, but came over to visit often. Henry and Lena came in about 1897. And then came the grand moment when Grandpa Elizer, with fiddle case and Grandma Ester triumphantly on his arm, boarded ship in 1899. They were delivered to the ship on October 21, 1899, by son Nathan whose baby Leo had just had his "bris" in Ostrava. On October 29th, the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" arrived in New York. They went to join their four children in Chicago, and Elizer continued to play his fiddle and was a Union member until he died ten years later. Nathan finally brought Jenny and the seven children that same year, in 1910.

Goodbye for now, darling. Next time, we'll talk about all the bewildering and exciting things that happened in the grand new country of America!

Voll libbe,
Grandma Fanny

Great Grandma Ester with Max & Fanny Amsterdam, Chicago, 1901

Ester & Elizer with Sig's children, Max, Mitzi and Eva

Elizer "taking a snooze in a rocker" drawn by grandson Maurice Amsterdam, Chicago, 1908

CHAPTER 2

Elizer's Children

IN CHICAGO 1890-1910

INTERLUDE WITH DAD

MEMO TO DAD: *I loved Grandma's letters about Galicia and the family. I can just smell the chicken paprikash, the matzoh ball soup, the matzoh brei that you taught Mom to make for you. (She didn't eat it, though!) The humor, the music, the intellect I've known in you have a source now. Even though, rather than Yiddish proverbs, these words would come out of you:*

> *"By the shores of Itchigumee*
> *By the laughing big sea waters,*
> *Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,*
> *Daughter of the moon."*

Well, at least I got some Hiawatha under my belt! I remember, too, how you loved fairs, and used to go to Disneyland by yourself on business trips. And one of the things you regretted in our last conversation was not being able to go to the Montreal Expo of 1967. I remember you used to boast about Mom playing her violin at the Chicago Fair of 1933. Do you think Grandma would take me back to the Chicago of the 1890s? Certainly she remembers the magnet that drew the Scheins to Chicago—the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

DarLin: I may be tall, but I'm no Longfellow! Just punning again—incorrigible I still am. Of course, write her about the family's first years of arrival. I was born at the end of that turbulent decade of the 90s. It was an incredible period of growth both in population and building. She will remember the details and tribulations of Uncle Ben and Aunt Betty, Sig, and your grandparents. Grandma's chicken soup was unmatched, but she didn't have the leisure for story-telling in those days. From her current vantage point, she's the one to tell you about those Schein siblings as they all settled themselves in a Chicago bursting its seams. Ask her to fill you in on her and Louis, my Aunt Betty and her Ben Amsterdam, Uncle Henry and Lena, Grandpa Elizer and Grandma Ester, Uncle Nathan and Jeanette, and Uncle Sig and Sarah. These were the actors in the drama of my early life. Grandma remembers for sure when and why they came and how they fared in the bustling, muscular Chicago of the turn of the century.

Write on, Fa

Letters

Dear Oma Fanny,

Grandma, Here it is 105 years after you came to America, and your granddaughter Linda is sixty-plus. I've raised four daughters, who now live on their own. I am surrounded by items of convenience that you never had, and was saturated with the 20th Century "good life" by your son and seventh child, Ernie. I am trying from this very altered landscape to put myself in your place, Grandma. What was it like for you to bring four little children to the New World, and arrive in a city with the growing pains and excitement of Chicago? I lived there for much of my life, and am drawn by its strength, size, culture and beautiful setting. It is still a work in progress, of course, but when you came it must have been much more raw. As I get to know this phase of you and your family in Chicago, I would love for you to tell me about this city the Scheins and Amsterdams picked out of all the world.

I tried, Grandma, to find your trail on censuses, birth certificates, ship lists, pictures—all the ways we, the curious of a hundred years later, have to find the footprints of our ancestors. I found so many conflicting dates—it seems like your generation didn't realize that grandchildren

would be looking for reliable data! I think the best way after all is to ask you directly. Grandma, tell me your adventures of arrival and about the Chicago of that time. And about the part the 1893 Columbian Exposition played in your decision to go there.

Love,
Linda

Liebe Linda,

Oh, liebling, you can hardly imagine what it was like for us migrant Jews back then! We were torn up by the roots and planted in a strange new cabbage patch. The trip from Bremen was exciting, but we were crowded and the conditions for us poor people were not nice. New York was a wonder, but Ellis Island was a crush of people. So many of us came with hopes, which by then were fraying at the edges. Ben and Betty were already over—they'd spent a couple of years in New York. Louis and I were trying to organize our four little ones to come, and when the news of the great Columbian Exposition of 1893 rang round the world we decided to pack up a few straw bags and set out.

But, liebling, you can hardly imagine the big city of Chicago, where we landed with hardly anything but the clothes on our backs and Louis' violin and musical talent. The city was a sprawling infant. The streets were a mess—mostly unpaved. A few were paved with wooden blocks. Imagine! We were just getting trolleys, and they started building those amazing trains that run around on high tracks. I was fascinated when I heard that one of my grand-nephews, Fred Schein, is a manager of those rumbling trains a hundred years later! Motor cars were just starting—I think there were a few hundred in town by the time little Ernie was born. They had to make an 8-mile per hour speed limit! I think that if we could afford a phone (unthinkable!) we could have made a phone call to New York at the time we came

Mostly, though, there were horse wagons and trolleys and trains that we new folks, and the older ones too, rode around the already huge city. Lake Michigan was beautiful, but the cold winds blew off it through the narrow streets. There was a yellow glow of gas lights, lit by lamplighters in the evening. People from everywhere—Swedes, Irish, Poles, Germans, Jews—lived in their neighborhoods, but traveled all over to work in new big factories, or on the railroads, or in the shops and markets. The streets were full of shout-

ing salesman and bars, and even—now what do you call them?—red light districts! It was even the time when skyscrapers began—not a hundred stories, but already pretty big.

And that Fair! It was named after Christoper Columbus, they say. Chicago was a very different city for that year! We had just arrived in 1893, and Louis didn't get into the wonderful photo you have of Sig and Benjamin playing there. After we got the children settled in the apartment on West Division, Louis played too with his brothers. It was a fairyland! It was called the "White City," and it really looked a lot better than the chaos and greyness that we lived in! They built out into the Lake a bunch of white Greek temples that you might see in picture books. Each country had a building, one more fancy than the next. Our "Royal Hungarian Band" played in a nice little café in the Austrian building—the Alt Wien, I think it was called. (*See Appendix.*) Many famous musicians came to play concerts at the Fair, Louis said. But they just went back home to the capitals of the world. Very few would settle here in this dingy city except poor musicians like us. You know, darling, right after the Fair closed, someone destroyed most of the beautiful structures, except just a couple. I couldn't believe we were back to the same grey, noisy, raw jumble that we started with.

Darling, it was a saga that you can't imagine. We all tried hard to keep our old traditions alive, but everything new was attacking us from every side. You had to be brave for this brave new world. We had to think of new ways of being and acting at every turn. To face the challenges, Louis and I at first relied on his family: Ben and Betty, Sig and Sarah, Henry and Lena, and eventually Nathan and Jenny. And of course, Oma and Opa (Ester and Elizer), who came by 1899. I'll tell you each of their stories later if you're willing!

Schöne Grüsse,
Bubbe Fanny

Dear Oma,

Some days, Grandma, I wish so hard that I could have lived in an extended family, like you did back in Galicia. Growing up in the suburbs meant more and more isolation from family, I think. You introduced me already to some of this family I missed knowing—Louis and Betty and Nathan and Henry and Sig—when they were back in Galicia. I gather they all came at different times, even though I learned from my Dad that they had come over as an orchestra of brothers and cousins. I peeked

into the 1893 Chicago Directory and found Sigesmund (the first spelling), and Benjamin Amsterdam. Before I shake the "Schein tree" for all the fruit it has borne, I'd like to know how the main branches found their way over and how they settled in. Would you start with Grandpa Louis and Betty, the two oldest? I can't wait to hear!

Love,
Linda

Liebling Linda,

Ah, my Louis, or "Leibish" as we called him in Yiddish! We were married over fifty years, and I suppose we had the usual difficulties of a man and woman together for all those years. Try to imagine the hard time we had staying afloat in a new country. Much was expected of Louis—after all he was the oldest. Of course it was hard for him to take so much responsibility—eight "kinder," imagine! So you snooped around in the 1893-96 Directories? You didn't find him because—ah well, we were scrambling to get settled and weren't organized enough to go register for the book. He was, though, a "head of household" and did have a real trade, like people in that book.

So what do you want to know about him? I think I told you before that he cared about the way he dressed, and was very handsome. If you looked a little too hard, you might find him out of the house most of the time, especially in later years. But in those early times, he'd come home exhausted after scouring the city for jobs. He would go out in the morning and try to make connections with other players and get small jobs. Luckily he had Benjamin and Sig, along with some good friends like the Goldbergers, and other "Landsleute" from Galicia. They played weddings, parties for society ladies, and, yes, the big Fair. Louis found that the musicians wouldn't get far without banding together, so he helped form the Union to protect them. You really should write him to find out about those musical details.

Leibish tried to be a good father to the eight small ones. The reason my older grandchildren don't remember him much is that I was the only one home for those Sunday family dinners. Louis was out working. He was a good son to Ester and Elizer, and helped bring them over in 1899 when they were 57 and 59. He was close to his brothers and sister. He was a popular leader among the Jewish musicians in those days in Chicago. Everyone knew him.

Let me tell you something about Louis' sister Beatrice, or Betty as she was known in Chicago. She was the only sister, and when she married Ben Amsterdam, that whole family become part of our lives. As well as I remember, she and husband Benjamin Amsterdam left NeuSandec before we did—maybe in 1889 or 1890, and went to New York for a while. They had a new baby there—little Max—to add to their Fanny and Maurice born back in the old country. I told you it was Ben who got word of the fabulous Exposition happening in Chicago, and sent for Louis and me, as well as young Sig.

Ben set himself up as a music teacher there on West Division Street. Little boys from the neighborhood would come over for lessons and torture his sensitive ear and perfect pitch. Sound familiar, my little violin-teacher granddaughter? He was a good "leader of the band" for the Royal Hungarian Orchestra that played at the Expo of '93, and for many a group after that. Ben was not classically trained, but he could play by memory in all kinds of styles. The "klezmer" style, which you're trying out now, was buried back in Galicia, never to see the light of day in Chicago in those times!

I remember Ben and Betty Amsterdam moving all the time during those years in the 90s in Chicago. They lived three different places on Milwaukee Avenue, two places on 55th Street, and then onto W. Division, in 1899 or so—right after my Ernie was born. Betty herself was a music lover, but didn't play an instrument. She used to stand in the gallery to hear concerts at Orchestra Hall when it was first built. She was probably dreaming of her musical children playing someday in the Chicago Symphony! Yes, her big interest and accomplishment was as a "stage mother" to little Fanny and Maurice, who had been born back home in the 1880s. She left the sickly Maurice for eight years in NeuSandec with the Schein grandparents, while she paraded Fanny and baby Sidonie all around Europe for Fanny to study cimbalom. She even pretended she wasn't Jewish when she stayed with Fanny for three years at the Budapest Conservatory. Little Max stayed with us off and on in Chicago in the 1890s, I remember.

Betty travelled, and Ben played the field, you might call it. He was quite the ladies man, and a real martinet. His were the children who were prodded to practice, even beaten if they didn't! By 1903, they left Chicago for the West Coast, and their family is all rooted there by now. I think most of the family you've met didn't remember Betty, because she died at fifty in San Francisco in 1915, two or three years after her beloved daughter Fanny

died tragically of tuberculosis. She had drifted away from Benjamin when Fanny was ill. Ben went on to marry and marry again. He made more money in real estate than in music in Portland. He owned a whole block of apartments called "Amsterdam Square!"

Ben's brothers, Harry and Max Amsterdam, were really members of the Schein family too, and we did everything with them. Harry and Max married two sisters named Finder, so their children felt especially close since they were double-cousins. A little bit of family gossip—Max was father of the comedian Morey Amsterdam. You must have heard of this very funny man who used his cello in his comedy act. I think he was famous on television in your day! Max's brother Harry raised his five daughters in Chicago, but they ended up in California. The palm trees and sunshine and beautiful ocean coaxed them out there! Old Ethel Amsterdam, in Ester and Elizer's generation, came over too. She left Father Isaac at home. Ethel lived until 1920 and is buried in Waldheim, the Jewish cemetery, near your great-grandparents.

Oy, I've gone on and on! Hope you enjoyed reading about Louis and Betty and Ben. I'll save the others for my next letter.

Alles gutes, Liebchen,
Oma Fanny

Dear Grandma,

Now that you've settled into America, I don't know whether to call you Oma, Bubbe or Grandma! I'll try a little of each. Don't ask me why the happenings of a hundred years ago interest me even more than the here and now. The pictures of you and Louis and Ben and Betty are fascinating to me. Thanks for bridging my family gaps, Oma.

We're to Grandpa's brother Nathan in the sibling order now. I spoke to his son Kalman, and have recently met or talked to his living grandchildren—my generation. I am trying to flesh out a picture of Nathan, the one who was not a musician. He takes on a certain individualistic and mysterious air because of this. You told me about the store in Ostrava. What were his and Jeanette Donner's early footprints in America?

Much love,
Linda

Liebe Linda,

Ah, yes, Nathan—he never could quite make up his mind about America. Maybe he had regrets about what he didn't do—become a musician or a rabbi. He was a very intelligent and gentle fellow—blue-eyed, as I remember. There was a restlessness, though, about him. He kept making these long trips to America—and then back again. Like he was on one of those jet planes! He first came over, I remember, in 1890 to visit Ben and Betty in New York City. I think he tried being a peddler on Hester Street, teeming with immigrant Jews. He was only twenty-five then, unmarried. My memory tells me that he came over three times before he was married in 1894, and three or more times after. He returned to New York for a year or two, with his nine-year-old Leo, before finally bringing Jenny and the seven "kinder" in 1910. In Ostrava he was a successful shopkeeper to the coal mining trade—remember, he did his three years apprenticeship? And he had experience as a furrier. In America, what counted was whether you spoke good English and had a trade. He had trouble finding work. Even we musicians had it a little easier!

Jenny & Nathan

Jenny got out the straw suitcases and packed them up—one each for Ida, Clara, Anna, Charlotte, Kalman and baby Elsie. They made their way by train to Bremen on December 1st of 1910, and set sail. Imagine their sense of adventure and excitement—and probably fear! Ida and Clara were already teen-agers. They arrived in Baltimore ten days later. Believe it or not, there were trains then to take them to Chicago. And off they went, hoping that Nathan and Leo would find the right time and the right station to meet them.

I know you peeked at the 1910 census and found Nathan and son Leo living with me and Louis. Well, that was so for six months before the others came. Anyway, the big day arrived. It was cold and windy—the usual for Chicago in December. Nathan and Leo hired a horse and wagon and went to pick them up at Dearborn Station. Jenny and the children were still strong and healthy. They remember being really impressed with all the Christmas trees, something the Jewish quarter of Ostrava was lacking!

Nathan had found them a place to live on LeMoyne Street, on the northwest side in Humboldt Park. It was a Jewish immigrant neighborhood

where there were nice homes and apartments. He opened a grocery right away. It was about 1400 North and 2000 West, near Damen Avenue. Most of the customers were Jewish. It was in the winter, and folks had already bought their fur coats, so at first it was just a grocery store. In Ostrava they had a general store, and the family lived in the back. In this new venture they managed to move the family a couple of doors east of the store. They added another boy, Sammy, to their family in 1912.

I remember Nathan as a very bright man. He was always reading a book, and always read to his family, even back in Ostrava, by the light of a kerosene lamp on a pulley. The family liked cards too, playing with hazelnuts and beans for money. They remained a very close-knit family in America, although Nathan unfortunately died in 1921, just six months after daughter Clara's wedding. He had ulcers and was operated on and died of a slip of the knife. Are doctors better in your times?

So, these are some of the things I remember about Nathan and Jeanette. Our families were friendly at the beginning. But there seemed to be a little strain later—I always thought that there was a little feeling of musician against non-musician. And maybe the fact that they remained a more observant Jewish family. But we all needed each other in the early days. His eight children (same number as me!) always got jobs to help support the family. Nathan and Jenny taught those kids the value of hard work and love of family. It's really a shame that you never knew them until now.

Liebliche Grüsse,
Grandma Freija

Dear Oma Freija,

Thank you for the story of Nathan and his struggle to make the adjustment to America with eight children. I'm eager to hear how his next generation was affected by the radical life decisions he had to make. Now, how about the next brother, Henry? I know he was born about nine years after Nathan. He was the family bass player—I've seen a picture of him playing in the bass section at Grant Park. He died before his grandchildren were born, and his widow Lena Weissman didn't pass down many stories about him. What can you tell me about him?

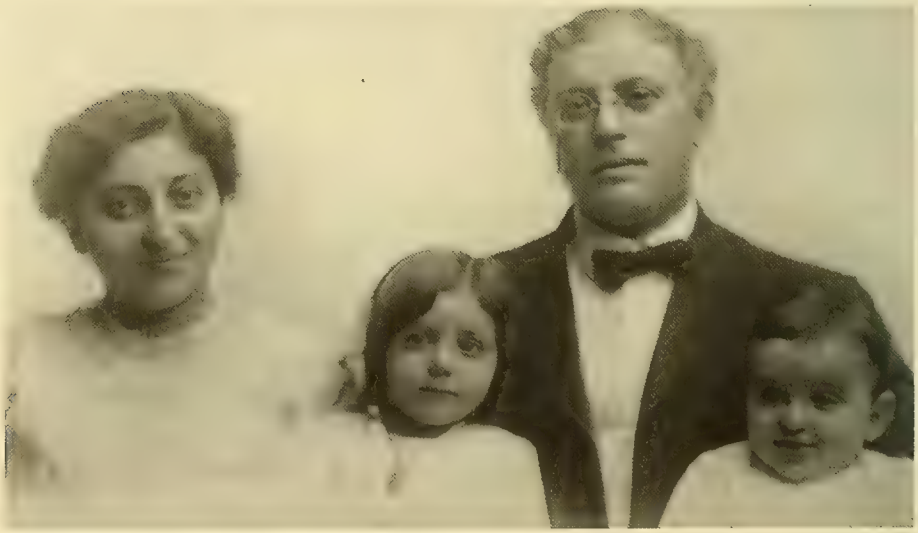
Love,
Linny

Liebe Linda,

I can understand that you've had trouble finding details about Henry. So Lena and the children didn't talk about him much after he died in 1930? We knew him well. We would often go to his and Lena's house for Pesach. She was a wonderful cook, like me, and from a more observant Jewish family. It's too bad that people remember him as a heavy drinker, although I do remember that about him. I always thought, though, that he had some physical problem, maybe stomach cancer or ulcers, that caused him to want to deaden the pain. You know there weren't as many fine medications as you have in your day. (I know that you've been reluctant to take them because of your background in Christian Science!)

Henry came over after we did. I think it was 1898, a little before Ester and Elizer. He established himself right away as a jobbing musician, and lived near the other brothers. Some of them even lived together at certain points. Sig owned a three-flat house and Henry and Lena lived there with them for some years. Henry helped the Amsterdam and Schein men to form the Chicago Musicians Club. I seem to remember that in about 1908 they were all charter members.

I must say a word about Lena Weissman, Henry's wife. She was a very sweet woman and a good friend to me. She lived a long life after Henry died in 1930, staying with her daughter Rosalind. They went off to Detroit and California, so I didn't see them much. She was called "Gramma Schein" by her grandsons, and was beloved by all. She was a



Lena & Henry with Rosalind & Lester, Chicago, 1911

keeper of the Jewish traditions, which were kept more alive in the Weissman family than in ours! Maybe later you'd like to know more about Henry's children and grandchildren.

Next we come to the last but not least, Sigmund. There are so many stories that I think it would be good for you to write his third wife, Glela "Suni" Sharp. She's still alive in 1999, and a great story-teller. I hear that you met her in Chicago last April.

Herzliche Grüsse,
Grandma

Dear Suni,

Remember me? I'm Linda, Sig's long-lost grandniece. We had such a good talk over strawberry pancakes at IHOP on Peterson Avenue last April. Right before that we locked ourselves out of the rental car in front of the Rosehill Mausoleum! Since you were married to Sig for ten years from 1937-47, you are one of the best authorities on him. Of course, I had a great conversation with his daughter-in-law Mutzie, who just died recently—and the four grandchildren, Betsy, Egon, Susie and David. I would love it if you would put in writing some of the stories you told me about Sig. Thanks.

Best regards,
Linda

Dear Linda,

Just got back from my farm downstate in Hoopeston, and got your letter. Yes, I'm the farm girl, red-headed and freckled, that Sig married after his daughter introduced us at a family music camp. Daughter Mitzi thought he and I, a camp counselor and physical education teacher, would be a good match. My tender young age of twenty-one plus being a "shikse" seemed not to be an obstacle. Good heavens, I'm younger than his kids, Eva, Max and Mitzi, and have outlived them by a fare-thee-well! We married in 1937, and I immersed myself in the Schein family.

International intrigue was brewing in Chicago in those days before the beginnings of World War II. Sig's nephew Lester, wife Toby, and I were active in anti-fascist organizing on Friday nights while he worked his job as contractor and player for the pit orchestras in the Schubert Theaters.

Sig & Sarah with Max, Eva & Mitzi Chicago, c. 1911

We'd meet afterwards and go over to the Schein Cousins Club at Clara and Joe Roth's.

Though Sig and I were together only ten years, I have very vivid memories! Sig was a dapper though quiet man He carried a cane and sported a Van Dyke beard and Borsellino hats. He used to have his nails done! He was color blind, and before I came he would go next door to get the color of his tie approved! His diamond cufflinks always went to the theater with him. He was a gay blade, a ladies' man, but not a womanizer. He was "king" in his family and was a little spoiled as his Mama Ester's youngest.

His first wife, the mother of his children, was Sarah Privulsky, a gorgeous redhead (like me) born on Hester Street in New York (not like me!). Her sister Ida was a pianist in their father's movie house, and thought she would be the one to marry Sig! Sarah is said to have cowered when Sig pushed away her cooking. I didn't allow any such! He had the three children, grown up when I met him, but he wasn't really a "kid person." That is, he wasn't very demonstrative. His granddaughter Sally, Mitzi's only child, knew how to crawl on his lap and get around his reserve. Your Aunt Rose, only five years younger than Sig, had a crush on him. I remember a funny moment when she was jealous of Sig buying me an evening purse in her presence!

I used to drive Sig around in a gold Oldsmobile. Farm girls could drive in those days—but he was a bad driver—too nervous! We used to go to California for a month or two in winters, and I remember our first driving trip. He got fidgety not being at the wheel, so he took over and nearly ploughed us into an oncoming car. He gladly let me drive after that. The next time we went on the "Challenger," the California train in those days. I recall bringing some cut-up roast duck along, and eating it with our feet dangling from the upper bunk.

Did your Grandma Fanny ever tell you that Sig came over by himself in 1892 to avoid the draft? Mama Ester wouldn't let her boy go to war. He had funny experiences coming over that she must have told you. He did play in the 1893 World's Fair with his Uncle Ben Amsterdam. And they stuck together in those early years, always living near each other—

even for a little while on the South Side near the Fair. I never heard him speak Yiddish, but he did speak English with an accent. He smoked self-rolled Turkish tobacco so that his fingers got brown—he was always rolling and spilling. He started a fire when playing cards (probably Klaberjaws, his favorite game) on his front porch on Rosemont. He didn't swear, but wasn't what you'd call a goody-goody. And he wasn't a big drinker, but he liked his kimmel (a caraway liqueur) and a bit of Slibowitz. He lived for years at the Pratt Lane Apartment Hotel, in a Jewish neighborhood. Very close by was a great Ashkenazy deli! Sig lived at the Pratt Lane until his death in 1954.

Sig

Mostly his attention was with his music. He was a good fiddler, and I think your memory is faulty about him being a left-handed one. He established his reputation with James Petrillo, who emerged as leader of the Chicago Musicians Union. Your grandpa and great-uncles played a big part in getting him there. He and his groups played anywhere they could get a job. And he always loved to regale me with stories of the great Fair, and how the South Side was then. Though we lived North, he used to take me down there to see the Midway Gardens, two blocks from 55th Street, where he'd played when it was a dance hall back then.

Jimmy Petrillo really liked him, and Sig became the contractor for the five Schubert Theaters. He replaced someone who took kickbacks. I remember one of the theaters was the Grand Opera (the City Hall's now there), one at Selwyn and Grand, and one in the Fine Arts Building. He was concertmaster for the likes of Galli Curci and Caruso at the Civic Opera, and played for Theodore Thomas and Frederick Stock when the Chicago Symphony was first formed at the new Orchestra Hall. And then there were assigned tasks like walking John Barrymore around the block before the show to sober him up!

In 1921, Sig told me he was nominated to go to the American Federation of Musicians National Congress, but declined. His violin, a good one that an uncle had given him in the old country, was taken by the wife after me—actually someone I knew by the name of Ruth Baer. Her

daughter Eleanor took it, along with his silver-inlaid walking stick. Our family has lost these precious mementoes. Those stepchildren were not popular with the rest of us.

He had very little good to say about his second wife Hattie! She stretched the truth and he never liked the way she put the fresh slices of rye bread on the top of the package, instead of under the stale piece! Anyway, he was good to me. But I finally got too enmeshed in the problems of his daughter Mitzi. I finally had to leave him and go off to Florida. Three years later I married Harry Sharp (Horace Shapiro) who was from Chicago. He was great bridge player and brought Sig's grandson David Schein into the Encyclopedia Brittanica with him. Harry was a brilliant and funny man, very popular with the Schein children. He was very civic-minded, marching in demonstrations against the death penalty, and working for coal miners' rights.

I hope this serves as a thumbnail sketch of Sig. The musicians he worked with really liked him, and he was beloved as husband of four, father of three, and grandfather of five. It's really a shame you didn't know him. After all, he did survive until 1954, when you were already in college.

Linda, have you thought of writing directly to Louis, your Grandpa? He and Sig worked so closely together in the music business and you share so much with them as a fellow free-lance musician.

Best regards,
Suni (Glela Houmes Schein Sharp)

Memo to Dad

Dad: I'm about to write to Grandpa Louis to let him know that his music is surviving unto the following generations. I just finished photocopying for my daughters my "wedding pile"—the ditties I've used to play weddings. I know Louis understandably had not encouraged his children to be musicians, though I do remember a cello placed lovingly and perhaps hopefully in the corner of your law office in your last years. I came across an excerpt from a letter you wrote me in college—just an informal note that shows how involved you were in music:

> April 10, 1953
>
> DarLin: . . . We went to the last big concert of the National Symphony on Wednesday night. The program included the love scene from Tristan with two real singers from the Met.

> The woman, Astrid Varney, was terrific, but the Swede Tristan was a human gramophone if I ever heard one. The brief but significant singing of the lady attendant (I always misspell her name and shan't try) was well done by our local friend with the Hut Sut Song name, Rilla Rowe. The rest of the program was better—Strauss Rosenkavalier Suite and the last scene from Salome where that dame dances with the head of John on a dinner plate. The woman from the Met and even the Symphony were good in that. I should add that during the waltz motifs in the Rosenkavalier the "unfriends" of the Symphony almost got a wish when Howard (Mitchell, then conductor) in his enthusiastic but artless conducting was waving his wings so high that he seemed about to take off into space.

So, I hope you think it's a good idea to try to find Grandpa. I want to tell him that his musical torch is unextinguished—and find out what he really thought of his chosen career. O.K.?

Love, Lin

Letter to Grandpa

Dear Grandpa Louis,

You never met me, but I am nonetheless your granddaughter. Has Grandma been telling you about my letters? Here I am trying to find out about the Schein family, and haven't even asked you! Music is so very special to me that I want you to know that the musical gene has survived. I'm a violinist and violist, my daughters are three good violinists and a cellist, and of course your granddaughter Ann Schein is an unsurpassed concert pianist. Music is our connection with you, Grandpa, even though we never knew you. I'm trying to find out about all the musicians and artists in the family.

I saw on an old picture of you from Europe that your Yiddish name was Leibish. I could also see that you were quite a handsome, well-dressed gentleman. Ann and I actually met someone who knew you. We were in Lyon & Healy Music Store in Chicago one day some years back, and an elderly clerk heard the name Schein. He asked, "Are you related to Louis?" We were excited! He told us you used to come in all the time, and you were such a gentleman and well-respected musician.

What caused you to come over to Chicago? What was it like for immigrant Jewish musicians then? I imagine it was even harder to pull together a living than it is for me! I at least have had a public school job! Tell me about working with your brothers and in-laws and how it felt to be a founding member of the Musicians Union. I'm a member—my dad Ernie bought my first membership on the condition that I keep Schein in my name. And write something about you too—I just found out from Max Schein that you were neurotic about your heart. So that's where I got it! Tell me whatever you can, Grandpa.

Your loving granddaughter,
Linda

Dear Linda,

So you found me, eh? I gaze upon you proudly from "above." You and I have much in common as free-lancers. Well, we older Scheins and Amsterdams decided to come over for the big Fair of '93. We heard of that great event even back in NeuSandec! It was sure a good time to leave the old country. The pogroms were coming, and the Jews knew it was time to move on. The Amsterdam boys and I made plans. Ben and I would go first, and Harry, Max and Henry would follow if things worked out. I understand you have a picture from the Fair, with Ben and Harry and Sig.

Yes, we struggled to find work. We did mostly society parties. My niece Fanny Amsterdam, the prodigy on the cimbalom, was our star attraction for a while. Your dad Ernie used to call the kind of gigs we did "potted palmer" music, since we often played background behind plants at the soirées of Mrs. Potter Palmer, the society matron. I hope he passed that joke on to you, since it sounds like you and your girls do similar jobs! You used to wonder how Ernie knew all the songs to all the shows. Well, it was because I took him to the orchestra pit over and over again at the Schubert Theater! I don't know if Ernie told you that I lost a finger on my left hand, and had to re-finger everything. Just another challenge to keep me hopping!

Anyway, all the "vermischte" business about unionizing. We had to protect ourselves against more people like us coming from Europe in droves. After all, we got here first! We first had the Chicago Musicians Club. I and Max and Harry were charter members in 1908. We brought in my father Elizer, your great-grandpa, who came over in 1899. Ben's son

Maurice Amsterdam, Sam Schein, Max Amsterdam & friend. Coronado Beach Hotel, 1908

Maurice, a fine cellist, joined the Union with us when he was nineteen. We all signed an agreement to merge with the American Federation of Musicians, which was a competing club.

We were really active—even got in trouble now and then for paying less than wage scale at the Crystal Theater when we were the jobbers. Sig landed the big job of being a contractor—the one who hired people for jobs. He was a great friend and right-hand man of Jimmy Petrillo, whom you probably know of as our colorful Union boss. Sig saw to it that most of us Jewish musicians made a living. He even "ascended" to the Chicago Symphony for eight years! Now, have you ever done that? (I know it's a hard gig to get in your times!)

Henry, my bass-playing brother, and his son Lester both played with us. Lester played a lot on radio, WLS, and had a booking agency. You should read my son Ernie's review of a book about Petrillo (see *Appendix*). Even my lawyer sons were interested in the Unions! As you know, Ernie met your Mom Betty while he was lawyer for the Chicago Musical College just a couple years before I passed on.

My son Sam, who by the way was very close to his Uncle Sig, was a professional piano player. He played in lots of pits like us string players—often for movies too when they came along later. There was one good story that he and some other family members were playing a trio at the Coronado Beach Hotel in San Diego in 1908 when an earthquake struck. After he finally followed George and Ernie into the law profession in 1917, he was counselor to

the Union for many years. You know, he was the one that insisted on certain numbers of live musicians being hired in theaters—not just one or two. In contracts he caused it to state that a Union member had to be paid a day's wage for each performance even if "non-live" musical sound was used in a play. Sam would handle checks for the Schubert Theaters because he was the Union representative. In your day, I understand those rules are being challenged by synthesizers. Imagine—machines replacing people!

It is good to write to you, Linda. I hope Oma Fanny didn't tell you I was out playing most of the time and my relationship with the family was somewhat strained. But I felt I had to put my energy into being an American musician, dressing well, being a "German" Jew rather than an East European, and organizing what you'd call the "free lancer"musician's life. You and Ann especially can understand what I went through. My brothers and the Amsterdam boys were my mainstay, and it was wonderful to have my parents over for those ten years before they died. So fare well, my dear.

Fond Grüssen,
Grandpa Louis

Interlude with Dad

Memo to Dad: *Paying this imaginary visit to the generation before you has proved you're a "pea in their pod:" dapper like your dad and Uncle Sig—diamond stickpins and natty suits, and even the fedoras and walking canes. You were kind of a union organizer too, in the spadework you volunteered with Patrick Hayes to set up the Washington Performing Arts Society. You were a "stage father" to your Annie like your own Aunt Beatrice was a "stage mother" to her Fanny. And you also felt it important to pass as a non-Jew, as she did travelling in Europe with her prodigies. You have the intellect and love of reading like your Uncle Nathan, the family "rabbi." And the love of music of Uncle Henry and all the others. And don't forget the love of charming the ladies. You were indeed loquacious, funny and charming.*

DarLin: Enough of all the flattery! It's high time that you knew my Jewish family, and I'm fascinated that you care enough to look into it. Write to Grandma Fanny (I won't call her Frances anymore, if you prefer) about my generation, the twenty-six first cousins.

Ta-ta, Fa

CHAPTER 3

Elizer's Grandchildren are Launched

Interlude with Dad

DarLin: Rather than toot my own horn, I'll leave you to my mother to enlighten you about my early years. She knows the gritty details of the eight of us. She can better describe the joys and burdens of raising us, and the details about each of us—Rose, Sarah, Sam, George, Ed, Ann, me and Ethyl. Also my eighteen first cousins were part of a clan that was closely knit—at least in those early days. She'll welcome your inquiry.

Love, Fa

Letters

Dear Oma Fanny,

Are you ready for my nosy questions about your many children and their cousins? You've had plenty of time now to ponder your time on this planet! What were your children really like, Grandma? I remember them all a little—Aunt Rose ("Woody") and Uncle Ig (Ignatz Klein), and Aunt Sarah, unmarried and working at the Fire Department and her "boyfriend" Mr. Stackpole. And then Uncle Sam and his wife Vera. And the car salesman Uncle Ed and wife Lillian who moved to Evansville, Indiana. And Ann, the sick one who died when I was three. And last but not least, Ethyl, who was kind of an Auntie Mame figure with short skirts, black fishnet stockings and lots of silver charm bracelets. I remember visiting her in Milwaukee when she was married to "Freddy" Fredman of Fredman Bag.

But I want to hear first about my father, Ernie—your seventh child and fourth son. In my "snoop" role, I found Ernie's birth certificate that I think was doctored in 1942—doing some altering on the background.

His middle name "Isador" was dropped, the birth year changed from 1898 to 1899, your name changed to "Frances," and your place of origin to "rural Germany." It was signed by "Samuel Schein, brother," and it looks like another step in the "Americanization of Scheins" saga that interests me so much.

Grandma, the Ernie that I knew was brimming over with wit and vitality. What was the young Ernie phenomenon like? I want to hear from his own mother about his early years.

Love,
Linda

Liebe Linda,

Oh Linda, your father was quite a boy—such a bright student, clear-headed and a real leader. He used to say that he "swallowed the dictionary"— and call himself "Johnnie Boston Beans." He loved sports too—I remember him playing baseball in the alley behind our house on Hoyne Avenue. He and his boyhood friend Lawrence Jacques (see *Appendix*), a friend of Ernie's for life who became a doctor, were top students together at Wicker Park School through eighth grade. He was almost valedictorian there but was beat out by a prissy little girl named Rosie Schwimmer!

"Marksman" Ernie, 1920s

After we moved to a fancier neighborhood on the far Northwest Side (Avers Avenue, now replaced by the Kennedy Expressway), Ernie went to Carl Schurz High School. He was valedictorian there! He and Lawrence went off to the University of Chicago where getting all A's was like "shooting fish in a bathtub," an expression he liked to use. His brother George decided to send him off to Harvard, a very unusual step for people in our circumstances. We thought maybe he'd never come back! But come back he did, and got really involved in politics and neighborhood organizing. He even published a neighborhood newsletter about civic issues! (see *Appendix*)

He lived with us until he married your Mom Betty in 1930. He met her when he was lawyer for the

Chicago Musical College. She had come up as a violin student from the University of Kansas. Ernie brought her over when they were courting, and she told me she'd almost gone back to Oklahoma after hearing an eight-year-old play the Mendelssohn Concerto the first night she was in Chicago! Fortunately she stayed and graduated. Right before they got married Ernie made a run for Congress. He was a Republican, though not conservative and stuffy. I think they called it "Progressive." One of his jobs was being lawyer for the Musicians Union. I think he approved of union organizing. Are Republicans like that in your time, honey? He was great with the kids in the neighborhood, organizing and coaching their teams, and fighting for the city to establish park districts. In 1929 he didn't get that nomination for Congress from the Seventh District. Undaunted, in 1932 he tried to get elected to the National Republican Nominating Convention to overthrow the Hoover nomination. You know, he must have gotten these Republican ideas when he went to Harvard! The rest of my boys were good Roosevelt Democrats. But then, what do I know of politics?

I do remember Ernie running on a stop-Prohibition program. (See *Appendix*) This was funny because soon after his new religion caused him to give up drinking! He also was very patriotic, and even was a "First Lieutenant of the Cavalry" of the Army Reserve after being a Navy seaman in World War I. He was still in the Reserves when you were born. He was such a public-minded man.

He was an energetic, vital, principled leader of men, my darling Linda. And besides that he was funny as can be! He and my grandson Wally Klein did stand-up comedy routines at our Sunday gatherings that were funny enough to go on the road. Too bad you didn't know him in those exciting early years in Chicago.

Love,
Oma Fanny

Dear Bubbe,

Thanks for the good letter about my Dad. I've heard many things about his ten-year-older brother George, and want to hear from you who knew him best. I know he was married to the daughter of the meat-packer Oscar Mayer, and had three children. One of these, George Junior, I have come to know and has helped me on this project. The three are now in their seventies, and my

contact with them ceased when we left Chicago in 1945. I do remember as a child visiting them in their lakefront house on Sheridan Road, and even going to the office of Oscar Mayer and being given a $5 bill!. Please tell me, Bubbe, about your fourth child, second son George.

Love,
Linda

Liebe Linda,

My George was a very charming, out-going, ambitious young man. He used to celebrate his birthday on the 4th of July by setting off fireworks when the family was in Wisconsin! It wasn't really his birthday, but he preferred to be all-American and keep it quiet that he was born on another date in the Old Country in 1888. He was a small man, about 5'6" like my other boys—Ernie was a little taller. After he married Louise Mayer, they lived in a beautiful house on Astor Street, near the Lake. The house had a coal-burning furnace in the basement, and Grandfather Mayer put in fire escapes for them on the side of the house! George was very dapper, like Louis and Ernie, and would walk with fedora and cane down Michigan Avenue with wife and children in hand. He would walk around the house quoting poetry like "Quoth the Raven, nevermore!"—just like Ernie used to.

George & baby sister Ethyl, Chicago, 1915

George really loved hob-nobbing with the influential people in town—from the arts to politics and newsmen. They would often come to his house, or he would be doing business at glamorous bars and restaurants. He and Oscar Mayer were pals and Democrats together. He was fast-driving too—once ran his Stutz Bearcat into a telephone pole! He was an excellent marksman, and took hunting trips quite often. He would have the chauffeur drive the family West, staying at places like Missoula, Montana for two weeks to hunt. He and Louise almost bought a farm in North Dakota once! He did get injured seriously in Nicaragua on a hunt one time—he lost a rib

and had to be hospitalized. There was even a little article in the paper! He was slightly hunched after that. He went out West to a Dude Ranch to recover. Louise and George also planned to build a house on property they bought near Ravinia. I think that never happened because of her untimely death.

George & Louise's Astor Street house, Chicago

I don't believe he ever talked to his children about being Jewish. The Mayer ancestors were ministers and foresters in Bavaria, and George preferred his children to identify with that. Like Ernie, though, he liked his Jewish food, and employed Hungarian cooks for years. They cooked chicken paprikash almost as good as mine! The children went to Episcopalian Sunday School, and were encouraged to—what's that big word you use? Ah yes, "assimilate." George Junior thought that changing his name to Shields would help him on his path. And it may well have. After Louise Mayer's death in 1927, when the children were very young, George had to raise them as a bachelor father. Often nannies would substitute for him as parent, and all three children still regret this.

On the lawyering front, George (and his partners Ernie, Sam, Joe Cohen, Les Donohue, and John Beckwith) were involved in every kind of case. George loved the social aspects of having clients like Gene McDonald, founder of Zenith and RKO Pictures. He used to go yachting with these people and had a high old time! The boys loved to litigate and were in the newspaper more often than most lawyers. He and Ernie were always getting into real estate deals. You remember how your Dad was always investing in dry oil wells? Some of the cases I read about in the papers were for the Musicians Union, Oscar Mayer Company, their Uncle Sig's divorce from his second wife Hattie, their sister Anna's case when she was injured at Riverview Amusement Park! The brothers helped set up the Oscar Mayer plant in Madison in 1919, the year my grandson George Junior was born.

In those days of Prohibition, there were quite a few fellows who liked to dodge the law. Many of them were in the Mafia. As a lawyer it was hard to avoid associating with these people, and my boys had their share of experiences. I heard a couple of stories: during the Checker and Yellow Cab wars in the 20s, Ernie and George were at a restaurant on the South Side. Ernie and George were involved on one side or the other. At a table with ten or twelve people, a man jumped up with a gun in his hand, clearly meaning business. Ernie jumped up and settled them down, taking the gun away. And the meeting went on as usual!

Another time Ernie was at a party at George's Blagden Avenue house in

Portrait of George Schein

Washington after he moved there to be closer to Roosevelt's New Deal. It was a high visibility party with plenty of movie stars and freely flowing alcohol. In the middle of it, George's driver, who lived in the basement, came up with a gun. Everyone backed off. George engaged him in conversation, and Ernie took the gun away!

George moved East a few years after Louise died, and took his family to Scarsdale, New York. He travelled a great deal, and continued in a pattern of excessive drinking that really escalated when Louise died. He had a series of women friends, and finally in the late 30s, married Kathleen Lynch, a client who was glamorous and impressionable and also liked to drink. George wanted to follow Franklin Roosevelt to Washington, so he and Kathleen and the children bought a baronial house on Blagden Avenue. They had a child in 1939, whom Kathleen named Sharon. When George died two years later, Ernie took that child to raise—as the magnificent pianist, your sister Ann Schein. Well, that's another story. George died in Washington at 54, having wasted away from cirrhosis of the liver and pneumonia. His son George Junior was just about to take off on a Navy convoy to the African Campaign of World War II. He was able at the last minute to fly to Chicago and help bury his father at Rosehill.

Love,
Oma Fanny

Dear Bubbe,

Thanks for the interesting letter about George and Ernie. They seemed to move as fast as shooting stars in the 1920s. Tell me now about the lives of their siblings Rose and Sam and Sarah and Ed and Ann and Ethyl. So many to keep up with, Grandma—and I think I am busy with the continuing sagas of just four children!

My immediate family left the rest of the Scheins when Ernie took us for his mid-life move to Washington in 1945. And Rose moved to California, as did Ethyl after she got out of the TB sanitorium in Stevens Point. So people dispersed as families are wont to do. But I want to know about the early days when you were together in old Chicago.

Love,
Linda

Dear Linny,

I still stun myself when I say that my Rose was already 32 when my last child, baby Ethyl, was born in 1913! That makes Rose's children, Wally, Sylvia and Beedee, born some years earlier than Ethyl, sort of a generation ahead. My dear great-granddaughter Marilyn (Maya) in California is a generation behind you but five years older! So much for crazy genealogy things—I'll leave that to you!

Rose & Ig with Sylvia & Wally, Chicago, 1908

Rose, painted by Marilyn (Maya) Molner

Rose and Ig, the furrier, were the first affluent ones in the family. They drove us all around in a big car! I was crazy about Rose, my smart and funny first child. She was strong-minded though, and could be pretty firm and critical if you weren't on her good side! Her husband, Ignatz, called himself Irving when he opened his fur store. He was an observant Jew—much more than us Scheins. He kept the traditions alive, but with little help from my Rose! Her granddaughter Marilyn, the only great-grandaughter I knew, could do no wrong in Rose's eyes! But they all left me when the Depression started and moved way out to California. The fur business was better there, because the movies didn't see bad years. They opened Klein Furs, .which furnished all the furs for 20th Century Fox! Little Marilyn was sent to convent school so she'd meet the "right" people,—that is, non-Jews and non-foreigners. But more on that later.

My second daughter Sarah was my helper. Others might have even said the "household drudge." She stayed with me to the end, even after Louis died and the bank tried to take our house on Avers Avenue away. And to think the boys had bought it for me in 1923 for $4,000! There was so much for Sarah to do when her sister Anna was so sick with tuberculosis. Anna passed away just a year before I did, when she was just forty-one. Then Sarah got her own apartment on Irving Park Road and went to work for the civil service. Her job at the Fire Department was the butt of many jokes by her jokester brothers! Sarah took her own life in that apartment in 1961. Your Dad was so very helpful to Sarah. I understand he took you to that apartment on Irving Park Road. It must have been so sad to see how she'd sealed the windows before she turned on the gas. She was so lonely. I'm really sorry she had to live with me and take care of her sick sister for so long. At least she had that gentleman companion Mr. Stackpole for a few years.

Sam, my dear sweet Sam . . . He was such a good man—a really talented pianist. He was slight, only 5' 6" with hazel eyes and a scant 135 pounds. He was a very charismatic, talented, romantic, loving and caring man. He was the only one in my family to carry on the musical tradition—until of course, you, Ann and the six musical daughters you have between you. Sam and his Uncle Sig were close—only nine years apart. They played together in groups. Did Louis tell you the story of them playing in the Coronado Hotel in

California during an earthquake? Sam liked California when he'd go out there to visit. He told me his cousin Maurice Amsterdam's house is a fairyland. He was really sold on California, but never was able to move there.

You know Louis didn't want his sons to be musicians, so Sam decided to be a lawyer like his brothers. I was really proud that he put himself through night law school by playing in bars and movie theaters. He got his degree from De Paul in 1917, when he was just over thirty. In the meantime, in 1910, Sam married Veronica (Vera) Broderick, the first "shiksa"to marry into the Scheins. He and Vera made a daring move to Duluth—the end of the world—to establish himself as a working pianist. He played at the Holland Hotel with a trio. Our friend Louise Gilbert, a really good singer, sang for him at the Holland and married his first violinist! He also played the Orpheum Theater. He and Vera had my darling grandchild Ethyl Virginia—and she was born in 1912 right before my own baby Ethyl. Their Ethyl was known as Ethyl Babe.

Sam had a most wonderful son, born in 1917, whom he adored and raised with a very loving hand. The tragedy was that young George died of nephritis in 1944, when he was twenty-seven. I saw this beautiful letter that Sam wrote to his son in 1935, before George went off to the University of Illinois. It shows what a fine man my Sam was:

> *My Dear Son:*
> *I hope this letter will reach you on the first day of your college experience, for that day marks your step upon the threshold of your manhood. I am more proud of you than it is possible for me to convey; proud of your splendid record to date; proud of your fine humility; your clean life and especially proud that by your own accomplishments you are able to enroll in the college which has been your choice since you were seven years old.*
>
> *I wish every father might have the same feeling of confidence in his son that I hold for you at this minute; the confidence that your record so far is but an indication of nobler and more honorable accomplishments to follow.*
>
> *There are a number of things of which I wish to write at this time. I do not do this with any thought of admonishing you, but rather as a counselor of older and more mature judgment.*
>
> *Respect and revere those fine men and women who compose the faculty. Extend to them the same splendid cooperation you have given*

each of your teachers in the past. Learn to distinguish between the fundamentals of their subjects and the teachers' personal opinions about them. Therefore, accept and reject, but avoid becoming opinionated and argumentative. Above all things do not develop the attitude that college training marks the end of learning.

Be democratic. Avoid snobs—rich or poor ones—and do not be snobbish yourself. The classification of a a man is not his possessions or lack of them, but his character. Leadership is never possible truly to a man who has no sympathetic understanding of his fellows.

Be generous but not foolish. Remember there is an adage that the best charity is to help one to be free from the need of charity. Do not be a prude or a prig.

Avoid excesses in all things. Enter freely into the social life that is offered you but prove your mental strength by refusing any temptation of overindulgence. As you are well aware, I leave to your own judgment whether you use tobacco or liquor. I would prefer in any event that you indulge in neither during your formative years, leaving your conduct in this respect rather to your own judgment when a man. (Rest of letter is lost)

Sam Schein, 1917

In his life, though, he was known as a very high-principled lawyer who represented the Musicians Union and Chicago Musicians Club, and insisted that live players be hired for pit orchestras. He was a head prosecutor in a South Chicago Court, known for not taking bribes. He was heavily involved in city politics and was on the "Corporate Council," a group of politically appointed attorneys. It was really hard to get on this, but my Sam was a "double header"—he was Jewish and also a Musicians Union member. He was honored for his work during the Roosevelt years with the Selective Service.

Sam and Vera had a nice apartment on Montrose near the Lake, and an Irish terrier named Katy. She and Sam were the only ones of the Louis Schein family to go to the Friday "Schein Night" at Clara and Joe Roth's, their

cousins in the Nathan branch. Vera seemed more comfortable with the Jewish relatives than were my other children! Right after the death of George and the birth of his three grandchildren, Sam developed what was probably cancer, and went twice with Vera to the Mayo Clinic up in Minnesota. Sam's daughter Ethyl slipped me this letter Sam wrote her in 1948 from the Clinic:

> MAY 15, 1948
> *After consultation with my doctors today, it is highly probable that we'll leave here next Wednesday. I am to have another x-ray and another huddle with the MD's on Tuesday. In response to your inquiry relative to my condition, and that I've not mentioned anything in my letters—I deemed it best to wait until we are together, and then tell you of my experiences, etc.*

Ever the considerate father—but the pain of disease and loss of his son were too great. In that same year in Chicago, he took his life in a hospital washroom. He was only sixty-three—just your age, Linda. He was so sweet and wonderful—my Sam!

Let's see—George I told you about. To go on to Edward, I know you were confused by the census record of his birth in 1891. He really was born in 1894, which was indeed after we arrived in America. Ed was the quiet one who worked as a salesman, usually of cars. He used to sell cars to the other boys. I remember George and his family buying a new Buick from him for their move to New York. I think Ed drove them out there in one of his company cars. He and his sweet blonde wife Lillian moved away to Evansville, Indiana—maybe he wanted to be away from the shenanigans of his lawyer brothers! He died in Indiana in 1972, five years after your Dad. You remember he was in a wheelchair when you and your family visited him once in Evansville on your way somewhere?

Anna, 1930s

Anna, my sweet pretty child who looked like her Dad and Sam—well, she got tuberculosis quite young and died at forty-one. Everyone in the family had loved and cared for her so intensely. One time when Sam came over to see us in Irving Park, he told me that it is miraculous how Ann keeps her chin up, is cheerful, and smiles despite her condition. I was even trying to use Christian Science for a faith healing.

You know how that story played out into your family. Ernie probably chose the name Ann for your adopted sister to honor his beloved sister.

So, on to the last of my brood, the charming vivacious Ethel. She changed the spelling to Ethyl later on, and then to Jeana. She was my late-in-life dividend, born in 1913. She had us all wrapped around her finger—she wouldn't even go to school. She made us have a Christmas tree! She played piano and was a wonderful artist. Didn't you have some of her cartoons hanging in your house? She was married, secretly at first, to Freddy Fredman from Milwaukee. They were married by the Lutheran minister that had married her niece of the same age, Ethyl Babe (also changed her spelling) and Karl Krauss. Ethyl and Karl were her best man and "lady" at the wedding. I guess there were things going on in the family she wanted to avoid at that time. She was old beyond her years from being the baby and living with two grown maiden lady sisters. Freddy was too immature for her, and they were divorced after she went to the Sanitorium at Stevens Point. (*See Appendix*)

Aunt Ethyl, 1930s

We as a family really spoiled Ethyl. I hear that later she resented being left so long with Ann, causing her to catch TB too. She wasn't too family-oriented after that, except with her favorite brother, Ernie. Oldest sister Rose was more than thirty years older, so they didn't become close until they were both in California in later years. Ethyl had her problems, but she never lost her sense of humor and charm through all her ordeals. A mugging in a Phoenix motel later in her life was devastating. But you no doubt remember her with her fish-net black stockings and charm bracelets and travelling with a twenty-pound cosmetic case! She could wrap Christmas presents more creatively than anyone I ever knew! Her lifestyle was modern in a way that wouldn't turn a head today. But in those days! Your Dad took good care of her, I know. She never could work full-time after having TB, and managed an apartment building for free rent. She died in Los Angeles in 1985. Her grand and great-grandniece Marilyn (Maya) and Gina (Malkah) were the ones of the family to see that she got good care before she died. Marilyn also tried to encourage Jeana to keep drawing, which was her special talent.

So that's our Louis-Fanny branch of the family in a nutshell. By the time our children were grown-up you'd hardly think that we had been poor immigrants on that ship from Bremen. I want to tell you about the other eighteen first cousins of my children. That will take a bit of thinking for next time.

Love,
Oma Fanny

"Auntie Mame" (Ethyl), 1962

Dear Grandma,

I'd love to hear next about my Grandpa's sister, your sister-in-law Beatrice, and her marriage into the Amsterdam family. I know that Benjamin Amsterdam was the "leader of the band." I remember you told me about his brothers, Harry and Max, too. How about more details on Betty and Ben's musical children? What were they like? It all sounds like a very colorful saga. Please fill me in!.

Love,
Linda

Liebe Linda,

You're right that the Amsterdams are a fascinating group! They were numerous in the old day, and seemed not to hide their towns of origin. As I told you, I knew Isaac and Ethel Pelzling Amsterdam, and all their children—Ben, Sara, Harry, Rebecca, Max and Ester. Ben was the one that married our Beatrice, or Betty as we called her. Ethel and I went way back to NeuSandec and Sedziszow We always went together in Tarnow where the Jews had to register. We were friendly for years.

Anyway, Ben and Betty bore Fanny, Maurice, Max and Sidonie (Donie). Betty was almost as old as Louis, so their children were more the age of ours. Fanny and Maurice were born in Satoralujhelly (that's a mouthful!), Hungary—just a hundred miles or so away from NeuSandec. They moved around, those musicians! Did you know that when Ben and

Fanny Amsterdam, 1903

Betty came over, they left their second child Maurice with the Schein grandparents, Ester and Elizer? Maurice was sickly and lived there for five years before his Mama came to collect him. In the meantime, stage-mama Betty scooped up baby Donie and took Fanny for three years to Budapest to study. During that time Maurice became stronger and could go to Chicago by 1897, only to break his leg on the ship!

Did Ernie tell you about their oldest child—Fanny the "prodigy?" Did he tell you that the family thought of her as a potential artist of first rank? Fanny was the first child, the golden child, playing with the family orchestra on cimbalom when she was tiny! Betty's mission in life was to see to her children's musical education. She and Ben trusted the European conservatories, and she took Fanny at age nine to the Royal and Imperial Conservatory of Budapest. Two-year-old Donie went along. Fanny was a "wunderkind," and got highest honors in a class of adults, among them Fritz Kreisler. Those were nice pictures of her you put in the *Troupe* chapter. She was the bright hope of the family.

But her career was not to be. She is said to have picked up someone's wind instrument to try it out and contracted tuberculosis. And so after her second trip to Europe to study voice, she returned with no voice and as a shadow of her former self. She went to a sanitorium in Colorado to try to recover. But it was to no avail. There was a black crepe shroud over the door of the family home in San Francisco as the family gathered to mourn her untimely death at about age twenty-five.

My nephew Maurice was very gifted musically. He stood less than 5' 3", a quiet artistic man with a terrific sense of humor. He was interesting—an intellectual and eccentric. He read and spoke several languages. He was a historian and an artist. He drew a great cartoon of Charlie Chaplin, whom he resembled a bit, don't you think? He would stay up all night reading or practicing his cello. He had remnants of his youth in poverty—he would post "Turn off the lights" signs around the house, and have his children make a bucket brigade to water the flowers with the bathwater!

Maurice lived so many different places, but I remember him going to Spokane and Portland in 1903 or so, with the family. Betty made this

first trip west with Ben, but she continued to make the educational trips with Maurice and Fanny and little Sidonie. But Ben spent the rest of his life on the West Coast. Maurice went off by himself at twenty-two, without Mama, to study cello in Berlin. I've heard that David, Maurice's son in California, has some of his father's diaries from that trip. We used to see Maurice lots when he returned to Chicago in his twenties. Soon, though, he went permanently out to California.

Maurice Amsterdam, c. 1930

Maurice played in the San Francisco and Los Angeles Symphonies and in the Warner Brothers movie studio orchestras. I remember, though, that he loved chamber music most of all. Did someone tell you that he introduced himself to Ann Schein in 1965 when she was soloist and he a cellist of the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra? He raised his kids, Bettie, David and Jack there in California. They visited only rarely with their grandpa Benjamin in Portland, and he saw them a few times in Los Angeles when they were young. But Maurice was helpful to Ben in his dying days, and I understand that he came into most of the real estate holdings that Ben amassed in "Amsterdam Square" up there in Portland. Maurice was also the one who saved the family pictures and meticulously rolled glue onto each one.

Max, the third child of Ben and Betty, was born in New York in 1891, on a sojourn on the way to Chicago. "Max the Fid," as he called himself—was the violinist in the family. He was the youngest first violinist to join the San Francisco Symphony. A story typical of the martinet father Benjamin is that he promised Max a nice Ficker violin he'd bought in a pawn shop if he passed his audition into the San Francisco Symphony (at nineteen years old!) When he did, Ben said he could have the violin—for $200!

Max B. Amsterdam was a wonderful character—a real philosopher and humanitarian, very giving in nature. He was a born teacher, and was very quick to pass on to others any new thing he'd learned. He kept a dictionary in the bathroom, and paid his kids a penny for a new word they used. Swearing was indicative of a bad vocabulary! Maps were all over on the walls. His main career was as a classical musician, but in the 1930s the

Depression brought the demise of his symphony orchestras. He found work in the Warner Brothers studio orchestra, and helped brother Maurice into this as well. His true love was classical violin, and he would weep when Heifetz played. But classical music was no money-maker after the orchestras ran into difficulty. I remember as a financial venture he tried to sell "Recordios," the first recording device.

Max felt the world was too serious—it needed more jokes. He had a terrific sense of humor—one that rivalled his cousin Morey's. He did stand-up comedy in his restaurants, using his fiddle as part of the routine. Max would play while his wife Gypsy danced and a dishwasher named Joe Riley would tap dance up and down the counters! I understand you saw one of his joke scripts when you opened his violin case at daughter Mimi's! You might have read a copy of his "Apothegms" by Max the Fid, a humor column he wrote in the Malibu Times for years. He was still writing it when he died in his nineties, with the help of a young woman who helped take care of him at the end.

Max first owned a restaurant called Fiddler's Inn, straight across from the Malibu pier. The movie stars from the Malibu Colony would be in there all the time. Then he bought a bar in Santa Monica—one that had tropical decor and live monkeys and two swanky bars. He called it the Zanzibar. He and his wife Gypsy were among the first to welcome a racially mixed clientele, and they never had a fight that caused police to intervene. Gypsy had a way of settling differences of opinion! You could hear good jazz there. You might find visiting Schein family members too—I bet my Louis was one when he went out there! One Chicago cousin came home reporting that at a wee hour in the morning Max got up on the dance floor and announced "If you fellows are going to drink in my joint, you're going to listen to me play classical music!" And he'd get out his fiddle and play for an hour!

Maurice, Donie & Max, 1915

Max had much to overcome as a child. He was left behind in Chicago when Mama Betty took Fanny and Sidonie to Europe. There is an apocryphal story that he saw his mother packing her bags, but

she said she was going downtown to buy him a tricycle. She returned three years later! He stayed with us sometimes. We were hard put to provide food for all of ours and Max too. He was a scrappy kid, small for his age. I felt heartsick when he would take his red wagon on an errand, and the big boys would throw stones at him and call him "Jew boy." He could be very naughty, and was often spanked by Ben or Betty with the bristles. He couldn't stand to hear Fanny practicing in the morning. One day he broke her mallets. True to his humor, when he was asked sternly where they were, he said "No, I haven't seen them behind the radiator!" Once when he played in a military band in World War I, he put his hand in between someone's cymbals so the crash couldn't be played!

But Max did grow up, and was a charmer of the ladies like his father. He first married Lila Bryon right before he went off to the first World War—he thought he ought to have a wife to get the $10,000 policy if he didn't come back! He was in France for two years, after a terrible trip over dodging submarines. He then was married for twenty years to Ellen Wanner, mother of Mimi and Elaine. He met Gypsy (Florence Clark), a movie actress and vaudeville player who became his wife for forty years. She had played a French maid on stage with her first husband. Gypsy helped Max with the restaurants. They had the terrible experience in their eighties of their Malibu house burning down, with all his classical music collection. In his last decade, Max lived on his property in a trailer given him free for a year under the Disaster Act. The entire community of seventy-two neighbors in posh Serra Canyon petitioned to keep them there!

Donie in California, 1922

Max was an excellent fiddler, and such a philosopher. He had so many friends of every race and religion. When he died there was a memorial service at a Catholic retreat where he had brought a Jewish rye every weekend in return for Christian specialties. The Los Angeles Board of Supervisors presented a plaque at both Max's and Gypsy's deaths because they were such an asset to the community. He is represented in the Malibu Museum, and you can see a picture of him there.

The next Amsterdam child, Sidonie, or "Donie" as she was called, was born in 1894 in Chicago. Betty was very hoity-toity and liked to give fancy frenchified names like Maurice and Sidonie. Mama Betty was very protective of Donie. She went along on Fanny's

European tours. She played piano, but not so seriously as Fanny, Maurice and Max. She taught her nieces Mimi and Elaine until one day they told her they'd come only to visit, and had hidden their music under the bed! Donie took that to heart and that was the end of the lessons. She looked quite a bit like my baby Ethyl. She married a man named Toby Anderson, and lived her life in California—never had kids, though she was a doting "Aunt Donie," and well loved by Maurice and Max's children.

I think I mentioned Morey Amsterdam before—the nephew of Ben and Betty on the Amsterdam side. Everyone's heard of Morey! He also had the Amsterdam funniness gene, and did very well for himself on stage and television. He always had a cello in his routines. In the early days, he used our Schein houses and apartments in Chicago and California to stay in or make calls to get his career going. One time he camped at our niece Rosalind Wolf's house. He stayed on their living room couch for two months while waiting for a gig in Australia! Later he would often welcome a visiting Schein with friendly recognition that they were indeed "family." Family members used him as a contact in show-biz, to get teachers or auditions or possibly jobs. Morey had a glamorous life.

Morey's father, Max, and his brother Harry married the Finder sisters. Their children were "double cousins." Two of those—daughters of Harry Amsterdam—live on into your time—Perle Amsterdam Latin, and Sylvia Amsterdam Schlutz. Those five daughters were raised in Chicago, so we saw them often. But of course they ended up out there with the waving palm trees like the rest of the Amsterdams. I remember that Sylvia was interested in Christian Science like Ernie, and taught piano to a couple of my grandchildren. She raised two great musicians—her daughter Linda Love is a concert pianist, and Harry is a cellist. Perle is a grand lady in her nineties, and has wonderful recall of the old times.

Are you all confused by now about the Amsterdams? This is just a teaser of their colorful story. Now, Linda, I'm a little reluctant to take on the family of the next brother, Nathan, since they came over later and had so many children. Do you think it would be easier if you wrote to Aunt Jeanette? I already told her about you. I know you never knew them, but then you don't remember me either! She and Uncle Nathan would enjoy hearing from you.

Love,
Oma Fanny

Dear Aunt Jeanette,

Hopefully my Oma Fanny told you I was going to write. I'm your grandniece Linda. Your Nathan was my Grandpa Louis' brother. My father Ernest stood toward the end of Fanny's troop of eight. He and his brothers Sam and George became lawyers like your Leo and Kal. That seemed to be a trend in the first generation Americans. I am eager to know you and your family. By all reports you were a wonderful family who came over twelve years later than the others. And Nathan wasn't even in the music business! I don't hold this against him—in fact I am intrigued by the other paths you and Nathan and the children took.

Your fifth child, Charlotte, is the last of her generation of twenty-six to survive. I almost was able to meet Kalman, your sixth, who passed away just a short time ago. His lovely wife, Betty Goldstein, passed away just this year. Kal was a really fine person and lawyer. I also had the great pleasure of hearing a tape made by your daughter Clara! I would love to hear in your words about your early days after coming over in 1910 and how the whole group grew up—Ida, Clara, Leo, Anna, Charlotte, Kalman, Elsie—and the only one to be born in U.S.A., Sam.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Regards,
Linda Schein (not to be confused with your granddaughter of the same name!)

Dear Linda,

Thank you so much for jarring my memories. The quest for your extended family is an interesting one. Friesha told me that Ernie steered you away from your Jewish family. I passed away by 1928, but my children and grandchildren would have liked to know you. I understand you are looking them up—that's great! I'll tell you my version of the saga. It is full of re-settling in new and strange places, child-bearing of long duration, and losing my husband Nathan when he was just fifty-six from minor surgery that didn't go well. I hope such medical things are better in your day! Anyway, on to the tale.

It made a big difference that our family came sixteen or seventeen years later than your grandpa Louis. We never lost our accents, and we spoke German at home far longer after we arrived—and Yiddish, too (but only in private when we didn't want the kids to understand!). When we

were in Ostrava, Nathan was always restless. He went over to see his brothers Louis, Henry and Sig, and Ben and Beatrice, several times. That was a really big trip in those days, but many ships were coming and going every day. Around 1908, he brought our oldest boy Leo, at nine, over to New York City. The poor boy couldn't speak a word of English. They put him in first grade with little kids. But after three months he got promoted to fifth! He and Nathan struggled in New York for about a year and a half, and then decided to go to Chicago to join the rest of the Scheins.

The rest of us were still back in Ostrava, minding the store. The coal miners of Moravia continued to buy from us. Then, finally, Nathan decided it was time to bring us all over. With baby Elsie in arms, we set off on December 1st, 1910, for the ten day voyage. We thought we would be joining the whole Schein family, but right before we got there Nathan's parents Ester and Elizer died. What a pity! The last time I saw them was at Leo's bris in 1899. So on to our trip—we left from Bremen on Nord Deutscher Lloyd steamship lines. Our trip was very difficult—so many people packed in. Baby Elsie got chicken pox! You wouldn't believe how many people packed those ships—a new bunch sailing every day. We were all leaving our familiar lives and were so impatient to see our relatives in America.

Nathan's children, Chicago 1913. Top row: *Clara, Sam, Ida, Ann, Leo* Front: *Charlotte, Kal, Elsie*

I left my sister Ann back in the old country, and was overcome with grief when I found she was a victim of the Holocaust. Thank God we left.

Well, what a day when we docked in Baltimore! We were afraid they wouldn't let us in because of baby Elsie's rash. We put make-up on her and a big bonnet, and sneaked her in! Then we were told to Americanize our names, which we did. The train ride to Chicago with the six children was memorable. We were welcomed by the family in a horse and buggy at the Dearborn Station, and into their "American" way of life. We settled on the Northwest side, and my girls Ida, already sixteen, and Clara, fourteen, went right to work. All my daughters were very smart and started making their own decisions in the American way. They dealt very well with all the adversity that came their way—and there was plenty! Let me tell you how all the children fared—one by one.

Ida, my oldest, worked in the garment business. She became a pattern copier, making different sizes from a design, working in ladies' garments. She hoped to go to school when we got here, but she just had to go out and earn money. She married Sam Shaffer, who was a watch repairman. This skill helped them get through the difficult times when he didn't have two dimes to rub together. He liked to play the horses. They were married a long time, but never had children. She, Charlotte, and my oldest son Leo were the ones who moved their lives and fortunes to California. Death claimed Ida after being married to her second husband, Sam Allen, for only four years in her sixties.

My Clara lived into her nineties, and held the family together. She was bird-like, small, pretty, motherly and sweet. She was the matriarch after I passed away in 1928. Clara had a year of schooling ("college") before we came over. She looked for office and retail jobs in Chicago, but they told her to go home and learn English with an American accent! It was common to go to work for a "Landsleute," someone from our part of Galicia. In Clara's case this was Mr. Levitt, who had a sewing machine. She soon after worked for Hart Schaffner & Marx men's clothing. She would take the streetcar to work down at Market Street near Madison. She brought home all her pay, except for what she spent on presents for the family on Saturday afternoons after work. When she finally got home from work, she'd sew clothes for the rest of the family! Sometimes one sister would go to work, and another would "borrow" a blouse, wear it for the day, and sneak it back into the closet before its owner got home. Clara also had hoped to go on to college, but there was good money in tailoring. The family really needed that money. Clara was a wonderful girl and didn't protest like young people in your day!

Nelly Atkins, Clara & Ida, Chicago, 1919

Clara married Joe Roth, a young man she met at a Hungarian Club—a social and dancing club for people of our background. Joe went out West for a while to open a store with a brother Manny in Seattle, partly to avoid the draft. He didn't want to fight in World War I when he might be fighting against his own brother in the Austrian Army. The Seattle store failed, and

Joe was back in Chicago to marry Clara. Joe was a businessman, also mostly in clothing. I remember they had their own clothing factory for quite a while.

There was a little period of about four years when Joe took a job in Davenport, Iowa, down on the Mississippi River. It was the Depression, and Joe felt the need to leave Chicago. Another pressure on the Roth's had been to provide housing and support for several of my other children during those difficult years! For about four years at that time, several of my kids lost their jobs, and they'd lost me in 1928. When Clara and Joe decided to try out things in Davenport, the unmarried ones—Elsie, Kal, Charlotte and Sam—took an apartment near the Lake together. Clara never liked Iowa, though I think their boys, Norman and Robert, remember fondly their time in elementary school there. She convinced Joe to come back to Chicago. My other children lived elsewhere by this time, but the motherly Clara continued to be "mama" of the family until she died in 1990. Joe had died in the 1950s.

My boy Leo, born in 1898, the one who came over early with Nathan, was a fine student. I was proud that he worked his way through night law school at De Paul University. Leo was in the ROTC and was really anxious to go into the fighting troops in World War I. He finally was old enough to go, and was in for just three weeks before the Armistice was signed. He was mad! Leo would have played a bigger part in my Chicago family's lives had he not been beckoned by those California palm trees. Leo had developed a bad heart, and needed the favorable weather. And besides, his wife Gladyse Oppenheim could take up flying for a hobby! He and Gladyse followed their girls Norma and Wilma to California, all in 1952.

Charlotte & Leo Schein

Leo was already an attorney, but due to California's lack of reciprocity with Illinois, he had to retake the Bar Exam. In fact, he had to take it twice due to developing glaucoma. They allowed him to hire a secretary, and in a locked room with a guard for security, he took the exam and passed the second time. He opened an office, but was never very happy professionally in California. He made the best of it.

The next oldest, Anna, born in 1901, was a really bright child, and grew up to marry a charming Catholic, Joe Arman. Joe had been divorced, so the church of his birth was not too accepting. He loved our

Rabbi and became a pillar of the Temple without even converting! Reform Judaism was so liberal in those days. Anna did get to go to school—kind of a secretarial one—and held office jobs. She continued to work all her life. She, like my Ida and Charlotte, never had children. Husband Joe was one of the mainstays of the political discussions at the Friday night Schein Cousins Club meetings at Clara and Joe's. Those meetings turned into a real tradition. My Sammy and brothers-in-law Morrie Saeks, Joe Roth and Joe Arman were particularly verbose. Your Uncle Sam was there too.

Ann & Joe Arman

Charlotte, born in 1903, also studied accounting and held office jobs. She worked in Chicago into her twenties, but really wanted to get away from the huge family and all its difficulties. Her brother Leo bought her a ticket, her sister-in-law Betty tucked ten dollars in her bra—and off she went to the palm tree place. She promptly fell in love with George Rusich, and after her return to Chicago, couldn't wait to go back. So off she went for good. Bless her heart—she re-invented herself as a Californian and married a gentile. She has risen out of her past, and in her nineties seems to remember little of the Chicago days. Might this have contributed to her very long life span? Who knows? She got into the clothing business, Junior Miss of California, and did very well. Later she went into her husband's printing business. It was a big business, in Santa Barbara. After her George died, Charlotte became close with the Schein family again, especially with Kal and Leo's daughter Wilma (Billie). At last report, she is still doing people's tax returns as a nonogenarian!

After I left the family in 1928, my second son Kalman, born in 1908, gradually took on the patriarch role. He was always well-liked, and a good student. He worked many jobs between the age of twelve and twenty-five. He was a paper boy, worked a newstand, jewelry store, as a shoe salesman, and horse and wagon deliverer of clothing goods. He worked his way through Law School by working for a collection agency. He was then hired as their lawyer. His brother, Leo, asked him to join in partnership with him, which he of course did. Take a look, dear, at the touching memoir he wrote right before his death. (see

Kal & Betty Schein

Appendix) It says: "I had a very satisfying law practice—earn a living, save a little, and whenever able act as a mediator and discourage unnecessary adversarial relationships and interactions." Ever since he was a little boy, Kal was always ready to listen to everyone's problems and make good judgments. His grandson calls him in Hebrew "Tzadik"—the righteous person.

Elsie, born in 1910, the one who was the baby on our ocean voyage, also took business courses and worked in offices. She was the only one to play an instrument and taught piano for a while, including to her niece Judy. She was a quiet one, very shy. Her interests were in classical music and family, especially the Schein clan. She liked living in the same apartment building with her older sister Clara. She married Morrie Saeks, who was a conservative man, and quite a voice in the Friday night discussions! He worked for Spiegel's in their credit and collection. When they moved to Louisville he had a small mail-order loan business. They also went to Lubbock and Tucson, where Elsie died in 1979. Morrie moved back to Chicago and died there in 1991. Elsie and Morrie had two fine sons, Jerrold and Richard.

Elsie & Morrie Sacks

Sam, born in 1912, my baby, was born at home—the only one to have a doctor attending! It was in June, soon after school let out, and older sister Anna had new shoes. She was told to run and get the doctor, since the baby would be born at home. She couldn't run in the new shoes, so she took them off and ran on the grass down Hoyne Avenue and through the West Side of Chicago to get the doctor. When the doctor came, all of the children had to wait outside until the baby was born. Sammy was just sixteen when I passed on, and he never got the opportunity to go to law school like his brothers. He went to work right after high school. I think he took some night school courses, but never finished a degree. He was curious and interested in lots of things—a hard worker with a strong sense of responsibility. He worked for Goldblatt's department store and stayed there for his career. He went off to war in the World War II and his letters home showed a patriotic sense that he had to do his part. Of course that did not mean he believed in all the rules of the army—there were silly regulations, lots of card playing and old movies, and

meeting many new people who were quite different. Upon his return from Okinawa, he and his Lillian Fineberg had their one daughter, Judy.

Oh my dear, I've come to the end of the list! It has been so satisfying to remember them for you. Thanks for asking. It's wonderful that you're getting to know my grandchildren. and that you got to talk to my Kal and Charlotte. Our family was very close, very Jewish, and a real example of the struggling Jewish immigrants of that time. Gradually, my children's Friday night Cousins Club began to replace going to synagogue. The men played bridge and poker, and we women cooked and gossiped. The old traditions were falling away, but I was happy to see my children grow into responsible Americans. I only wish Nathan and I had lived longer.

Keep me in your mind, Linda dear. Friesha tells me she's thinking about how to describe Henry's two children to you next. The picture of the first generation in America is moving along!

Fondly,
Great-Aunt Jeanette

Sam & Lil Schein, 1943

Dear Oma Fanny,

I can appreciate why you wanted Aunt Jenny to tell the tale of her extensive family. I was so very happy to read about them all. My new family is growing by leaps and bounds! There is now the more modest-sized family of Henry the bass player. Can you summon your memories of them?

Thanks and much love,
Linda

Liebe Linda,

This one should be easier! Lena and Henry's family is small enough that my memory cells aren't quite so taxed! You know already that Henry was the bass player in the family group, and that he came over with his wife Lena in about 1897. They waited a while to have their two children—Rosalind was born in 1909, and Lester in 1910. Lena was a great cook, and

we used to go to their house for Pesach—one of the few religious celebrations in the year for us lapsing Jews! Henry died when his children were about twenty, and Lena, known as "Gramma Schein," became the continuing influence on their lives.

Rosalind Schein & Nate Wolf, 1930s

Rosalind was a petite, very sweet girl. She did very well in high school, and was in many clubs as I remember—chorus and German, at least. She played the piano very well, but was never really pushed like the Amsterdam children. She married a nice Orthodox Jewish man, Nathan Wolf, and moved to Detroit where his family had a rag factory. I understand he did well financially in the War. Their sons Jerry and Harvey spent their early years there in a nice big house. Soon, though, they followed the beckoning palm trees too. Their move to California in 1946 was partly because their little son Jerry had allergies, but mostly because Nathan had a disagreement with his brother who managed the family factory in Detroit. Nathan moved thinking he had a job as a distributor for a car accessory. But the State of California refused to allow it on cars. (I think it was some sort of illuminated side view mirror—and they limited the number of lights on a car.) So times were tough for the family at first. They even had to sell things at flea markets. Rosalind died only twelve years later, in 1958. Nathan went on to re-marry and become very successful in business. He was involved in "flowers by wire" as the inventor of a way to see three dimensional images of the flowers you were ordering. And he was very early into the system of television sets in hospital rooms. He lived until 1990!

Henry had a very difficult relationship with the young Lester. Lester used to have to carry his father, very drunk, up the stairs. He must have understood that his father drank to mask the pain of cancer. Lester came out of these difficulties and turned into a charmer, a good music businessman, and a good bass player. He had a wry, dry humor, cynical and sarcastic. Ladies loved him, though he wasn't a gay blade dapper type like

his Uncle Sig. He was quite heavy set, and the only tall Schein in his generation—a fine advantage for a bass player. One funny story I remember about him: When the stripper Gypsy Rose Lee did a show at the Schubert Theater, she threw a piece of her cast-off clothing right to Lester in the orchestra pit!

He and his family moved around quite a bit in Chicago, though never to California as he would have liked. His second wife Toby Silbert, a political activist, wanted to stay in Chicago. His California cousins knew him well since he visited quite often. He used to take his sons and nephews to the Zanzibar, his cousin Max Amsterdam's club.

Lester lived fairly well, though he had the Schein characteristic of not being a terrific businessman. He never drank, so as not to emulate this serious weakness of his father's. He had a music booking business with a man named Sherman in a good Loop location. He aspired to get out of the wedding-Bar Mitzvah business and into conventions. But in the meantime, he played relatives' weddings, including one or two of the next generation in Nathan's family. He was very close to his Uncle Sig. They did advertising jingles together, and played for the likes of the Marx Brothers. I've heard that they helped get Petrillo his job as head of the Union.

Lester had a well-paying job playing on the WLS early morning cowboy show. And he played with Gene Autry and Minnie Pearl on Saturday Night Opry as a member of the WLS orchestra. Lester's sons Fred and Howie have precious few mementos of their father, so are trying to collect some of his old recordings. Lester produced some 45 rpm's for Ermine Records, maybe of his playing on the Saturday Night Opry. But being stuck in this kind of music deeply affected his sense of himself as a musician. He really wanted to study classical bass seriously.

Lester was also a reader and a radical in politics. His first marriage was short—to Dot, a glamorous singer in his band. Your Uncle Sam told me he visited Lester and Dot and was induced to play the accompaniment for her as well as a young girl who lived above them He really enjoyed it, and said Dot was quite a good singer, but the other girl was extraordinarily good. He thought she could be developed by our friend, the singer Louise Gilbert, into a real star!

He then married someone more in agreement with his political views—Toby Silbert, a steadfast Bolshevik until the day she died in 1984. They settled in the West side where luminaries such as Benny Goodman, Paul Muni and Admiral Hyman Rickover came from. The area was full of Jewish culture such as a thriving Yiddish theater scene. She didn't marry

Lester, Toby, Lena, Rosalind & Harvey, 1938

Lester until 35—too busy with neighborhood politics and organizing! She never admitted to her sons Howard and Fred that she was a Communist, but it was widely known. Her grave, in Waldheim Cemetery, is a few paces from Emma Goldman's and the Haymarket Martyrs Monument. She was a local hero and still remembered for founding the Chicago Teachers Union and leading community fights to prevent our Lake Michigan shoreline from becoming high rise apartment towers. Believe it or not, she also was a gym teacher in the Chicago Public Schools!

She had the directing role in their sons' lives after Lester was drafted. This happened before son Howard's birth, and Lester didn't come home much for a while. He and Toby didn't see eye-to-eye on many issues. While he, a musician, wanted to read "On the Road," she thought he would be better served by reading Lenin. I understand they separated in the Fifties and both remarried. Lester married Ruth Rhinestine, a grade school teacher at the fancy Francis Parker School in Lincoln Park area. She was also a piano teacher. (Sounds like you, Linda, but with piano instead of violin!) She was a very pleasant and less intense woman.

So this is what I remember of Henry's children, Rosalind and Lester. It's really a shame that you didn't know them. I can't believe we're coming to the last of Louis' siblings—Sigmund. I'm charging my remaining brain cells to tell you about them.

Love,
Grandma

Dear Grandma Fanny,

The family I missed comes clearer and clear, thanks to you. We seem to be all the way to the last three of the twenty-six in Ernie's generation. These three were born at the same time as Wally, Sylvia and Beedee, your first grandchildren! They were Eva, Max and Mitzi—the children of Uncle Sig. Did you know them well?

Love,
Linda

Liebe Linda,

Did you really not know Eva, Max or Mitzi? They were just the age of your mom Betty and were right there in Chicago when you were growing up. Well, that son of mine sure kept secrets! I'll sketch you as much as I remember. You can check the facts with Suni Sharp, who wrote you about Sig.

Eva was the oldest, born in 1905. They called her "Bubby" since she had the figure of a little grandmother—you know, buxom. This is the Schein figure—big on top and slender hips and legs. (Linda, I can hear you crying out—"But I'm just the opposite!" Must have been Cain genes!) Bubby had some music lessons, but they didn't come to much. Bubby married twice, the first time to Ben Lenchner, who eventually ran off with a woman of lesser "endowment." Sig didn't like the crowd she was runnning around with after that, so sent her to cousins Rosalind and Nathan in Detroit. They fixed her up with Ben Davis, and the rest is history. He was a wealthy businessman, though very tight with his money. I guess that's how he stayed wealthy! Bubby managed to wangle enough to buy quite elegant clothes. She was always beautifully turned out, with high heels and silk slips. She bought "good!" Her niece Betsy Goldman inherited many of these clothes and jewels when Bubby died in 1971 of heart problems. She always carried a pharmacy around with her! I never saw a woman with so many pills! I don't remember her being a real hypochondriac—I think the doctors did her in. She'd always had health problems—I remember now that she'd had a stroke after Ben died and had to re-learn to talk. She never had children.

Max "Sonny" played some oboe, but wasn't to be a musician. His father hoped he would do well in school, but decided after high school not to send him to college. Max admired his cousin Ernie for his academic prowess! He worked for Schwartzchild Jewelers for many years. Also he was in a pharmacy business with his brother-in-law Sam Moss. He and his

wife Mutzie (Edith) Fischmann, daughter of Bohemian Jews from Milwaukee, loved to dance. They won prizes at the local dance clubs, dancing on a glass floor with colored lights! They dreamed that if they ever bought a house (never did), they would have a ballroom. They were great card players. He was handy with the tools, and even built a dollhouse for a granddaughter. He and Mutzie had four children and a good life until Max was diagnosed as a manic depressive and lost his business. They went to Florida from 1974-79, but Mutzie found his refusal to take medication so difficult that she went back to her daughter Betsy's. Max finally agreed to take lithium, and joined Mutzie at Betsy and Norm's in St. Louis until he died. By then, Max and Mutzie's four children were grown.

Mutzie, spirited, charming and almost ninety-two, just passed away in 1999 at Betsy's in St. Louis. She had beaten skin cancer in the early 1960s. She was a real darling—agreeable, but with opinions. She got along with her son-in-law, Norm Goldman, who says she was such a great mom-in-law that she "deserved" to live with them! In her youth she went to Vogue Fashion art school. She tinted photos and worked at Vogue Fabrics until they went to Florida. She used to say about Suni, who was five or six years younger, "Here's my mother-in-law!" She loved to play word games with Betsy and Norm over breakfast. She had a ready smile and a great memory for all the happenings in the old days in Chicago. She said, "Growing old is for the birds!" She was a saint for living with Max in his manic depressive phase.

Mitzi & Eva, Chicago, 1938

Mitzi was a darker soul than her siblings. Very attractive—dark hair, ivory skin—she was an excellent pianist and a very capable woman. She did professional things with her music. She became a disc jockey for WGN classical music program, and was very popular as well as a feminist pioneer. She married Dave Moss, and had Sally Rae, but Mitzi and Dave were soon divorced. Her restless spirit took her on other adventures. She knew people in the music field and socialized a great deal. Prone to vanity, she was a sun worshipper against her doctor's wishes. She refused a mastectomy that might have saved her from death in her early forties. This breast cancer gene came from her mother Sarah, and was passed along to her daughter Sally.

Maybe you could say that "Poppy Schein" (Sig) was remote as a father—he wasn't a "kid person," and of course was married three times after these kids' mother Sarah died. This may have been reflected in the fortunes of his children. They were very lively and unconventional, though. I enjoyed my times with them. You know what? You look like Bubby! Well, all this remembering is taxing my eternal energy. I guess it's time to move on to the next generation.

Love,
Grandma

Interlude with Dad

Memo to Dad: *So that's the roster of your seven siblings and eighteen first cousins. I feel like I've had a peek into your early life when you were in the bosom of this extended family. I feel very satisfied to have investigated these far-flung branches. My potentially Jewish and family identity is hung on these branches. I am making encouraging headway. I'm also beginning to understand the societal and family pressures that led you to move forward and away.*

DarLin: I appreciate your effort to understand me and my determination to leave my past behind. You do, of course, remember well my own brothers and sisters and their children. I knew and liked my cousins, but it was more urgent for me to be an eager participant in the new American life. I needed to swim in the mainstream of society. In those days that meant not being Jewish. Though I didn't change my name, I put on new "costumes" as Harvard Man, Christian Scientist, Republican, Attorney. There were a million things I wanted to do with my adventurous spirit and imagination. I worried about my family, and my new religion helped me with a new more optimistic mindset.

Dad: I am amazed by all the organizations you ran, the volunteer spirit, the patriotism, the courage to forge new frontiers. And, yes, I'm even beginning to understand the pressures that led you to Christian Science. Mother used to say it helped you be less of a worry wart. Right now, however, I'm interested in remembering my first cousins, and discovering all those missing second cousins—all of Generation Four. I'm going to try to get the living ones to write something for us. Hold on, here we go!

Sig's family
Max, Mutzie, Mitzi, Sig, Suni, Eva, Sally
Betsy, Susie, Egon
mid 1940s

CHAPTER 4

Elizer's Great-Grandchildren

MY GENERATION FOUR

Interlude with Dad

Dear Dad:

Now we're getting into frontiers of family history that are possible for me to forge on my own. My Generation Four was born between 1904 and 1953—from Aunt Rose's Wally to Sigmund's grandson David. That makes Wally and David second cousins of each other (and of me!). There were thirty-five of these second cousins in my Generation Four, and nine have passed away by this writing in 1999. I've contacted all of the living ones, Dad, and asked them to portray themselves. And from their children, too, I have welcomed contributions. I'm ready now to include them all in my search for a family. I'm pretty sure you knew most of them, since most were born in the 1920s or 30s. There were my siblings and first cousins that I knew—Wally, Beedee, Sylvia, George, Ethyl Babe, George Jr., Bette, and Louise. But I didn't know a one of the other twenty-three until this year. My original motivation might have been to find their "Jewishness" and to follow the musical gene. But as I have met most of them I am excited to find my family. Is this painful for you, Dad? Though you raised me to be broad-minded, I still remember your distress at "waking up one morning with a Jewish son-in-law."
Love, Linny

DarLin:

You know how close I was to my own nieces and nephews. I can say modestly that I was their "favorite uncle!" My big sister Rose's Wally was only five or six years younger than me and we were best buddies. As for the "other twenty-three," I knew of all of them—but for reasons that you are suspecting, I didn't talk of their existence to you kids. I'm sorry, Linny. Please forgive. Fire away—I'll learn something! *Lovest, Fa*

THE LOUIS BRANCH

Children of Rose, Sam, George and Ernie
(Sarah, Edward, Anna and Ethyl had no children)

Rose and Ig Klein's Family

Walter Klein

Beedee & Wally Klein, c. 1920

Wally, born probably in 1904, was, like his sisters, tall and glamorous. The Kleins were the first to be affluent in the family, since Ig's fur business generally thrived. Rose was very over-protective of her children's physical safety, but her son Wally could do no wrong. He was born only six years after his Uncle Ernie. He never went to college, but he was very creative in design and in writing. He did the interior décor for the family fur business in Los Angeles, where all the furs for 20th Century Fox were supplied. He was a movie writer, having gotten into the Hollywood groove with his marriage to Julie Wallis, the sister of Hollywood mogul Hal Wallis. He wrote a movie that you can still find if you look hard—"They Died with Their Boots On." Ernie used to jokingly call it "Hopalong Rosenbloom" after their friend, the heavyweight boxing champion Maxie Rosenbloom. The family had hopes that Wally would make it big out there. His career may have been black-balled when Hal Wallis found he was playing around outside the confines of marriage. He and Julie were divorced and he married someone else briefly before he died of a perforated ulcer around 1977. He was out gardening and collapsed. He was charming right to the end, though the years of alcoholic excess finally caught up. He and Ernie joked and drank together a lot in the early days. I remember visiting Wally and Julie at their home where the focal point was a talking mina bird. Once on one of their yearly visits to California, Great-Uncle Sig and Suni were put in the back seat when driven by Julie, since the front was occupied by the mina bird!

Sylvia Klein

Sylvia was born on Christmas in 1905. She was a striking brunette, who wasn't quite as favored by her mother as Wally and Beedee. She started visiting L.A. from Chicago already in 1920, before the family moved out. She was great friends with two Chicago girls who went to Hollywood and married movie stars—Sue Carol, who married Alan Ladd, and Virginia Cheryl. The three girls got agents and aspired to be actresses, although Sylvia really had no ambition of her own. There's a picture of them on the movie set with Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin.

Sylvia was very social, and liked belonging to clubs. Her first husband, Robert Raphael, was a rich older man. They had a son Bobby, but Sylvia wasn't happy. Next she married the other extreme—a charming playboy, Eddie Henshaw. She couldn't deal with him, but his mother liked Sylvia and gave her a house in Hollywood. She was "sitting pretty" financially then, and bought a beach bungalow in Balboa—a weekend place. There she met Richard Smith, a younger man, who was in military flight training close by. His family traced back to William Penn and the D.A.R., and he was devoted husband to Sylvia. They gravitated to the Costa Mesa and Newport Beach areas, buying property and remodeling and selling homes. They bought a house on Lido Island, which was Sylvia's favorite. She could walk everywhere, which was a necessity for her since she never drove again after driving a Pierce Arrow into a tree at age sixteen. Dick was very artistic, creative and a liberal in a very conservative area. He was a fine architect and urban planner, who did a master plan for the whole Newport area. He got in with motion picture people, and designed homes for Dick Powell and Jane Russell. Sylvia had more business sense than he, and he finally got in trouble with Recession and the IRS.

Sylvia Klein with Bob Raphael, Hollywood, 1925

Beedee, Sylvia & friend, 1943

Sylvia loved to dance (and drink), and died on the dance floor with a drink in her hand! She went very gracefully. Her last words were "I always wanted to open up a dance school!" Then she passed out. An autopsy showed cancer of the throat. This was on July 6, 1984, in Costa Mesa.

Beatrice Klein

Beedee, born in 1908, was a very talented and artistic person whose life was affected by being almost too beautiful. Rose hadn't intended to have a third, but when she saw the baby she said "I'm glad you're here because you are so beautiful!" I remember her as tanned, willowy, terribly glamorous with auburn hair. She married Sammy Molner, a Chicago Hungarian Jew, when she was eighteen. They lived the high life in the late 1920s—she took eight furs with her on the ship to Europe, one for each night! They loved each other, but the "Crash" in 1929 was too much of a strain on their marriage. They divorced, and she married David J. Freed, a tax lawyer whom I remember well. Their wedding was at Uncle George's Astor Street house. Beedee resided in California in her later years with David, seemingly living a charmed life playing golf in Palm Springs. She was a sweet, talented and funny person, but had a severe problem with alcohol. She was an unpredictable mother for her daughter Marilyn (Maya). Beedee died in 1972.

Beedee, painted by daughter Maya Molner

Children of Samuel Schein

Ethyl Virginia Schein Krauss

Sam's daughter Ethyl Virginia was born in 1912, just before her Aunt Ethyl was born to Louis and Fanny! The Ethyls were very close at the beginning, though later their paths parted when Aunty Ethyl was home-schooled and "Ethyl Babe" followed the traditional path. Ethyl Babe made a tape for me before she died in 1997, and talked of living at Grandma's when they moved back from Duluth where she was born. She met Karl Krauss at seventeen, and married him at twenty-two, a long courting period back then. Ethyl's daughter Diane writes this about her mother's life:

Ethyl with George, early 1920s

Mom went to the finest business school in Chicago (Mozer), probably because her brother George went to Northwestern. Back then men were the first priority. Mom never said that, but I assumed it true. She was the top in her business class and was placed right off as the secretary to the President of the Portland Cement Association. Big important job for a woman in the 1930s! Between all of the important people she met, living and working in the Loop, and her cousins, she had a ball. Mom's and Dad's high school sorority and fraternity were very social and they danced through high school and their twenties, at all the fancy hotels and clubs in Chicago, and to all of the famous bands. They also went to see all of the movies they could fit in. She had a lot of well-to-do friends with summer homes at Culver, Cedar Lake and Lake Maxincukee of Indiana, so she spent time there too, dancing, etc. She was a pretty free spirit (though morally Victorian) for her time.

Portrait of Ethyl Babe, 1930s

Ethyl & Karl, Colorado, 1985

She loved working. When she and Dad married, their first apartment was the penthouse in a brand new building on LaSalle Street, with a doorman. She made more than Daddy did then, but together they handled the $37.50/mo. rent and lived the good life. No children until married five years! Mom stayed at home after that, for many years, until I was of school age. Then she started work part-time. She went to full-time when I was probably ten, and always at a school so her hours would be similar to ours. She retired after I finished college, and I think that she always regretted it.

Her biggest regret was losing her brother George, in his twenties. She always missed him. Her father Sam died just four years later, all at a time when her three children were tiny. She prized family over all else, and was frustrated by the lack of "togetherness" in the Schein family. She said in later years "It's sad not to know more about the family, but 'c'est la vie,' I guess." She did spent time in her early teens with cousins Sylvia and Beedee. They were like sisters and went to the beach together. "No one could have been nicer than Aunt Rose and the girls," wrote Ethyl of those times.

Ethyl and Karl were wonderful parents to Richard, Gary and Diane—and grandparents to Keith, Kendra, Justin, Geoff, Kyle and Keir. After they retired to Denver, they went to the children's concerts and ballgames. After their move west and our family moved to Washington, we saw them only rarely—though we always felt in touch with them. Ethyl was a master of memory and detail and an excellent and voluminous writer. She would have made a good journalist.

George Leslie Schein

George, born in 1917, had but twenty-seven years on this earth. But he made a big impression on family, friends, teachers, employers. He was unable to join the Service during the war, since his nephritis was discovered when he went to join up. All his friends went to War. One friend from University of Illinois, where he spent his first two college years, wrote this in his condolence letter from Flight Training School in South Carolina:

7 July, 1944

George and I were close during our first year at the University. His wonderful courage and remarkable sense of humor carried both of us through many of our troubled days. Often we would talk far into the night on subjects both shallow and deep. From these hours together, I learned that George was a beautiful ideal—he stood for all that was good and tolerant—he was a man that dwelt close to his God . . .

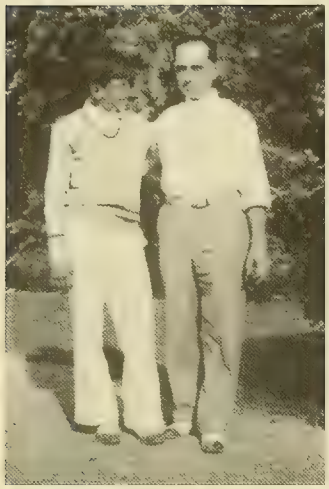
Respectfully,
John B. Thune

George was a very loving brother to Ethyl, or "Ettu" as he called her. He even wrote her letters when he was at college, spending his second two years earning his Bachelor of Science in Commerce at Northwestern. Here is an excerpt from a letter in about 1937:

George Leslie Schein

Dear sister mine:

I know I shall certainly spoil you with all this writing, but I believe you are worth spoiling. This comes of my observation of you these past 20 odd (very odd) years, and also after perusing the contents of your letter last. Verdict? As guilty as Montague, the Reverend, and Hahn, of being the swellest sister and of writing the slickest letters to be found. And this time I am happy that it is writing to you I am, and not trying to talk to you, on account of I got a hole in my face wherein drool and air has taken the place of a tooth. Last Saturday this ex-upper right bothered me not a little, drew me to the dentist the following



George with Sam, late 1930s

morn, and finally resulted, this morning, in the end of another tusk. I have a fine average. Two toothaches on the record and two tug-o'-war "victoires à la dent homme." Tusk! Tusk!

. . . . Well, I am about ready to listen to the N.U. football game so they can start it any time they please. My money is on Minnesota against Notre Dame, and I fear that Wisconsin shall upset Northwestern today. We shall see what we shall. . . .

Lovingly yours,
George Leslie

P.S. Mother has finally picked you out some curtains, and daddy has stuffed them into a box. . . . I like the pink polka dots and the lavender and orange trimming. Here's hoping you do.

When George graduated, he was on the job market in advertising. I think this letter of application for a job with Critchfield and Company gives a good idea of George's background, brains, and ambition:

JUNE 19, 1939
Gentlemen:

In the Chicago Tribune *of Friday, June 16, cartoonist Orr depicted the New Deal's "Opposition to Business" as a barrier to jobs for June graduates such as I. I am not in position to criticize the cartoonist's drawing or the logic behind it, but I hardly think that such a progressive industry as Advertising is sitting back, waiting for the President's next move.*

I believe that Critchfield and Company is doing a lot, thru' its own spirited movement, to determine the future moves of those in control in Washington—and I'd like to join that movement—to work for and with your agency.

After studying for two years at the University of Illinois, I transferred to Northwestern University because the latter offered a better and more complete Advertising Course. I am not sorry that I made this change, as this instruction, coupled with a year of work on the Advertising Staff of the Daily Illini, *University of Illinois student publication, and two summers of work with the Henneberry Rotogravure Company, has convinced me that I enjoy advertising work and am capable of producing results...*

Very truly yours,
George L. Schein

Children of George Langer Schein

George Langer Shields, Jr. (née Schein)

George, born in 1919, died this summer in Washington, D.C. As a little boy, he lived in beautiful homes with Hungarian cooks in Chicago, Scarsdale and Washington. He remembers Sunday walks down Michigan Avenue, with his father sporting a cane and fedora and his mother as a young society matron. One time, however, he sprinted away across the Outer Drive and was run over by a Model T. He got his only thrashing after that! His mother died in his eighth year, and a series of nannies took over. Uncle Ernie taught him to drive, and tried educating him by a drive to the Mississippi River at LaCrosse. Young George, in true teenager fashion, said "Is that all there is?" After his last year at Scarsdale High, he worked for his Grandfather Oscar Mayer at the Madison plant as a chopper and hauler of ice. He also conducted tours of the plant. Other summers he worked for his lawyer father taking depositions.

George Shields, early 1940s

After two years at Georgetown University from 1938-40, first in Foreign Service, then in Business Administration, George heard the rumbling of the drums of war. He did not want to be in the Army, so he learned to fly. In 1941, he joined the Navy at Anacostia Naval Air Base, near where he keeps his sailboat today. He completed flight training, got his wings and became a Second Lieutenant. His father George came to see him after a flying accident at Jacksonville. That was the last he saw of his father, since he died just as George Jr.'s convoy was about to embark from Norfolk for the Africa Campaign. After a short trip to Chicago for the funeral, George Jr.

returned in time to board the carrier "Sampee," which was part of a fleet of converted oil tankers on its way to Africa.

It may be that George is the only one in our family to have seen so much action in World War II. He flew in two-seater, one-engine "Douglas Dauntless" dive-bombers, and dropped bombs on Marrakesh and other parts of Africa. He also was on submarine watch off Cape Hatteras. Finally, though, he was grounded because he lost some hearing and got vertigo. Then he became a transport officer.

Since the war, George has run a recreational vehicle business in Frederick, Maryland, which has been very successful. He is extremely busy and travels a great deal. He is also very knowledgeable about classical music. He was married twice, very briefly, and has a son James Todd, who has recently moved to be near his father. Todd has changed his name back to Schein, stimulating George's interest in this book as a way to acquaint Todd with the Scheins.

Louise Schein McDougall

Louise Schein McDougall, born 1921, was a very attractive young woman who suffered greatly from the death of her mother, the pressure to be other than Jewish, and the life with the absent father and presence of nannies. I remember her first husband, Renzo Fenci, a sculptor. She does not communicate with the Schein family. She has married twice more, has two children, Piero and Kendall, and has sold real estate in California.

Bette Schein MacDonald

Bette Schein MacDonald, born in 1923, lives in Colorado and, like her sister, is not interested in contact with the family. She remembers with deep-seated emotion her father's jet-set lifestyle, and calls him a "wild and crazy guy." She has bitterness over the telegrams from far-off places on her birthdays. She suffered greatly from never hearing the word "Jew" and then being identified as one when she went off to an Eastern prep school and college. Bette and husband Jim MacDonald have a fine art collection, four grown children and an active travel schedule. Bette is close to her biological half-sister, my adopted sister Ann Schein, who has spent many summers playing and teaching at the Aspen Festival.

Sharon (Ann) Schein (see under Ernest)

Children of Ernest Schein

My Schein family started out on the North Side (I was born on Schiller Street), and lived in Evanston from 1938–45. We then made a big move away from "roots" to Washington, D.C. In an uncommon reference to his background, Ernie blamed his "gypsy blood" for the fact that we lived in a succession of rented houses. Finally in 1952 he bought the fancy three-story townhouse on Bancroft Place in D.C. that suited his taste. Here are the portraits of Ernie's children—Robert, Linda, Paula (who died in 1947), and Ann, whom we adopted in 1942 when her father, my Uncle George, died.

Robert Louis Schein

My brother Bob, born in 1932, was a very male presence in our home of "hot-house flower" musical girls. He was scolded for throwing balls at us for fear we'd sprain a pinky finger. Handsome and charming with flashing brown eyes, he has always had a strong sense of self-determination and an ability to live by his wits. He and Ernie were sparring partners but good male buddies. In fact, he and I had two different up-bringings in many

Robert Louis Schein, Colorado, 1997

ways. Bob is fast-moving and quipping, and an adventurer who thrives on the brink of physical danger. I feel his presence as a loving brother, in spite of the many miles between us. He writes this of his life of challenges:

After a pleasant, if conventional, middle class male childhood of the 1940s and a somewhat turbulent year at the Naval Academy, I was reborn in the United States Air Force. It turned out that, in spite of my best efforts, I had apparently acquired enough education to become an instructor in radar-guided airborne weapons and, incidentally, acquired a commercial pilot license. After leaving the USAF, I returned to college courtesy of the GI bill and completed a business degree at American University with an unlikely minor in math and physics. The combination of my somewhat unusual technical, academic and aviation background made me an interesting recruit for a Harvard Business School-spawned international aviation consulting group. In an effort to stay afloat in a sea of B-School graduates, I entered the newly emerging, and under-populated computer-based simulation field. After six years of domestic and international consulting engagements, I was partying in NYC with some clients when a couple of financially muscular specimens asked if I would be interested in acting as a full-time point man for some of their "amusing" off-shore investing activities in the third world. The job involved living and working in Africa and the Middle East with some travel to Southeast Asia. This was a particularly peculiar time in those areas, even by local standards, and the work was rarely boring,. Additionally, it gave me a chance to have my wife and three children live in a fascinating world that is very different from mainstream USA.

After almost ten years, even fun in the jungle began to pale and I returned to the USA for a new hand in the poker game of life. This time, it turned out to be as a data communications software test engineer for one of the Fortune 50 companies. This was a bit of a surprise to me in light of the fact that I knew essentially nothing about the field. The good news was that they would meet my modestly exorbitant salary requirements. The bad news was that they gave me a year to get up to technical speed with my salary-peers or I was out. Actually, this wasn't much different from any of my previous assignments so I jumped in. Ten challenging years later—which included seven living on and cruising my 41-foot sailboat, flying as glider tow pilot on weekends, acting as Emergency Services Officer for the local Civil Air Patrol, getting divorced, getting remarried and getting divorced again—I retired from the company as a senior project manager and went off looking for the next adventure. This time, the God of Randomness has cast me as a contented, impoverished, bicycle-riding Taoist monk who wends his Way by running a virtual jetcharter business and dabbling in martial arts in the foothills of the Colorado Rockies.

Linda Schein Greenebaum

I , born in 1935, am Ernie and Betty's second child. For those familiar with astrological definitions of a less active personality, I am a Gemini with no planets in fire. I am ever the conscientious student, having earned a B.A. at Radcliffe with a History major. Much later came a Master's in Music Education from Smith College. Along the way I put in stints at the National College of Education, Yale School of Music, and a year as a Fulbright Scholar in Germany. I inherited Ernie's bias toward educational endeavor! I'm mother of four daughters, four times grandma, ex-wife of educator-musician Michael Greenebaum. I'm also a pretty decent professional violinist, playing until recently in the Springfield Symphony. I just retired from a half-time job teaching elementary school lessons, and will continue private students at home until I drop. My Steinway grand piano, a monument to my sister Ann and my Schein family roots, sits hopefully and nostalgically in my condo living room. I've made my home in the western hills of Massachusetts these twenty-nine years now. I'm re-connecting with my Chicago roots, and trying to find the extended family I missed growing up.

Linda & Paula, Evanston, 1942

Paula Leslie Schein

My year and a half-younger sister Paula, born 1936, was my loved companion until she contracted nephritis in 1946 and passed away the next year. She was a lovely child, with long dark rope curls. There was

much trouble in the family over whether to use medicine or Christian Science healing in her disease. Father wanted her in the hospital, albeit in the days before antibiotics. She was there for several months and recovered somewhat. Ernie went off to the Philippines as Chief Examiner of the War Damage Commission. Paula took sick again and Mother used her Christian Science practitioner. Mother always insisted that the mixing of the two healing methods led to Paula's (and later Ernie's) death. Mother was very stoical, and we continued on our way to a very turbulent but exciting year and a half in Manila.

Linda, Ann, Paula & Mother, Evanston, 1945

Ann Schein Carlyss

When I was seven, my Uncle George died. Ernie brought home his two-year-old daughter, born in 1939, and then named Sharon. She came accompanied by German nurse Elsa, and, with the new name Ann Schein, she became our sister. Ann was a child smiled on by the gods. She never went through an awkward stage, even after her long braids were cut at thirteen. Her performances, beginning at a tender age, have been world-wide, and her teaching highly commended. She concertizes, records, and currently teaches at Peabody Conservatory and the Aspen Festival. She tells her story of her early life—especially about our Mother—and the nurturing of a fantastic, world-class pianist and very dear human being:

Ann's Tale

It is safe to say that I have had more than my share of good fortune in my nearly sixty years of life. Before I begin my contribution to this book, I would like to thank Linda—my always amazing, gifted and compassionate sister—for her labor of love in conceiving of this wonderful document, and for bringing to life the richness and diversity of the Schein family history, past and present. It's pretty exciting!

For some of us it is a golden opportunity to say thank you to the unforgettable people who have been able to nurture us, help us, love us and encourage us. Because, without them . . .

I began my life as I know it as the youngest of four children of Ernie and Betty Schein in Evanston, Illinois, living on Orrington Avenue across the street from Lake Michigan. Humor permeated our household. Ernie's laughter, high spirits and endless puns filled our home with warmth and cheerfulness. Along with his sense of humor, he exuded an aura of calm dignity and highly cultivated good taste. His good-natured exterior was balanced by a razor-sharp intelligence and lawyerly sobriety. He very much embodied the essence of old-world, paternal authority. But, as Boswell said, "Cheerfulness kept breaking in!"

My mother, née Elizabeth Grindrod Cain, was mercilessly teased by her children for her quaintly prim middle name, and dubbed "Slim" by my brother Bob in honor of her quite generous midwestern girth. She was an extraordinary person. One cannot forget the sweetness of her smile, the tenderness in her brown eyes which were slightly, ever so slightly, crossed, her masses of freckles, or her multiple sneezes. If it went past ten we cheered, and sometimes it hit twelve!

She had a great serenity in her spirit and a stoicism of truly epic proportions. There was in her a kind of "Episcopalian uprightness," which was well-nigh unshakeable. Hers was an exceptional intelligence and clarity of thought. It always seemed to me that she just "knew things." She had an unusual dose of common sense, and she got things done well. There was also a sense of great fun in her and she laughed easily. She made people feel comfortable. A kind of fey charm came over her when least expected. While walking down the street with her brother, she would suddenly thrust one leg up behind her whacking him playfully on the backside. One heard Weston Cain's voice warn Ernie, "My sister can be the most stubborn girl in the world, you know!" And Bob's voice calling her "the Conscience of the World" in moments of teenage exasperation. She was as deep as a well, and her spiritual, searching soul was one of the most beautiful God ever created. And, by some miracle, she was my Mother.

Best of all—she played the violin! A photo given to her by her Chicago Musical College teacher, Jacques Gordon, had this inscription: "To Betty Cain, my most gifted

student." She made music with friends, with family and with colleagues. It was all so natural. She had the gift of simplicity, in life as well as in music.

My brother Bob was nine years older than I. He had a very loud voice, causing Ernie to dub him "Colonel Bull Roar" during his days of teenage excess! He had a highly athletic body and, oh gosh, he played the cornet with a tin ear! He always took a particularly affectionate and protective stance toward his baby sister, and still does to this day!

Linda was five years my senior, and always seemed nearly as grown-up and wise as my Mother. She also played the violin—very well! She had a precocious maturity about her, naturally assuming the role of the eldest and, of course, the most intelligent among the sisters! And truly, she was. I remember clearly the day she decided it was high time that her youngest sister learn to read. I can see her sitting on my bed with a large book—and in a most patient and determined manner, accomplishing her goal, thus stamping out yet another victim of ignorance in this world! She seemed to possess, even at a tender age, the very best qualities of our Mother and Father, and I looked up to her with awed admiration, a feeling that only intensified with the years. In my eyes, it seemed that she could do just about anything.

My sister Paula was three years older, and we shared a November birthday. She had very pale white skin covered with freckles. Her gray eyes were serious and her hair framed her face in black curls. She played piano and was very talented. Like my Mother, she had a quietness in her spirit, well beyond her years. None of us could have dared to guess that her life would last just ten years. But in those Evanston days, good health and a great sense of security, comfort, and contentment prevailed.

In one corner of the living room stood a medium-sized Steinway grand piano. One day, I climbed up on the piano bench to render a sudden and, so I was told, vigorous, two-handed version of the Marine Hymn, which came over the radio almost daily during those war years, and I continued to play any tune my ears picked up in addition.

Once I had been discovered to "play by ear," my life became distinctly more miserable. When friends and family came over, I was sent to the opposite end of the living room and told to stand with my back to the piano while note after note was hammered out. "What's this note?" "D," I said. Then, "F Sharp," then "B Flat," and so on. Great chords and clusters of notes came smashing down into the keys to stump my ears. I unravelled them. I felt like a trained monkey.

Somewhere around this time, I made up a piece. My Mother wrote it down on a sheet of music paper. "What will you call it?" she asked. I remember thinking and thinking for the longest time without saying anything. Then it came. "Pump up Little Store," I said. This was relayed to every friend and relative who came within shouting distance, and was always followed by howls and shrieks of side-splitting laughter.

Approaching my fifth year, Ernie and Betty felt that their trained monkey

ought to have piano lessons and learn to read music. A good friend and fine musician, Agnes Conover, lived just around the corner. "She's too young," said Agnes to Betty. "Ernie and I feel that you are the right person to start her correctly. Please take her!" And so she did, once a week until we left Chicago in the summer of 1945.

I remember not one detail of the music or the lessons. Only that Agnes Conover promised me a bouquet of flowers from her garden each week when I finished. And each week, she kept her end of the bargain.

We moved to Washington, D.C., along with many people inspired by the post-war years, late in the summer of 1945. My parents already had a plan for my next piano lessons. Glenn Dillard Gunn and his wife, Bessie Bracken Gunn, were a distinguished and highly regarded musical couple whom my parents had known in Chicago. They had also moved to Washington, where Dr. Gunn had been appointed chief music critic of the Washington Times Herald.

The day Betty took me to play for them is etched in my memory. They lived in a modest apartment on Connecticut Avenue, and when the door opened, I saw a terrible apparition. Dr. Gunn stood there with blazing eyes, white bushy hair and an enormous white moustache, looking down at me. His mouth went straight downwards on either side of that moustache in a truly ferocious frown. Behind him rose a bust of Beethoven high up on top of a pedestal behind the piano. It had the absolutely identical frown. I disliked them both. My eyes anxiously sought out Mrs. Gunn, who was just about my size and my relief was palpable. She was an elderly lady, with white hair pinned neatly in a bun behind her head. She had a very comforting presence and a face of melting kindness. I loved her from the moment I saw her.

"B.B.Gunn," as she was affectionately called, took me as her student that day of our first meeting. A great new dimension opened for me through the Gunn's cultivated musical ambiance. My ears were filled, week after week, not only with the music I was learning, but with stories and reports of the great artists and performers who came to Washington to appear in the concert halls of the city. The two of them brought a whole world of culture into my experience which was to nurture my musical development for years to come.

With surefooted guidance, Mrs. Gunn presented me in my first full-length recital when I was seven, and the first concerto I learned was the C Major Beethoven. I played the first movement with the Washington Civic Orchestra when I was ten. To my enormous relief, my Mother and Linda were both playing in the orchestra. Everybody had one major criticism: I made a face whenever I played a wrong note. I think I made a lot of faces.

The conductor of the orchestra, Hendrick Essers, played a major role in that chapter of our lives. He was a fine violinist and musician of Dutch origin, and gave Linda violin lessons as well as leading the band and orchestra programs in the junior and senior high schools we attended. It was Henry Essers who put a cello in my hands when I

began seventh grade, and encouraged me to play in the school orchestra. I loved the cello, and I played both instruments for quite a few years. He also went to the Interlochen National Music Camp in northern Michigan in the summer to teach, and he suggested to my parents that Linda and I both attend. We did go for two or three summers of remarkable musical exposure, fine experience, and lots of fun.

It was during the summer of 1953 at Interlochen that I won the Concerto Competition and performed the MacDowell Second Piano Concerto. My parents took this as a signal to the next step, and they felt I was ready for an even greater musical challenge. The began to think of teachers in several of the major Conservatories on the East Coast who might advise them and hear me play.

In September of 1953, Betty took me to the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore to play for Mieczyslaw Munz. She had heard him in concert many times and she had the finest memory of his poetic artistry and brilliance as a pianist. The day we met him was unforgettable. He was quite tall with a regal bearing, and

Ann with Mom, Warsaw, 1961

when he met my Mother, he bent over in a courtly bow and kissed her hand! We had seen these things only in the movies! His eyes were alert and exceedingly sensitive, and his walk was quick and light as a cat. His sudden smile lit up his entire face and his large teeth made him look a bit like a Jack-O-Lantern! When I found out that his birthday was on Halloween, I thought it was perfect.

My parents came to love "Munzie," as we called him, and in due time more or less adopted him into our family. They felt great trust in him personally and artistically, and had profound respect for his experience and expertise. He was a gigantic pianist, a former student of Busoni and a friend and colleague of Rachmaninoff, Josef Hofmann, Josef Lhevinne, among other great names of this century's finest pianists.

From the moment he accepted me into his class that fall, my life was about to go into high gear as he mapped out a five-year plan for the most demanding training including several hours of weekly lessons and whole summers of daily practice routine, which he would oversee hour by hour, with numbing and faithful patience. If I tired or chafed, he never did. My parents were with me every step of the way, never allowing me to slip for a second or get away with any laziness, whether I liked it or not. And, a good part of the time, I did not. Betty was not in the business of winning popularity contests, and in those years she did not win any in my eyes. She persevered and she did not flinch.

Not only had Ernie and Betty seen to it that I had the finest musical training, but, most wonderful of all, they continuously delighted in my work and my enjoyment of the lessons, challenges and performances I had during those years. For, while practicing was an overbearing taskmaster for my own sense of discipline or lack of it, I truly loved to perform.

I can safely say that as each year passed and I grew stronger, their joy was my entire reward. They would tell me repeatedly to continue to play and make music only as long as I truly loved what I did, and that this should be the only motivation for spending my life in music. They had known too many musicians, they told me, who were bitter and disillusioned by the difficulty of the music business. They did not want to see this negative attitude take over my consciousness. With this as their sole ambition for me, and with the total absence of the "stage-mother" in Betty Schein, I felt I had their unconditional support and confidence in my ability which gave me a continuous flow of positive energy. I consider my parents, quite simply, the miracle of my life.

And what of my real parents and my true origins? Was I ever allowed to know the facts? In final tribute to Betty and Ernie, the answer is "Yes," at the very best moment and in the most extraordinarily sensitive way imaginable.

For reasons no one may ever understand, and acknowledging the complexities and human frailties involved in the decision, Ernie did not wish me to know any of the details surrounding my adoption and the switch that took place in the roles from my

real parents, Kathleen and George Schein, both of whom had died sometime after I was born, to my Aunt and Uncle, Betty and Ernie. It was Ernie's plan to take me into his family in Evanston early enough so that I would not suffer any trauma or be conscious of anything that had transpired, even though Kathleen lived several years more. I know he did this to protect me and spare me the slightest emotional upheaval. He succeeded.

Thanks to the sworn secrecy of all—family, friends, and scattered half-siblings across the country—I remained blissfully unaware of anything which might have jarred my existence. It was Betty who took it upon herself to fulfill the obligation to me to reveal, at some optimum point in time, the true story.

Against Ernie's wishes, but with his full knowledge, she chose a moment during the summer of my fifteenth year when we were together in a rented apartment in Mexico City, where Mieczyslaw Munz spent his vacations. He came every day to practice with me. One day, after he had left, she succeeded in her task with such perfect timing, delicacy and depth of humanity that it would be impossible to describe in words.

Ernie's wish that he and I never discuss it was honored. I understood him perfectly. I longed to tell him that he need not worry and to reassure him that he had truly built the solid security for my life and my future that was his most fervent desire. Perhaps I can tell him now, with my undying gratitude. I think he'll hear me.

Ann & Earl Carlyss with Pauline & Linnea, 1979

There is just one more story I'd like to tell "à propos" of this document, regarding my first encounter with the fact of my Jewishness, or non-Jewishness, as perception would have it.

Having been raised in a family of Christian Scientists from the very beginning in Evanston, the subject of our family heritage had never come up, and there was literally no point of reference in my experience. Until the one unforgettable moment in my life when I was sixteen years old.

The last contest I ever entered was held in Washington, D.C. in the spring of 1956. It was called the Merriweather Post Competition, sponsored by the National Symphony Orchestra. It was open to all instrumentalists. Among the contestants was a sixteen-year-old boy from Texas with black hair and enormous melancholy black eyes named Jack Glatzer. He played the Brahms Violin Concerto and he won second prize. I was hopelessly in love!

Several dates later, the moment of the first kiss arrived. I was more than ready. Suddenly, he pulled away. "I can't kiss you," he declared with deadly finality. "Why?" I asked in disbelief. "Because," he said, "You are not Jewish!" "What?" I exclaimed. "With my strict Jewish upbringing and an Orthodox family," he continued, "I cannot kiss a non-Jewish girl!" I believe I remember feeling at that moment that my life was over.

I smile thinking of this funny scene on my front doorstep, though it was distinctly unfunny at that moment of adolescent rejection. It was definitely the first time I had been left to ponder my sense of self and to ponder it differently than I had up until that point in time.

In 1966, Earl Carlyss, my beloved husband, best friend, and profound artist, for twenty-one years the second violinist of the Juilliard String Quartet, entered my life. It was just around the time that Betty and Ernie left this earth. Surely the same angelic being who placed me in the safety of that Schein family in Evanston, Illinois, saw to it that I was given an equally miraculous husband—violin and all. His humor is unstoppable and irrepressible, and our two beautiful daughters, Linnea and Pauline, bless their hearts, are as funny as their Dad. These three beings are the most priceless gift of my life.

I close now with love to all the members of our Schein family and with joy and pride in our shared story.

THE AMSTERDAM BRANCH

Children of Maurice and Max

(Fanny and Sidonie had no children)

Children of Maurice Amsterdam

Last February, I went to California in search of Amsterdams. My curiousity was piqued by the wonderful pictures you saw at the beginning of the book. Maurice Amsterdam had preserved these pictures. And also many others. And he'd sketched the first family tree back in the 1960s, which I never saw until now. So I took off, hardly recovered from flu and threatened by dire reports of El Niño rains. The gratifying result was making contact with this whole Amsterdam branch of the family. They aren't numerous, but I found them—Maurice and Max's children and grandchildren. They are Bettie and Jack, now deceased, and David, Mimi and Elaine. And the next generation which I'll describe in the next chapter.

Bettie Maura Amsterdam

Bettie Maura Amsterdam, born in about 1919, was the oldest of Maurice's children. She was named for Grandma Betty Schein Amsterdam. Young Bettie was an accomplished pianist and is said to have had perfect pitch like Grandpa Ben. She may have been the most gifted of the children, and worked hard as a child. She played a recital at age six. She went for less than normal hours to high school so she could practice (this reminds me of my sister Ann!). Classical music was the only kind Grandpa Maurice allowed, but later she played for USO entertainment in the War. My Uncle Sam Schein was visiting California in 1946, and reported in a letter home that "Bettie is one grand girl. She is rehearsing with a girls' orchestra and leaving soon on a professional tour." She also worked at the movie studios. She met her husband Ted Drake through a USO band. She continued to play piano at home, especially with her husband Ted, who had a great voice. They had a lovely pool in their yard, and Betty was a good enough swimmer to have participated in Olympic trials.

One Chicago cousin says Bettie was sent as a zany teenager to Chicago to Sig and Suni and Rosalind and Ben to get over a misguided romance. They tried to citify her crazy California outfits, and show her Chicago style. But she was a handful, and was sent back on the bus on which she promptly got sick. Papa Maurice was very unhappy with Sig and

Suni after that! But Maurice was easily upset, even with his siblings Max and Donie. But, to Maurice's credit, he kept up faithfully with the Chicago family and meticulously kept the photo albums. Bettie had daughters, Laurie Lane and Joan Durham, by her two husbands. She died in 1981.

David Amsterdam

On my trip to see David, the driving rain subsided as David's niece Laurie Lane and I drove south from Long Beach to Carlsbad. I was excited to meet David, born in 1920 and the only living child of Maurice Amsterdam. He and wife Jane Luke live in a lovely white ranch house with plantings that hint of his background as a nurseryman. His children John and Jo Ann live nearby and run a business together. David has emphysema, and Jane is in a wheelchair, having been paralyzed by a slip of the knife in an operation for an aneurism. We had matzoh ball soup, and covered the Schein family topics. David possesses his father's extensive photograph collection—the largest Schein family treasure trove I'd seen. John took photos of ones I liked, and you see some in this book.

David Amsterdam, Hollywood, late 1930s

David, a very handsome boy, was encouraged (mild word!) to practice his viola as a child by his dad, the excellent cellist. David played in a youth orchestra that made a movie with Jascha Heifetz called "They Shall Have Music." He also played in Harry James orchestra and appeared with Mickey Rooney in the movie "Strike up the Band." He went on the road with Harry James, including stops at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago. He met his wife Jane at a concert in Maine. She was from Philadelphia originally, but they moved to Montreal to start their married life. His career ideas changed and he went into advertising in Montreal and New York. His children were born in the East, in 1949 and 1950. But, in true Amsterdam fashion, he didn't like the East, and returned to California to go in the nursery business. He worked and retired in Northern California, but moved to Carlsbad to be near his children.

Jack Amsterdam

Maurice's third child was Jack Amsterdam, born in 1921. Maurice was a very critical father to Jack, who seemed to have more problems adjusting to his life than the other two. Jack, like David, tried going East, and worked there in an advertising agency in New York. This didn't work out well, and he returned to California to open an agency there. He was married (twice) to Betty Jessen, from Connecticut. Robert J. is their son. Jack had a military career in World War II. I understand that Maurice was more than upset with Jack during his bouts with alcohol, and even threatened to disinherit him of family money, especially that from Benjamin. Finally, when Jack was in great need, having landed sick and paranoid on skid row in L.A., Maurice left him some money. Jack died in 1988 in a Veteran's Hospital in Los Angeles. He had cirrhosis of the liver.

Children of Max Amsterdam

Mimi Amsterdam Barker

As my daughter Sally, grandson Sam and I pulled up to Mimi's lovely older California ranch house, the rain was coming down in sheets. We greeted a lovely dark-haired woman, whose features were very familiar to me from other Schein women I'd known (and me too!). Sam was panicked by the big dogs and birds shut up in the back rooms! Mimi is an animal person. Though the game of bridge is now prominent in her life, she plays piano and still has father Max's second best violin. It made her feel good for me to play on it. Inside it was a script of one of his joke shows. Mimi Amsterdam was born in 1921, just a year after her cousin David, She grew up in California, but remembers meeting the Chicago cousins when they made their frequent hegiras westward. She's the one that was taken on a limo ride from a swanky hotel in L.A. by my Uncle George. After her father and mother Ellen Wanner were divorced, Max married Gypsy Clark. Mimi as a teenager used to call up her father at 2:30 a.m. at the Zanzibar to talk for an hour!

Mimi Barker & Linda, 1998

Mimi is a college graduate—she went to UCLA and majored in Economics, and taught school for a number of years. She is a great linguist, and speaks Italian, German and some Russian. Her sister Elaine says Mimi was her "brain"—remembering everything and teaching her. Her marriage to Merritt Barker was difficult, but long enough to produce two sons, Jon and Mark. Raising them alone was not easy, but she managed very well.

Elaine Amsterdam

Mimi's younger sister Elaine (b.1925) is a philosopher like her father Max, as well as a consummate artist. Her daughter puts her on a level with Wyeth. She has worked in various media, one of them being a watercolor process called Aquarelle. This is a special, more transparent watercolor that includes no white paint. Her other specialty is a rare type of ancient Greek painting. It is called "encaustic medium"—a process of burning in beeswax and resin and pigment with a propane torch. She had a studio in Greece for many years, and was exhibited in Athens in 1972 and 1975 by the U.S. State Department. These exhibits established an international reputation, and she now has work hanging in many countries. Fourteen of her paintings are included in the Vincent Price Collection. MGM Movie Studio has rented paintings of Elaine's for movies. Examples of her artwork appear in a British encyclopedia of art, and prints of her paintings are currently being sold through Coldwater Creek catalog. She is in the process of arranging further printing of her work, and will soon be on her way to Greece again.

She attended Holmby College on scholarship and took art courses at U.C.L.A. and University of New Mexico. She was Artist-in-Residence at the Malibu campus of Pepperdine University. Elaine has been widowed twice, and lives currently in the Rockies near the Canadian border. She lives on a beautiful and tranquil lake in Idaho, and travels often to paint and exhibit. Her daughter, Lynne Farley, lives in Illinois.

Elaine Amsterdam Greece, 1990 Painting below; *"Greek Man," encaustic*

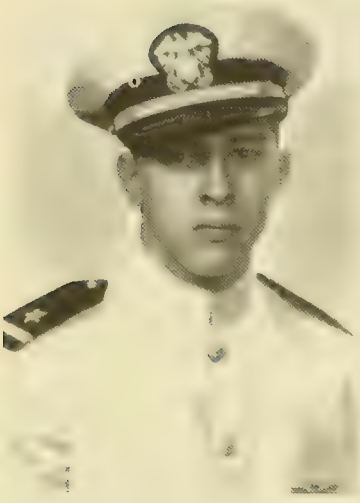
THE NATHAN BRANCH

Children of Leo, Clara, Kalman, Elsie and Samuel
(Ida, Ann and Charlotte had no children)

Children of Clara Schein Roth

Norman Roth

Norman was born in 1924 and is the "patriarch" of the Nathan branch first cousins (at least he's the oldest!) Norman has this to say about his early musical experience:



Norman Roth, ensign, US Navy, c. 1943

The only one of Nathan's brothers I knew was Sig, and I knew him quite well. One memory is that I have Sig to thank for sparing me from the life of a musician. When I was a child, my mother was determined that her sons would be musicians like most of her family. I started taking violin lessons when I was five years old, and hated it. One time when I was about eight or nine years old, Sig was at our house and I was crying while I was practicing the violin. He told my parents that there was no point in continuing the lessons, that I had no talent and would never be a violinist. That swayed them. My tears never had done any good before, and I never took another violin lesson.

Norman lives with his wife Rose Marie Klein in Michigan, where he worked for thirty-four years as a scientist for Whirlpool. When Norman married Rose Marie, both cousin Lester and Uncle Sig were signed up to play their wedding, with these results:

At my wedding in 1950, my wife (then fiancée) had arranged with Lester Schein to provide a four-piece dance band for the reception; but somehow separately my mother arranged for Sig to play background violin music at the wedding; because of musician union rules the dance band had to bow out because Sig played. I still hear about that occasionally from my wife almost fifty years later.

Norman and Rose Marie raised six children, and are now retired, enjoying their eight grandchildren. He has a PhD from University of Illinois, after a Bachelors and Masters from University of Chicago. He was involved in designing life support systems for the original space program. You can find him in "Who's Who in the Midwest," and "American Men and Women in Science." He is active on town boards, including Parks and Library.

Robert Roth

Norm's brother Robert, born in 1926, lives in the D.C. area, and is married to Audrey Goldman and father of three children. He was also spared the life of a musician, and writes the following about himself:

I received a BA degree with a major in Geology from Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa in 1946, and MS and PhD degrees from University of Illinois in 1950 and 1951, both in Geology/Mineralogy. I then accepted a position at the National Bureau of Standards in Washington, DC in September 1951, where I have worked ever since. I was never in the military service, having received a presidential deferment from Harry Truman during the Korean War because of my scientific studies "in the National Defense." The name of NBS was changed to the National Institute of Standards and Technology a few years ago, and although I officially retired in 1991, I still maintain an office with access to my laboratory equipment under contract to NIST. I go to work every weekday for about six hours during retirement instead of eight hours. My current work involves research on ceramic materials of potential use in satellite communication devices. In the summer my wife and I spend four months, June through September, in our log home in Victor, Idaho. About every other year we spend three or four months in Melbourne, Australia, where I work for the CSIRO, a government research lab.

Children of Leo Schein

Norma Schein Martin

Norma Schein Martin was born in 1923 and died in 1982. Her son Jeffery writes:

Norma was born and raised in Chicago. In 1951 she, her husband David Martin, and her children, Jeff and Randy, moved to Los Angeles. Norma brought the Chicago Schein tradition of family holiday get-togethers with her. She was a strong influence in keeping everybody connected in Los Angeles on both the Schein and Israel (changed to Martin) sides of the family during a time (1950s-1980s) when the individual lives of people often went in different directions. Norma was a poignantly sensitive woman, a supportive, nurturant, listening ear, with a wonderful sense of humor. The Martin home became a social gathering place for her children's friends and family (often in the summer around the swimming pool).

In the 1960s and 70s she became quite active in the humanistic psychology movement which was rapidly emerging in California. She experienced an openness

to personal growth and learning. Later in life, she became a paraprofessional psychological counselor. Eventually her focus came to working with cancer patients within the Home Hospice program, where she trained staff and patients in visualization techniques and provided emotional counseling.

While not a musician herself (she studied violin for a time as a child), she loved music (both classical and popular) and had a great impact on her son Jeffery in encouraging his musical interests in piano, musical composition and improvisation.

Norma was loved by so many friends, family and those she worked with for her warmth, encouragement, sense of humor, and unifying influence. The thirteen years she lived with cancer before her death at age 58 provide testimony of her courage to live and review life freshly.

Billie & Norma, late 1930s

Wilma (Billie) Schein

Wilma Schein (now Billie Valez) was an aspiring actress. She asked Morey Amsterdam for an audition, and he said "You're a daughter of Leo Schein? Come over to my studio!" That very day her husband Richard Shapiro dropped dead of a heart attack at age forty:

I was 35 years old at the time, and had four children, ages 14, 11, 7, and 6. I only had show business background but no office skills. I brought my children up alone, got a job in a small dress shop, and tried to make a life with no help whatsoever. My father had died in 1960 and he and I were very close. But I was not so close to my mom and sister.

She was close to her Aunt Ida. She married again after Shapiro's death. She now lives in Southern California with husband Jon Valez. Billie is a published poet, and contributed this poem, appropriate to my project, about old photographs floating around without names or dates:

A Picture in a Frame

The frame surrounds the picture, I wish that it could speak.
Were you happy, was it joyous, were there secrets you did keep?
Were you married, or just friends, and how long ago was it taken?
I can make up so many stories, but who knows if they are true?
I wish I knew your names, your thoughts, and what you really knew.
I stare for hours at this picture, making images in my mind.
But I guess I'll never know if your smile was really kind.
The picture's in my album, but I absolutely have no truth,
Who you are, what were your thoughts, and did they bear you fruit?

My questions remain unanswered, but it seems important to me
For somehow my heart is saying your eyes just do not see.
Your lives made quite a mark on someone near and dear,
So I'll continue in my search, until the end of all my years.
A picture is forever, is it true your soul was taken?
Or is that just an old wives' tale, and your image not forsaken?
Did you speak and say it's fine, I give you my permission?
Or did you object and say please don't, but were talked into submission?

Billie Valez, 1990s

Your image stares into my eyes, and I wish I knew you then.
Your smile seems so very forced and the years seem to never end.
Can you send a message to my mind, and will my thoughts then be soothed?
Or will I wonder all my years if your lives left many grooves?
You're just a picture on the wall, encased within a frame.
It seems so sad that all I have is a picture without a name...

—Billie Schein
Daughter of Leo D. Schein

Highland Park reunion, April 1998. Top: *Suni, Judy Cohen, David Schein, Linda, Dr. Egon Schein, Fred Schein, Jerry Saeks.* Front: *Susie DiManno, Linda Randall, Dr. Steve Wolf.*

Children of Kalman Schein

Donna Schein Levitz

Donna Jean, born in 1936, is the older daughter of Kalman and Betty Schein. She has been a teacher. Now she is a homemaker in the Chicago suburbs, with three sons and seven darling grandchildren, all living nearby. She married her childhood sweetheart Bob Levitz, who with their three sons owns an insurance agency. They love to travel. Bob is very charming, and interested in the treatment of Jews in his profession. At their wedding, Lester Schein's band did the honors!

Linda Schein Fleisher Randall

Linda Schein (the other one besides me!) produced a wonderful party for me to meet the Chicago cousins. She is a great hostess in her elegant home. She was born in 1939, and is a Clinical Psychologist. She has a private practice and is an adjunct Professor in a graduate psychology program. Her first marriage was to Ronald Fleischer, father of her three children. With her second marriage to Steven Randall, she became stepmother to three more—Josh, Jessica and Steve Randall, Jr. Linda was a very

accomplished pianist as a child. She was at the National Music Camp, Interlochen, Michigan at the same time as my sister Ann and I were! Of course, Schein family relations being what they were, we didn't know each other. Nevertheless, Ernie had his cousin Kal admonish Linda not to tell Ann she was adopted! Linda still enjoys playing piano, and reading good books when possible. She loves her family and friends and sees them very often. She says: "Life is full and good. I learned all good things from my dad, Kalman Schein."

Children of Elsie Schein Saeks

Jerrold Saeks

Jerrold Saeks was born in 1938. He became a lawyer, and then got a seat on the Chicago Options Exchange, a major spin-off of the Commodities Exchange. He now rents out that seat, and does his own trading on the computer. He describes himself as an "independent business man." He and his wife, Joyce Jacobs, live in Northbrook, Illinois, and have a daughter Abby, a son Lorne, and a new granddaughter, Shari Markowitz.

Richard Saeks

Richard Saeks was born in 1941. He has a BS from Northwestern, MS from Colorado State, and a PhD in Electrical Engineering from Cornell in 1967. He has been a professor, department head and dean at Notre Dame, Texas Tech, Arizona State and Illinois Institute of Technology. Now he has moved away from academics and is the vice-president of Accurate Automation Corporation, a Beltway defense contractor. He manages this with eight telephone lines into Chattanooga, where he lives when not in Washington. He has received many awards for outstanding contribution as an electrical engineer, and is in several Who's Whos. He has two hundred publications, including four books and eight edited volumes

Amid all this activity, Dick has not gotten married. We had a very funny phone conversation, which I will try to reconstruct. This is his theory of his grandfather Nathan's life as seen from the point of view of a scientist grandchild observing the data:

Nathan went back and forth to Europe every two years for twenty-five years, even after he brought the family over in 1910, right? He and Jenny had a baby every two years, right? Was he not a poor grocer, with no money? Well, he had to

be a gigolo, with two families. Or a gambler, wagering his way across the ocean. It was his wife and kids that kept the shop for those coal miners in Ostrava, correct? He wasn't a musician—how could he make money? A gambler, a gigolo, a bigamist—that's gotta be it!

(Dick has a great sense of the absurd—but who's to know the truth about Nathan's many trips across the ocean?)

Child of Nathan's Son Samuel Schein

Judy Schein Cohen

Judy was born in 1946, and lives with her husband Howard Cohen in Evanston, Illinois. She works as a teacher of remedial English for incoming college students who are underprepared. Her title is Academic Skills Specialist at the University of Illinois Circle Campus. She will soon have her doctorate in Education. We had a very interesting afternoon together. She took me out to Des Plaines Avenue to see the family graves at Jewish Waldheim cemetery. We found those of Ester and Elizer, Louis, Nathan and Jeanette, Sig, Sarah and Mitzi. She also gave me a wonderful tape she made of her Aunt Clara. By the way, Judy thinks that Nathan's many trips is a bizarre fact, but that he must have been the most conservative of the brothers—after all, he wasn't a musician! Judy writes about the family:

Visiting with My Aunts, Nathan's Daughters

My father, Sam, passed away when I was fifteen, and after his death, my aunts enabled me to stay connected to the Schein family. Ann and Clara lived closest, and as I became an adult, I enjoyed visiting with them and hearing family stories. Ann lived in Hyde Park and Clara in Benton Harbor, Michigan, but they often visited with each other. Sometimes I would drive out to visit Clara, and my cousin Norman (Roth), his wife Rose, and their children. At first I came with my mother, Lillian, and later with my husband, Howard, and our children Shoshana and Eli. When I was younger, I spent time with Aunt Elsie (Saeks), and when I saw Aunts Charlotte and Ida I enjoyed those visits also. They all gave me a sense of family, and in their own ways they all served as role models. Some of them had hard lives and not much opportunity, but they all showed strength of character and interest in the world.

THE HENRY BRANCH

Children of Rosalind and Lester

Rosalind and Nathan Wolf's Children

Harvey Wolf

Harvey Wolf was born to Rosalind and Nathan in 1935 after the family moved from Chicago to Detroit in the early 1930s. Moving with the family to southern California in 1946, Harvey learned to love the ocean and hate snow. He lived for a time on the beach in California, and now has landed with his very successful book store near the beach in Florida. His education was varied, starting at West Point for two years, and a series of eleven other colleges and universities with three undergraduate and three graduate majors. He finally achieved a doctorate, and for many years was a physicist in the aerospace industry. He became disenchanted with aerospace, and went into public administration, which he taught at West Virginia University for twenty-five years.

Harvey was close to his Uncle Lester over a common passion for books and music. Lester introduced him to people in the book business when he was still in his teens. His first bookshop was in West Virginia, but a Florida location beckoned for the next career move as founder of a bookshop, Wolf's Head Books, in St. Augustine. He has achieved renown as an appraiser of libraries and as an antiquarian bookseller. He also keeps his hand in at public administration by teaching at Florida State. Harvey's first marriage to June Shaw produced a son, David Eliot. His second wife is Barbara Nailler. They describe St. Augustine as "heaven on earth!" Harvey wrote this about his growing-up years with Rosalind, Nathan, brother Jerry and grandmother Lena Weissman:

Rosalind & Harvey, 1954, leaving for West Point

Harvey Wolf, 1990

Neither my mother (Roz) nor my Grandmother (Lena) ever talked about grandfather Henry. I am his namesake, Chaim. All I know about him I heard from Uncle Lester. Lena lived with us as long as I can remember. It must have been hard on Mom. I know that they competed to be the better housewife. The men took full advantage. I can remember being angry at one of them and going around the house dirtying the ashtrays—with one of them following cleaning up.

When we moved to California we lost our wealth, went from upper middle class to no class. The family ended up selling stuff at flea markets. The family couldn't have been very happy at this time, but I just remember lots of happy times and activities. Mom was very athletic as well as musical. We had a piano in the house (that Jerry and I had to learn), and a badminton court in the backyard that the entire family played at.

Mom was patient and loving. She was very tolerant of my deviant behavior, as was my Dad.

(Note: Dad Nathan Wolf went on to be very successful at business in later years.)

Jerrold Wolf, California, 1998

Jerrold Wolf

In 1939, younger brother Jerrold was born. Jerry's allergies were one reason for the family's move to California when he was six. He is an attorney, and has just retired. He had loved the opportunity in southern California to snow ski in the morning and sail in the afternoon, but now the traffic, crime and congestion has caused him to prefer his vacation homes in Big Bear and Lake Havasu. He has three sons, Russell, Steve and Andy, by his first wife, Miriam Wolf. His second wife Linda is a counselor in vocational rehabilitation, water aerobics instructor and personal trainer. To add to his several houses, he owns a condo next to brother Harvey in St. Augustine! Jerry's main interest and talent is as an inventor. He has a patented part for a camping tent. He says about his retirement:

Once I get my retirement house "organized" with my workshop set up, I will resume my inventing, even though, to date, I am only in the patent search stage with three new ideas. I have three more ideas in the proto-type stage.

Jerry had been unaware that there were five lawyers in the Schein Generation Three (Ernie, George, Sam, Leo and Kal, in case the reader doesn't remember!)

Lester Schein and Toby Silbert's Children

Howard Schein

Howard Schein, Deborah, Zoe & Stevie, 1998

Howard Schein, born in 1945, is a long-time professor and administrator at the University of Illinois in Urbana. He graduated from Grinnell College where he was, among other things, captain of the swimming team. He next went to Berkeley, and then got his PhD at University of Illinois in marine biology. For quite a while he has been Director of a residentially-based academic program and Assistant Professor of Educational Organization and Leadership. He is also the assistant director of the office of the Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs. He was recently awarded the highly vaunted University of Illinois Chancellor's Academic Professional Excellence Award, for his "significant and lasting contributions to the university." He was one of only three awardees.

I met Howie on the steps of the Art Institute, and enjoyed a pizza with him and brother Fred and second cousin Susie DiManno (Sig tree). Howie is humorous, professorial, and reminiscent in looks of his mother Toby Silbert. Howie has been in Urbana since 1968, remaining in this never-neverland of his youth in this quiet laid-back college town. He is married to Deborah Allen, who is a psychologist and quite a wit. Says brother-in-law Fred: "If you want to be exposed to either of these two aspects of her life just ask for a copy of one of her annual family newsletters. They are laced with her humorous insights and comments on her family and Americana in general."

Frederick Lester Schein

Frederick Lester Schein was born in 1947, also son of the left-wing political activist Toby Silbert. He is married to Karin Olson, has two young daughters Kathryn and Leah, and writes the following:

My Chicago and Politics of the Left

The Scheins of Chicago grew up/settled on the west or northern sides of the city. It is my best guess that there are quite a few Scheins in Chicago whom I never met and actually hardly ever heard of. This makes it easy for you to surmise that we did not have cousins' clubs, family reunions or other conventional get-togethers. Funerals and weddings that I know of were not causes to gather either.

My father Lester's family settled on the mythic Jewish West Side. After WWII, the Jewish community left the West Side (and poverty) and moved north to the suburbs or Rogers Park—a bucolic yet urbane community along lovely Lake Michigan on the far reach of the city. Some Scheins already lived in Rogers Park as they had settled there when they originally came to Chicago.

When I grew up in Rogers Park, during the 1950s, my family considered it close to heaven on earth. What more could we want? We lived on the glorious shore of Lake Michigan; my brother and I had scores of friends among the baby boomer generation. We were life guards, scuba dived in the lake, went sailing, boating, ice skating, etc. There was always something to do and a lot of friends to do it with. There was a true sense of community. Everybody seemed to know each other.

Maybe it was the times, as the 1950s evidently were a time of great optimism for many people no matter where they lived. Never once did we fear crime or danger. I often reflect on that now as I pass through Rogers Park; although it still looks the same, I now see crime and fear on the streets. The parks and beaches where literally hundreds of us hung out are sometimes empty. New immigrant families BBQ where we once played buck-buck and pot luck card games. Where are our kids today?

Maybe I know. My two lovely daughters, Katey and Leah, spend their time commuting to high schools which are miles from our home in Logan Square. Their friends live scattered throughout the city. The parents hardly come in contact with each other. We don't share other institutions like churches, temples, bowling teams, shopping markets, restaurants, etc. The local high school is not an option for us. Katey is graduating from the University of Chicago Laboratory School and Leah goes to the city's premier magnet school, Whitney Young.

The 60s were very good to us as both Howie and I heartily swam in the currents of the counter-culture revolution. We lived together in Urbana in 1968. I must confess that I did go through an interim period of all-Americanism and joined a fra-

ternity. Actually, I may be one of the only people you ever heard of who went through two different hell-weeks because I joined the TKE house my freshman year and then joined the TEP house when I transferred to Urbana. I could tell some interesting stories (such as who ate the grape) but I am still sworn to secrecy.

Eventually I graduated (on the dean's list if you can imagine—but this was after the 60s and early 70s). After a short stint in Jamaica, I toured Europe. I stayed extensively in Holland and Greece where a friend and I teamed up with a European group of artist-types who made sure we were treated well and had places to stay and stories to tell in places such as Athens, the Greek Isles and Zurich. I never will forget driving through the mountains along the Yugoslavian coast thinking how quiet and peaceful a region it was. How things can change.

Inevitably, I returned to the States and resumed my life. What to do? What to do? Thankfully, I was through trying to identify with Dustin Hoffman in "The Graduate," but I still had to resolve this question. The 60esque lifestyle was beginning to wear thin (although it still had certain allures), so I decided to try my academic hand at the University of Wisconson/Madison in the Urban and Regional Planning graduate school. I wrote the chairman of the department and explained that I hadn't taken the GRE's but if he wanted someone who was good at going through all the standard motions of mediocrity then we weren't for each other. I guess he agreed (or more likely, had a last minute opening) so he called me the day before school started and invited me to enroll. So I loaded up my cherry 1958 Mercedes and rolled into Madtown.

Fred Schein, Chicago, 1998

Madison is a great place. I loved it there. In fact I loved it so much that I met my lovely wife, Karin (née Olson) there and we have been together since 1973. At that time in Madison, much of the 60s had subsided. Nevertheless, I got caught up in some serious leftist politics which dictated the course of my life until about 1978. By then the Left was truly shattered and only candidates for white coats could have not realized it. However, along the way we had some exciting (and

frustrating) times. The culmination of it was a once-in-a-lifetime trip to the Peoples Republic of China, in 1978. Our delegation was treated royally. We went places where thousands of people stopped work and almost rioted just to get a glance of foreigners for the first time. We had feasts which later were featured in Gourmet Magazine. Governors of regions with 40 million people fêted us and provided us with lodging in guest houses which were built by Japanese generals during WWII. We were honored guests in the Great Hall of the People on October Day—which is like going to the White House for a July Fourth ball.

Without dragging out too many details of this trip, I'd say we were treated so well because we were so candid and truthful: the American revolution was being postponed. Evidently, charlatans of various stripes had told them otherwise and capitalized on their foibles. On the other side of the coin, the Chinese were eager to tell us about their own developments. As you may recall, they were going through a massive amount of self-reflection at the time as they were in their embryonic stages of "westernizing/modernizing." This was the "Down with the Gang of Four" era, including one of my great heroes—Chairman Mao. I must tell you that it was quite a sobering experience to see first-hand that the living conditions in this so-called great socialist society left much to be desired.

You read of my mother, Toby Silbert, the steadfast Bolshevik, in an earlier chapter. After she and Lester were divorced, she married Mort Prinz, a landscape architect who shared her dedication to Bolshevik principles. These principles and allegiance to the bosses of the USSR often became a point of consternation over the dinner table as Mort tried to stir a debate with me over my Maoist ideals. However, I chose not to waste time in debate when a good home-cooked meal was available.

Our parents were life-long urbanites. Howie and I have followed these footsteps as neither of us has ever lived in a suburb. Actually, I've never lived in a place with a garbage disposal. The frame two-flat we live in is over 100 years old and it's the only place I ever owned.

As a result of my leftist ideals I joined the local transit company to organize. I mastered the trade of operating loaded rush hour trains and eventually became an instructor and manager. I quickly learned that my co-workers weren't much interested in "the struggle," but they sure enjoyed having a good time. As of today I have worked my way up to where I manage a third of the city's rail lines and hundreds now report to me. I guess you can say that I have succeeded in taking over the system from within—or that the system has taken over me.

So here we are, negotiating the 90s in good health with a happy family. We take summer vacations on Cape Cod where Karin's parents live in retirement. Every once in a while we have an adventure such as the wonderful trip we took to Costa Rica two years ago. So life is good and we hope the same for all of you . . .

THE SIGMUND TREE

Children of Max and Mitzi
(Eva Schein had no children)

Max Arthur Schein and Mutzie Fischmann's Children

Egon, Susie, Betsy, David, Kyra and Mutzie, St. Louis, 1994

Betsy Schein Goldman

Max and Mutzie's oldest daughter Betsy married her childhood sweetheart Norm Goldman. She was born in 1932 in Chicago, and has in recent years lived in St.Louis. Betsy is warm and gregarious, and resembles my Aunts Sarah and Rose. She likes gypsy clothes like me, but did have a beaver coat from furrier Irving Klein as a graduation present from high school. The beaver curls up whenever it rains! She is an excellent artist, doing mostly jewelry in recent years. Betsy is a collector of blue and white china objects, rag dolls, and jewelry. She studied voice and piano in her younger days, and appeared in Temple productions and sang in night clubs in college and when Norm was in the Service. She writes:

Painting by Betsy Goldman

I am an artist, writer and jeweler. I have written professionally for over thirteen years (periodicals, etc.) and have had my artwork shown in galleries and juried shows across the country. At present I am concentrating on silver-smithing, and my husband is into lapidary work, beer brewing and wine making. I also taught art privately for over thirty years.

We certainly had interesting ancestors, didn't we? Talented ones, too, by all comparisons. Most families have stories to tell, if only they had the interest, time and inclination to tell them honestly....I want to thank Linda (my newly-discovered cousin) for her vision, talent and dogged perseverance to her ultimate goal: this book. I hope that others outside of our immediate circle will enjoy the saga, with all its beauty and blemishes, stars and scalliwags, wonders and warts...I do feel that much of my artistic talent stems from the creative limbs of the Schein family tree. I have studied piano and voice, as well as visual arts and crafts over the years. I am a ham at heart and love the written word (as long as the pen is in my hand!). I thank them all, from great-grandfather Elizer on down, for their genes and generosity in passing down their talents to their offspring.

Self-portrait by Egon Schein

Egon Benedict Schein

Egon Benedict Schein, born in 1934, is a dentist in Waukegan, Illinois. Suni Sharp goes all the way from Peterson Avenue to Waukegan to go to him. She says he's a very "caring" dentist! Egon ("John" in Hungarian) is very talented—can sing and imitate voices, as well as draw, paint and do ceramics. He did a radio re-creation of Fibber McGee. He is massive, square and jocular, and has done starring roles in local amateur productions. He's played Scrooge many years running, and you could imagine him as a great Ko-Ko in the Mikado. He says that is the one part he would still do if offered! He loves music and goes to chamber music soirées on the North Shore. He also golfs. He is married to Ann Moore, a nurse who also does Egon's accounts. They have two daughters, Julianne and Beth.

Susan Alice Schein DiManno

Susan Alice Schein, born in 1940, is, along with Fred Schein, the last remaining Schein of this generation to still live on Chicago's North Side. She is spirited and humorous, and very much involved in local beautification projects. Her overriding passion is animal humane work. She helped found "Tree House," an animal rescue organization in Chicago. She has worked as a secretary, and was married to Art DiManno for twelve years. She talks to cats and grows a tiny city garden. She is an inveterate walker and bus-taker. Having no car, she was quite upset that the city was deleting some bus routes. With her determined chin, she looks like pictures I've seen of her Grandpa Sig, "Poppy Schein." She writes about Friday night Schein Club Night:

One of my first memories of "THE SCHEINS" is being awakened by some relative or other and being brought into the living room on a Schein Club night—hearing Joe Arman belting out a "Susan Song," seeing Clara in her green dress, Ann in a more expensive one (I remember she wore black a lot) and a whole bunch of other people at card tables with cards or Mah Jong sets. After the "hellos" I was told to go back to bed and of course I would not. Then I was given a taste of "The Adult Life." I was offered a Pall Mall and a small glass of Southern Comfort—Need I say more??? I couldn't wait until I was 16 so I could smoke—and 18 so that I could have another glass of that good tasting stuff. I actually already liked it when I was a child. They thought I would choke on both of them and go off to bed. Nope, I loved it. Also, my father Max taught me to play cards when I was 4—mother taught me how to cook. I caught on to both very quickly. I play a mean game of poker.

David Lee Schein

Personal Vitae for David Schein
(Or, Isn't This Really More Than You Wanted To Know?)

I was born in 1946 on the far North Side of Chicago, as were my brother and sisters. We lived in an 11-room apartment two blocks from Lake Michigan. "Poppy" (my mother's father, Otto Fischmann) lived with us when I was a young boy. The Lake was a focus of recreation in my youth, spending much of the summer there and even venturing out there on the fantastically frozen lake in the winter. I attended Swift elementary school (the only Chicago public elementary school with a pool!) and Senn High School, as did my siblings and our mother Edith, who passed

away in January 1999 at the age of 92. My father, Max Schein, grew up on the West Side and went to school there. Max died in November 1983.

Always interested in nature, I studied insects, birds and trees I could identify. The many different kinds of rocks, which were plentiful at the various street-end beaches in my Edgewater neighborhood, some full of fossils, fascinated me. With these interests, I hoped to become some sort of scientist. After high school, I pursued biological sciences in college but was coaxed into physical sciences, since landscapes seemed to be my principal interest. I wanted to become a national park ranger (and still do to this day!). Remembering the vacations I took with my parents to national parks and other scenic places, I started off, almost always in a westerly or southwesterly direction, to see the sights myself, flying and driving to Utah and neighboring states whenever I could. I did graduate work studying oil shale development's impact on national park resources in the Upper Colorado River Basin (Utah, Wyoming and Colorado) and took two 18-day dory trips through the Grand Canyon in the 1970s.

I have worked for the federal government for twenty years, having prior experience with the Department of Housing and Urban Development, U.S. Air Force, and the Federal Aviation Administration. Prior to becoming a career federal bureaucrat, I worked as a teaching assistant in graduate school, and as a Research Geographer with Encyclopedia Britannica. I have a bachelor's degree in geography and a master's degree in environmental and urban geography, both from the University of Illinois at Chicago.

My current federal job is as the Senior Program Specialist in the Federal Emergency Management Agency's Mitigation Division, Chicago Regional Office. My principal responsibilities include administration and coordination of the National Flood Insurance Program's land use management and flood insurance aspects in the Region's six midwestern states. These states have over 3,500 flood-prone communities participating in the program. I also belong to several geographical societies. Believe it or not, I am also a charter member of The Squirrel Lovers Club. In my town of Mount Prospect, I am on the Youth Commission and a member of Teens and Parents for a Better Mount Prospect. I was awarded the village's "Shining Star" award for my efforts at beautifying the village. For a good time, I like to backpack in the high redrock deserts of Utah.

My daughter Emily was born in 1978, and Andrew in 1981. We live in Mount Prospect, Illinois.

Mitzi Schein and Dave Moss's Child

Sally Moss Diamond Wohlfeiler

Sally Moss was born in 1928, and died at forty-one of breast cancer like her mother. Sally had a difficult relationship with her mother Mitzi, and often was in the care of other relatives when growing up. Her mother wrote her an apology in 1950. She also had hard times with her stepmother Cecil. This is a poem Sally wrote in May, 1948, at age twenty:

I want my parents.
I want the love and security they have to offer me.
I want the comfort and solace they give to me.
And though I look upon myself as being mature,
And though I pride myself on my great independence,
I need them.

I need them to absorb some of the hurt, some of the despair that my conscience renders.
Perhaps they can justify my misdeeds, or my indolence
And smooth over these magnified problems with the cooling liniment of words and the love we have for one another.

Sally was the idol of her four-year younger cousin Betsy Goldman, who has always regretted not going to California for Sally's funeral. Sally was very bright, and had great talent on the piano. She took lessons at the San Francisco Conservatory, and taught piano to her children's peers. But already at twelve she knew she didn't want to be an "artist." She later had a very light hand with her oldest, Mitchell, about practicing. No stage mother here! She had three children by her first husband Jerome Diamond, and acquired two stepsons with her second, Walter Wohlfeiler. She had only two years with him before she died.

Sally was a cultural Jew, though not observant or religious in any way. She was, however, a Zionist and very active in Hadassah. She was a president of the local California chapter. Her name is on a plaque at the Hadassah hospital in Jerusalem. Her daughter Mindy writes that she has a picture of her mother standing in front of that plaque on her only trip to Israel not long before she died. "I don't understand why she was so committed to

Hadassah yet had nothing to do with Judaism in any other way," writes Mindy. "Maybe she felt she was fulfilling her Jewish committment that way." Or perhaps her childhood sensitivity was being realized. This poem was written at age fourteen:

I wish life would be lovely and long,
In close harmony with a meadow lark's song.
I wish, too, that there would be lasting peace,
And that friendships and troubles forever shall cease.

There are times in the world when our hearts are full of sorrow;
And when we wish all over again
That there would be no tomorrow.

I'm wishing for a world
That holds no hate and wrong,
Where men are pure, and minds are clear,
And the smallest heart is strong.

Sally Moss in Israel, mid-1960s

CHAPTER 5

Generation Five and Beyond

THE LOUIS BRANCH

Grandchildren and Great-Grandchildren of Rose, Sam, George and Ernie

Sons of Rose's Daughter Sylvia

Robert Raphael III

I have not been able to locate Bob, who may or may not be alive. He was a troubled youth, part of the Beat Generation at Hollywood High—which included James Dean and Sal Mineo. After a rocky high school experience, Bob joined the Army as a possible solution to life's problems. He got a physical discharge, but had managed to get a high school diploma in the military. He then turned his life around and went to UCLA through a PhD, probably in Musicology. He went to New York and was a professor at Queens College. He wrote a book on Ibsen, on Wagner, was a Fulbright Scholar and generally brilliant. Nobody in the family has heard from him in years

Evans Temple Smith

Van Smith was born on V.E. Day, May 7, 1945 at Tully Field, Texas—the son of Sylvia and Dick Smith. He grew up in Southern California, a "surfer dude," and is still one. In fact, when I talked to him at the age of 53, he'd just punctured his eardrum in a surfing accident! Sylvia, his class-conscious Jewish mother, disapproved of his girlfriends and first wife. But the second one Sylvia met and liked during the last nine months of her life. This young woman is Jillian Mulhern, part Inuet Indian. Van went to Long Beach State in the "tune-out-drop-out" era, and still plays guitar in a rock band. His vocation is as an urban planner of satellite communities (planned communities) around the country. His planning and drawing and architectural skills come from the Schein artistic gene and from his father, Dick Smith.

Children and Grandchildren of Rose's Daughter Beedee

Maya (Marilyn) Molner

"Too many knives"—Carver and Maya, California wedding, 1996

Maya, born in 1929, is a Californian by adoption. She and her first husband, Irwin Mittelman, were from Chicago. They had a suburban San Francisco life, two children, Gina (now Malkah) and Jonathan, and helped start the Temple in Palo Alto. She was an anomaly in the Louis branch: an enthusiastic Jew. Now she considers herself more generally "mellow and spiritual," committed to advancing health and opening the heart. When I visited her in northern California, I found a community of cutting-edge alternative health practitioners—which made this Amherst resident feel at home. In fact, Maya and I have declared ourselves sisters. A few years ago, she married Philip Moser. He calls himself Carver, a name he took on a vision quest to honor his half Cherokee, half German heritage, as well as his skill as a wood sculptor. Both Maya and Carver are outstanding artists. Maya wrote about her love of painting at two different times in her life:

A Slice of My Life—Chapter I

The originals (of the paintings included here of Rose and Beedee) were done when I was a teen-ager—about fifteen or so, under the tutelage of a wonderful Viennese gentleman of the old school—in his seventies then. He was a well-known painter in Chicago, a very fine artist, an accomplished pianist

and a family friend. He would often play during the sitting sessions—lovely! I came to his studio, where he also lived with his wife, once a week for almost four years, starting with pastels which these portraits are. He allowed us to paint with oils when he judged us ready, not for about a year or more. He was a great character—he taught himself to paint equally well with both hands (as insurance) and would regularly chin himself from a trapeze which he had hanging down from the ceiling of his loft. In the center of his main and one room was a platform on which sat our models.

A Slice of My Life—Chapter II

I am about to enjoy a new renaissance! This is not redundancy—I've already had a couple of "re-births," such as big life changes, new directions. Now, for the first time in a decade, I'm returning to my old love, painting.

These recent years have been exciting and busy for me. In that period, I met my husband-to-be, got married, and relocated twice—from San Francisco to the suburbs, from there to rural Sebastopol where we bought an old farm house to "fix-up." The fix-up has taken over two and a half years of tearing down and remodeling by the sweat of our own brows. My husband Carver was chief builder and I the house painter and number one assistant in reconstruction and design. Despite a long delay due to illness, my husband is well, the job is complete and the old place has a whole new look.

The next project is building my own studio on our property—from straw! No, it won't blow away. Strawbale construction has a successful history—simple to build and an efficient use of a natural resource. Our hope is to break ground on my 70th birthday in May. This will launch a new beginning for me as an artist. A renaissance indeed—a place to send down roots, plant a garden and get back to the work I love.

Hope to see you in the future,
Maya

P.S. to Linda, a toast:
I am so grateful to you and appreciative of all your work to create this valuable and, to me, precious family book. You've been dogged, determined and tireless in tracking down every last cousin and getting it all stitched together. Here's to you, Linny, and many, many thanks go with my love.

Shalom,
Maya

Dr. Jon Mittelman, David & Daniel, California 1996
Below: *Malkah Mittelman with nephew David, 1985*

Jonathan Mittelman (generation six)

Jonathan, born in 1952, is a doctor. He has just left Atlanta for a new position in Connecticut. He was born in San Francisco, and left there to go to Antioch College, from which he emerged in 1974 with a degree in Biology. His academic and medical career has covered many bases, starting with work in Physiology at Wright State. He went on to graduate from medical school in Chicago in 1978, and then, after a surgical internship and research fellowship at the University of New Mexico, he took some graduate courses there in Electrical Engineering. He was an Emergency Medical Technician and Paramedic when he was in college, and this interest grew from providing medical services to the Democratic National Convention to becoming CEO of Doctor on Call, Inc. He was responsible for concept, financing, construction, marketing and staffing of an urgent care center. He does consulting in the areas of biomedical engineering and software development and biomedical instrumentation. (Are you still with me?) His latest degree is a Masters of Public Health in 1997 in Environmental and Occupational Medicine. This has to do with health conditions in the workplace. He has taught at the Department of Family and Preventive Medicine at Emory University. Jon's personal interests are his wife Nanette Marie Salvino and two sons, David (b.1984) and Daniel (b.1988). He is assistant Scout Master for the boys, and sails and backpacks with them.

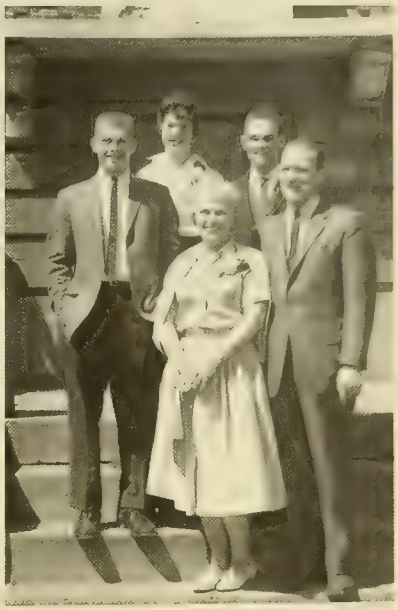
Malkah (Gina) Mittelman (generation six)

I grew up comfortably in the San Francisco suburbs with a heavy dose of 1960s counter-culture. With a B.A. in Fine Art from U.C. Berkeley in tow, I set off to fulfill a life-long desire to make movies. Twenty years later, I've enjoyed a modest career as a feature film editor in Los Angeles, and I've married Bruce Stubblefield and borne two wonderful sons, Daniel and Noah. Respecting the needs of my kids, I've recently made a career shift. I'm delighted to be teaching Kundalini Yoga (as practiced by the Sikhs) and spending whatever time I can meditating, studying spirituality and mysticism, and helping the kids with their homework. . . . A future goal: To live someplace where the sky is blue where it meets the ground.

Children of Sam's Daughter Ethyl Schein Krauss

Karl Richard Krauss

Dick, born in 1939, is a man of the Rockies. He and his wife Arlene Bush have lived near Denver for many years, and have raised Keith and Kendra there. He is a University of Illinois graduate in Geology, and two-year president of Kappa Sigma Fraternity. He reached the rank of First Lieutenant in the Air Force Strategic Air Command. He is semi-retired from the medical products business, in which he's been district manager and director of sales. He is owner or investor in several medical products corporations, including one based in Israel. Arlene has been a real estate broker for twenty-three years, but still finds time to travel the world with Dick. His other diversions include being a ski instructor, car lover, collector of coins, stamps and bronco memorabilia Dick writes his childhood Schein memories:



The Krauss Family: Dick, Diane, Gary, Ethyl & Karl, 1959, U. of Illinois

I Remember...

Oh, how painful and yet, at the same time, pleasurable, the memory can be! We fight the clouded brain cells, grasping for recall of partial pictures of our roots, of people, places and things gone by—all of a sudden at various intervals our conscious mind shouts to us. I remember. . . .

- *My Grandpa Sam, born on the 4th of July (ed: maybe!)*
- *Being tied with Grandpa's belt to a post on a pier or breakwater at Montrose Harbor while we fished for perch*
- *A large tan curly-haired airedale dog named Katy*
- *Listening for hours in the evening to a large brown, floor-standing radio in an apartment on Montrose Avenue*
- *Being taken for a walk, in a harness not unlike a dog's leash, west on Montrose and being put in a high seat for a haircut. And all the while Grandpa smoked his cigar*
- *I remember piles of old National Geographics in a wooden cage-like locker in the basement of Grandma and Grandpa's*
- *That I could draw a floor plan of the apartment on Montrose*

Arlene, Keith, Kendra & Dick Krauss late 1990s

- *Frequent comments by my Mom regarding her brother Georgie*
- *That Uncle George was very young when he died of nephritis on 6/6/44—D-Day*
- *Ernie and Betty and Bobby and Ann and a house in Evanston that was on a hill above street-level with a large piano*
- *A ride in downtown Chicago in a fancy yellow convertible driven by Ernie*
- *The Freed's—Dave and Beedee and Aunt Rose's huge apartment and Sylvia*
- *Conversations about law and musicians, judges and suicides*
- *The name of a president (F.D.R.) and hearing the news of his death*
- *Vera (Grandma) and her chicken noodle soup made from scratch*
- *Grandma living with us in Skokie while I was a teenager.*

Now it's cloudy again and my memory fades until next time.

Keith Richard and Kendra Mary Krauss (generation six)

Keith, born in 1964, has an economics degree from the University of Colorado, and went on to earn an M.B.A. there. He is unmarried and is a sales representative for computer components at Marshall Industries.

Kendra is also single—has a degree in journalism from the University of Arizona. She was an outstanding soccer player all through school and university. She has worked for the Center for Disease Control, Pitkin Company in Aspen, and been a 911 operator. She resides in Aspen and is a free spirit.

Gary Andrews Krauss

Fifteen months younger than Dick, Gary also grew up in Chicago, and majored in advertising at the University of Illinois. He is an ex-cheerleader for "Fighting Illini." He is also a retired Captain in the United States Navy. He now works in the public relations-advertising world. As youngsters, he and Dick used to caddy in summers. They found out that the tips were bigger at the Jewish country club Green Acres, so up to the North Shore they went. Who should they find there to caddy for but Dave Freed, cousin

Beedee's husband! Gary met Starr in the 1960s when he was in the Navy in Virginia Beach. It was a case of college girl meets romantic sailor. They were married in White Plains, North Carolina. Now they live in the Colorado Rockies. Gary has a long history of singing, dancing and acting in amateur theater and Evergreen Chorale. His brother Dick says of Gary's talent, "The musical gene may have stopped here!" His sons, Justin and Geoffrey, live near-by. Gary writes about his parents and Uncle Ernie and Aunt Betty:

Geoff, Starr, Justin & Gary Krauss, Colorado, 1995

Below: *Gary at U of Illinois, late 1950s*

My parents, Ethyl and Karl Krauss, are honored in our newly restored 1929 log Theater with front row seats dedicated in their honor. We have also planted two beautiful Colorado blue spruce trees in front of the theater. When their burial was discussed, I suggested a place in Evergreen, set in an open meadow surrounded by mountains and visited regularly by herds of elk. Mom and Dad watched my sons play baseball and soccer nearby and always loved the location. They were wonderful parents. Mom's grave marker reads "Loving Wife, Mother and Grandmother, Always a Lady."

It is interesting that I clearly remember Uncle Ernie and Aunt Betty. We visited them in Evanston and I always looked forward to the visits. In 1963 I visited them in Washington at their Bancroft Place house (very impressive). I couldn't get over the grand piano on the first floor. On that visit they invited me to go to Ann's performance at Constitution Hall. Jackie Kennedy was in attendance. That fall, while I was standing duty on my ship, I heard of Kennedy's death. I saw the film of the shooting and remembered Jackie at Constitution Hall.

When Starr and I married in August of 1965, Ernie and Betty came down from Washington. Mom, Dad, Ernie and Betty had a great time. A week later, when we returned, Starr's Dad, a country fellow, went on and on about Uncle Ernie, the "man from Washington," sitting on the edge of the bathtub in that North Carolina motel, socks off, suit pants rolled up, eating hunks of watermelon and spitting the seeds into the tub. Years later, at eighty-eight years old, Pa Sisk would still laugh about that.

Kyle, Doug, Diane & Keir Marshall, 1998

Diane Veronica Krauss Marshall

Diane, born in 1946, lives in Indiana with her doctor husband, Doug Marshall, and two teenage sons, Kyle and Keir. Diane cared for mother Ethyl in her last couple of years. When many people spoke of the love with which she cared for her, her response always was: "I cared for her the way that she would have cared for me. I was a great daughter because she was a great mother. She taught me to be the best daughter and mother I could be." Diane writes further about herself:

I graduated from the University of Illinois with a B.S. in Liberal Arts and Home Economics. During the seven years of my first marriage to a naval aviator, we lived in Florida four times and in Texas and Mississippi. We thoroughly explored Europe, the last time in 1972 when Mom and Dad joined us for three weeks of driving. My marriage to Richard Bachta ended amicably, and I met Doug Marshall and dated him for four years before marrying.

Kyle and Keir were born soon after, and I have had the good fortune of being an "at home" Mom, volunteering my spare time in many directions from school to hospital, home economics and sports for the boys. Doug is a graduate of Wabash College and Indiana University Medical School. He is in emergency medicine, and is the best at what he does! He'll be chief of staff at the hospital next year. He also owns and operates and staffs an occupational health business

I remember that your parents were really special people. They were the only ones I ever referred to as Aunt and Uncle, as Mom did. I remember how pretty your Mom was—gorgeous gray hair and beautiful brown eyes. Ernie was so dapper—cane, seersucker suit. And my first ride in a Mercedes! Wow! And I also remember your wedding, Linda.

Kyle and Keir Marshall (b.1980 and 1982) (generation six)

Diane writes about her boys:

Our boys are excellent students, good athletes, great kids. They have aspirations to pursue their father's course in medicine. Kyle starts Colorado College this fall. They both showed some evidence of that Schein musical gene, but boys are tough to push

that direction. I managed to get Keir to play the clarinet until last semester. He was for the most part self-taught (wouldn't hear of private lessons) and was still first or second chair material. Mom and Dad both died before he quit, and I know that they would be as disappointed as I was.

Child of George's Son George Shields

James Todd Schein

Todd, born in 1962, has recently changed his name from Shields to Schein, and was probably the reason his father George provided support for this book. Todd grew up in Philadelphia among his mother's family, and now has moved near his father, taken the Schein name, and wants to know about the family. He went through a turbulent period in his teens and twenties, and has now recovered with the help of Christian inspiration. He wants to know his Jewish family, as do I. Todd worked hard for five years to establish himself in the used auto parts delivery business, having to be on the road for two hundred miles a day. He is now looking for a more suitable life's work. He lives in the Frederick, Maryland area, where his father has his recreational vehicle business.

James Todd Schein, Baltimore, 1998

Children of George's Daughter Bette MacDonald

Carolyn, Kyle, Katherine and Bruce MacDonald

Carolyn (b.1951) is married to a rock band manager and lives in the West. Kyle (b.1954) is an economist and works in a bank. Katherine (b.1958) is a teacher, married to Steve Meier, a business lawyer involved in export and import of food products. Bruce (b.1960) has the business acumen of his great-grandfather Oscar Mayer, and is in the lumber business.

Children of George's Daughter Louise McDougall

Piero Fenci and Kendall Kramer

I understand that Piero Fenci is a sculptor, like is father Lorenzo, and lives in Texas. I don't know about Kendall.

Children of Ernest Schein's Son Robert

Melanie Schein Sanchez Wall

Melanie (b.1955) was a charming five-year-old when Bob married her mother Elean Stevens. She graduated from the University of Massachusetts, and went on to earn an M.S.W. from University of Michigan. She is a social worker in Washington, D.C. She has two children by her first husband Tony Sanchez—Christopher and Nicholas, born in the late 1980s. She lives in suburban Virginia with her second husband, Nathan Wall.

Michael Ernest Schein

Mike Schein with Alex & Moira, Colorado, 1999

Michael Ernest Schein, born in 1961, is a very busy man. He and his wife Jan have built themselves a house near Boulder. Besides being husband and father of two babies, Alexander Robert and Moira, he has three jobs. The first is with the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. As the second claim on his time, he and a friend won a contract to build a cryogenic helium replenishment system for round-the-world scientific balloons as tall as the Washington monument. His third endeavor, the one that brings out the artist in him, is making stained glass mosaic hardwood furniture. He has a business with Jan called "Gegenschein" (named for an astronomical phenomenon that has to do with a midnight counter-glow in the sky!)

Mike's interest in mosaic comes from his mother Elean, an excellent stained glass artist, and from spending two years with the family in Istanbul among the Byzantine examples of that art. The following is an excerpt from his website for Gegenschein:

After schooling in New Mexico and Virginia, Michael worked for NASA building telescopes for space flight, then working on the Space Shuttle preparing for launches ... After seven years as a hands-on engineer at NASA, he and Jan made a long-planned move into the mountains. Some of his time is now spent designing instruments for NOAA in support of efforts to track ozone depletion and do basic research on the upper atmosphere. The rest of his energy goes into designing and building

tables, frames and mirrors for Gegenschein. Mike's other interests include Bronze Age Greek archaeology, flying light aircraft, and exercising his legs and spirit with his wife and children in the mountains surrounding the family home.

Stephen Gerald Schein

Steve Schein, born in 1969, works in the freight forwarding business in Atlanta. His wife Alei (Ai) Ito is of Japanese-Chinese descent. In 1996 they became parents of Mickey Zhixin. Ai's mother lives with them as part of the family. The following is Stephen's description of the turn of events that led to this unusual nuclear family:

This is a Picture of My Family

This is a picture of my family. Starting from left, going clockwise, are myself, Stephen Gerald Schein; my wife, Ai Ito Schein; my mother-in-law, Michiko Ito; and my daughter, Mickey Zhixin Schein We are standing on the sand at Revere Beach, Massachusetts on a rare warm March day. How a picture of these four people of disparate backgrounds standing together as a family could have been taken is a long and interesting story. I will try to relate an abridged version as I do not assume you have but a superficial interest in this corner of the book.

Stephen, Ai, Mickey & Michiko, Revere Beach, 1998

Most of my life I have been interested in things Asian. I'm not sure why, but chalk it up to an open mind, growing up in a multi-cultural environment, and the influence of a mother who exposed me to various Asian things, people and places through various media. I eventually became especially interested in Japanese and Chinese culture. I graduated from college with an Asian Studies Minor and decided to save money toward a move to Japan for at least a year. My friends admired my adventurousness, but I had done research and was convinced I could establish myself and at least get by comfortably.

I left for Japan in September of 1993 with a duffel bag, a garment bag and roughly equivalent of $3000.00 in Japanese yen. I reserved three nights at a youth hostel in Osaka, but beyond that I had to make it up as I went along. The trip was pleasant and I was able to reach my hostel without incident through the good graces of a fellow traveler's ride. Four people and six pieces of luggage in a "car" that was about the size of four stacked refrigerator boxes. From that point on I often wished I had bit of Alice's mushroom to make myself small in situations where my 6 foot plus frame became especially inconvenient in a land designed for people with an average height of 5'4".

After a night consisting of my first Japanese style bath (not at all comfortable or romantic), the interminable snores of Japanese businessmen, and drinking my first $1.00 four ounce Soda (from one of the ubiquitous vending machines that sell everything from soda to shorn high school girls' hair) I gave myself a day to tour the city and not worry about a job or a home. I quickly found that Japan 1) has a lot of people in a very small place (this I knew already), and 2) Japanese toilets consist of a hole in the floor over which you must squat to conduct your business (this I had not known, and if I had, I might have chosen a different country to gain my first-hand knowledge of Asia).

Once I had decided that I had a pretty good idea of where I was and how things were situated (and I had bought a telephone card), I got to work finding a job and an apartment. This was not so challenging as I was quite well versed on how things were done. I settled down into an English Conversation Instructor position and a "Foreign Guest House" within four days of my arrival. I was pretty proud of myself, and eager to start assimilating. I quickly found that, as my study of the Japanese language before my departure had been lackadaisical at best, I was not quite ready to assimilate. So I did the next best thing: I bought a lot of stuff.

I was teaching at one of the multitudinous English Conversation Schools that had long been part of Japanese pop culture and had exploded in popularity during the Bubble Economy of the 1980s. There was always a great demand for instructors as turnover was high. I presented myself as a warm body and was quickly absorbed into the Borg (ed.: a hip Star-Trek reference). Most of these schools had

many locations. I was teaching in a branch in the business district of Osaka. This particular school had the most difficult to teach students and thus was rarely staffed by senior teachers, who could choose where they wanted to teach. Sometimes teachers of non-English languages would breeze through for a lesson or two. One day a young, cute, slender Asian girl was introduced to me as a Chinese teacher who would be there for the day. Her name was Ai.

I had always been suspicious of the concept of love at first sight. I had always been of the opinion that any kind of desire that hit you as a thunderbolt was probably originating somewhere south of the heart. I still hold to this opinion regarding the actual feeling of love at first sight, for it was not a thunderbolt that brought my will toward further bachelorhood down; it was something more akin to quicksand. From the moment of that first handshake we were drawn quickly and inexorably together. Our courtship was innocent and understated (lunches at cafés and an occasional daytrip) as her parents were very old-fashioned in this regard. About a month after I began seeing her daughter, Mrs. Ito bade her daughter to invite me to dinner so that she could evaluate me and inquire after my intentions. When the point came to a head I replied: "I of course wish to marry your daughter." Although I had not known I was to be put on the spot and had not overtly planned on marriage as an immediate option, this verbal commitment seemed very natural at the time and I had no hesitation or regret.

I would go on to marry Ai on a mountain top in Colorado. I would also go on to live in Colorado with her, and eventually set up household in Japan with her, her mother and her father. At that point baby Mickey came down the pike. And there we were. A family. I had one of my very own. And they had me. We would go on to return to the United States to start a life together. It proved to be more like fits and starts, but nothing is perfect. Fate has chosen to bring this ragtag little group together, and we are thankful for that—and happy.

Children of Ernie's Daughter Linda Greenebaum

Sarah Ann Greenebaum

My wonderful oldest daughter, Sally, was born in 1962, while Michael and I still lived in Chicago. She graduated from Earlham College, a Quaker school. She went on to get her Master's in Occupational Therapy from Tufts. Music is close to her soul, and she played the Fauré Elegy as a cello solo when she graduated from high school. At Earlham she was a music major. Sally feels that music served as our family religion as she was growing up. Instead of religious services, she remembers family quartet rehearsals on Sunday morn-

The Whole Greenebaum family: Top: *Michael, Linda, Bill, & Bertha Wadt (Grandma) Josh May, Jacob,* Front: *Susie, Sally, Sam & Derek Katz, Debby, Nora and Katie, Amherst, 1997 (missing baby Alice May)*

ings. When people ask her about her religious identity, she simply replies: "I'm a Jewish-Christian Scientist-Quaker." That stops them!

Sally married the son of an old friend of her father Michael's, Stanley Katz, and his wife Adria—both of whom were in our respective classes at Harvard-Radcliffe. Her husband, Derek Katz, is also partly Jewish and equally unobservant, although his sister Marion has recently taken up Judaism seriously. The chamber music possibilities persist since Derek is a basoonist-violist-conductor, and will soon be a PhD in Musicology. He is writing his dissertation at U.C. Santa Barbara on the operas of Léos Janácek. Sally is a working mother with a demanding job as an Occupational Therapist at the Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital. Their son is adorable, brilliant Samuel, born in 1995.

Katherine Lynn Greenebaum

Katie, born in 1963, is a published short story writer, English teacher, social worker, violinist, and mother of three. She played Adelaide in Guys and Dolls at age fifteen. Need I say more? She has her Bachelor's in English from Yale, and an M.F.A. from University of Virginia. She lives in Brooklyn with husband Joshua May. Josh's mother was not Jewish, but he went to religious school and considers himself a Jew. Katie took a Tuesday

evening course in Jewish holidays, but finds it hard to convince herself. Her precious and precocious children are Nora (b. 1995), Jacob (b. 1996), and newborn Alice (b. 1999). Katie, whom I used to call "Little Ernie,' writes:

Nora, Alice & Jacob May, NYC, 1999

Certain traits passed down through time:
a fiddling fitness, a flair for rhyme,
no head for business, jokes come quick,
thought of law, but didn't stick.

Took up teaching, then the pen,
had three kids, begin again..!
To know the future, greet the past,
I'm glad to meet the Scheins at last!

Deborah Ruth Greenebaum

Debby Greenebaum, 1997

We were still in Chicago when my third daughter Debby was born in 1966. She is an excellent violinist, having gotten her B.M. at Oberlin Conservatory. She now has a Master's from Lesley College in Early Childhood Education, and is starting a string program in Holyoke, Massachusetts schools. In this largely Hispanic working-class community she is disproving the idea that playing the violin is an elitist activity. She is great at it. Deb loves singing, especially in musicals, and is determined to get a lead part. She is a very gifted teacher, and this is an excerpt written by Debby's boss in the Musicorda Newsletter, Fall 1998:

What started out as a dream—string music in the Holyoke schools—has turned into a reality. Violin lessons are being taught during the day by Deborah Greenebaum, who has degrees in violin performance and early childhood education. Now that we have an in-school program, many more students

can participate. And participate they do. Debby is currently teaching 54 students. During a talk she gave at our annual meeting, she said she had originally expressed concern about starting sixth graders, but said they are making remarkable progress. In fact, they keep asking if they can come after school to spend more time practicing! They gave their first performance during Puerto Rican Heritage Week, playing several Puerto Rican folk tunes with Latino percussion instruments accompanying. They were a great hit with the audience.

Debby has this addendum about the Jewish confusions of her upbringing:

Am I Jewish?
Uh ... I dunno.
For some reason I love going to Passover Seders,
But I can never remember what they're about.
For some reason, people always assume I'm Jewish,
But I feel the need to tell them, "well, I am ... but I'm not."
For some reason, Jewish music and dancing makes me feel deeply,
But so does a lot of music and dancing.
For some reason, I wish that I was raised Jewish,
But I also feel the need to reject all religion.
For some reason, I want to raise my children Jewish,
But I wonder why, exactly.
Am I Jewish?
Uh ... I dunno.

Susan Elizabeth Greenebaum

My fourth daughter, Susie, was born in 1970 when we got back to Chicago after a year on fellowship in Cambridge. She returned to the neighborhood of her birth by attending the University of Chicago, graduating in Psychology in 1992. She founded a girls' singing group there, appropriately named "Unaccompanied Women," after the challenges of living on the South Side. She is also a wonderful violinist. She got her Master's at Bank Street School of Education, and taught elementary school for several years before becoming a consultant for the After-School Corporation in New York City, administering a Soros Foundation grant. Susie writes the following about her mixed ethnicity:

Jew-Envy

As a sophomore in college I was struggling to figure out where I fit in to the disparate social scene at University of Chicago, so when a cool New York Jewish sophisticate invited me to her Passover Seder, I felt a combination of ecstasy and horror. She was charismatic, attractive, and generally fit my profile of a good potential friend. I had known others like this woman before, mainly at summer music camps where my college-town world was broadened in two-month spurts by the flux of New Yorkers who headed to the Berkshires. When this confident kinky-haired woman showed up in my Astrophysics lab the first semester of my sophomore year, I saw it as a long-awaited opportunity. So when she asked me to bring gefiltefish to the Seder, I froze. What on earth was gefiltefish, and how could I find out without letting my ignorance show? This was the beginning of my battle with Jew-envy.

I grew up in Amherst, where I thought that being religious was about believing in God. Religion equaled God, and beyond that I knew nothing of the subtleties. When I argued with my best friend about whether there was a God, I wasn't thinking Jewish, Christian, Muslim—just God. It did not even occur to me that my friend was a Christian, just as it didn't occur to me to wonder what I was. It was only important that I did not believe in God, and I did not understand anyone who did. At first my arguments were centered on the physical impossibility of a man with a beard sitting in the sky. Slowly the argument evolved to touting the power of rationality and self-control.

But throughout my childhood and early adolescence, I was perfectly happy to be non-religious. My parents did not talk much about religion. All I really knew was that they had both had it at one point, and then rejected it. I knew my Jewish father was reluctant to have a Christmas tree, and that my mother always won that argument in the end. Though I think he felt uncomfortable with such explicit Christianity, I remember his allergies to Blue Spruce as the focus. Christian holidays were celebrated in our household, but never in any religious context. We had a Passover Seder fairly consistently, but often only to appease a friend of my father's who was at UMASS and had nowhere else to go. So from a child's perspective, if your parents had something and then rejected it, the "it"" must be bad. Why would I want religion if my parents didn't?

In high school, as my consciousness expanded, my

Susie Greenebaum, Amherst, mid-1990s

feelings about religion evolved. I took a course on the Holocaust in which I had a startling realization that if I'd lived in Nazi Germany, I would have been considered a Jew. This seems relatively late to have this awakening when I had gone through fifteen years with the last name "Greenebaum," but Amherst liberality allowed for this kind of ignorance. I finally realized that by name, and by three-quarters of my blood, I was Jewish. This realization coincided with my growing knowledge of my mother's experience with Christian Science. I began to understand the toll that this belief system took on her, beyond the premature loss of a sister and two parents whom I never met. I read her childhood diaries in which she was constantly berating herself for the weakness of her mind, for her evil thoughts, and for generally being human. I saw how this formation of her self had impeded later happiness and I knew that Christian Science was not for me.

So I was left with Judaism. Now I am a twenty-eight year old adult living in the very Jewish world of New York City. My attraction to Jewish people remains constant, though I know little more about the religion than I did when I was growing up. I still have Jew-envy, and I still feel confounded when people ask me if I am Jewish. I seem Jewish, they say. I usually say that my father is Jewish and my mother is half Jewish and I am not religious, but that seems like a rather long and clumsy answer. So most often I just say yes, but not observant, or mostly. When I met an orthodox Jew the other day, I was corrected. No, I am not truly Jewish because my mother is only half Jewish on her father's side. So I am considered Jewish because of my name, but I am not truly Jewish. No wonder I am confused.

What I am clearer about now is that rationality, intellectualism, and spirituality are not mutually exclusive. I can be a spiritual person, while religiously going to therapy every week. I now understand Judaism as a cultural identification, if not a religious one. I am immersed in a world of High Holiday-observing Jews and I feel more comfortable with each passing year. But I don't think my Jew-envy will truly disappear until I take the initiative to find out more about Judaism. I thank my mother for uncovering more of our Jewish roots, and I hope it helps us all feel more connected to our heritage.

Children of Ernie's Daughter Ann Schein Carlyss

Linnea and Pauline Carlyss

Linnea Elizabeth Carlyss, now married to Scott Lyerly, was born in 1971. She attended Indiana University and graduated from University of Maryland, majoring in voice. She has a lovely high soprano, and has done many shows. I saw her once as Marian the Librarian in "Music Man," and as the lead in "The Fantasticks." She works in business settings now, and

has moved to Massachusetts where Scott works for Borders Books. Linnea will no doubt find her way back into theater.

Pauline Carlyss, born in 1973, graduated from Johnson and Wales University in Providence and makes that city her home. She is an artist at heart and an avid and very good photographer, having studied that for a time in Italy. She works for AAA at the moment and enjoys her dog and apartment.

Pauline, Mom Ann, & Linnea Carlyss, Baltimore, mid-1990s

THE AMSTERDAM BRANCH

GRANDCHILDREN AND GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF MAURICE AND MAX

Children of Maurice's Daughter Bettie

Laurie Drake Lane

Laurie, born around 1946, was the much beloved first grandchild of Maurice, and used to celebrate the Easter Bunny, Passover, and Christmas at his house. In 1946, when Uncle Sam Schein was visiting Maurice, he wrote home that "the sweet blonde Laurie is everything her proud

Grandpa raves about." Laurie, whose father was Mel Schneiderman, was adopted by Dr. Ted Drake, Bettie's second husband. Her grandfather Benjamin made one of his rare visits from Oregon when Laurie was born. He died when Laurie was twelve. Laurie was married to Leonard Lane, and has two sons, Kelly and Jeremy. Jeremy is married to Hiromi, and is in the Air Force in Germany with his wife and infant son Leonard. Laurie works in a business near Los Angeles.

Joan Drake Durham

Joan, born in 1948 as the second daughter of Bettie, is a very successful attorney. She has been a law professor at the University of Dayton, Ohio, and Corporate Counsel for Moto-Photo, Inc. Her husband is James Durham, and her two sons are Matthew and Chris. They attend a Lutheran church. Part of her growing up years were spent in Arcadia, California, where her father Ted Drake was a doctor.

Children of Maurice's Son David Amsterdam

John and Jo Ann Amsterdam (born 1949 and 1950)

John & Jo Ann Amsterdam, Carlsbad, 1998

I gazed with envy on these two tanned, slim, fit siblings in their forties—a striking sight for this frumpy indoorsy easterner! They are both single, though John has a daughter Amber. They run a quintessentially California venture called "Neet Feet." They sell sandals with company logos on their soles that will imprint impressively on the sand. Fortune 500 companies buy these as perks for their employees when at conventions. John is trying to provide for an early retirement when he can use his expertise as a photographer. They are wonderful caretakers of their parents, David and Jane.

Child of Maurice's Son Jack Amsterdam

Robert J. Amsterdam

Robert, born 1957, lived his first four years in New Haven, and lives near there now—having spent the intervening years in California. He last saw his grandfather Maurice when he was seven, and his memories of his California family are deeply troubled. He doesn't even know his cousins in the Max Amsterdam family. Robert had a difficult youth and was unable to go to college. His maternal grandparents, the Jessens, have provided a family for him and his first wife Candice and their daughter Victoria, and his second wife Lysange and baby daughter Zoe Josephine. Robert drives a truck for a living.

Children of Max Amsterdam's Daughter Mimi Barker

Jon and Mark Barker

Mark Barker, born in 1953, is a businessman who makes loans to small business in Thousand Oaks. He has a beautiful home in Westlake, and two boys. His grandmother Elaine says that he and his brother have great senses of humor.

Born in 1961, brother Jon Barker is a salesman, most recently of home health devices, who also buys and sells real estate in Van Nuys. He has an artistic bent.

Child and Grandchildren of Max's Daughter Elaine Amsterdam

Lynne Farley Whitaker-Hensler

The music gene came down clearly to Lynne, born in 1952. She was a violinist for many years, and is now a professional jazz and ballad singer. Her interest in violin came from grandpa Max. She wrote back and forth to him about music when she moved around often with her mother Elaine and father Neil Farley, who worked for the Air Force and Government. She lived on Max's property for a while, when she was twelve. She used to count pennies in the office of the Zanzibar. She later went to college in Santa Monica, majoring in backstage theater. One time she was put in

charge of a student banquet, and she decided to ask her Mom's cousin Morey Amsterdam to come speak. And he did!

Lynne saw Grandpa Max a good deal in the couple of years she was in college in California. She followed in his footsteps by playing in orchestras and musical productions. She had Max's good fiddle—the Ficker that Benjamin "gave" him—but it was unusable from a train accident. Singing became her true love. In college she picked up the guitar to accompany herself and has performed in restaurants, folk festivals, country clubs and cathedrals. Later, in Chicago, Lynne decided to get some professional training, so she once again called cousin Morey about a vocal coach in Chicago. She now has married the drummer in her trio, and plays weekends at the Café Italiano in Woodstock, Illinois. She manages a doctor's office, and has just put out a CD with "Sessions," her Jazz Trio. Lynne has two sons, Joel and Jody. According to Grandma Elaine, they are over six feet tall and good-looking.

Jody and Joel Whitaker (generation six)

Jody Whitaker, born in 1975, wrote me as follows:

Jody & Joel Whitaker (Joel's bike), mid-1990s

My history is somewhat brief as I am a young 23 years old. Born June 4, 1975 in California, I moved to Elk Grove Village, a suburb of Chicago at the ripe old age of four. Bounced around northern Illinois until settling in Woodstock in 1985. Graduated with honors Woodstock High in '93 and started playing drums. Developed a passion for motorcycles at age nine and riding actively since. Raced some but was intimidated in my teens. Attended Northern Illinois University for three years but partied too much and lost my focus. Decided to uproot and attend Motorcycle Maintenance Institute in Phoenix, AZ during winter '97-'98. Again partied too much and sought refuge at Mark Barker's estate in sunny southern California. I am currently employed at Thousand Oaks Yamaha Kawasaki as Service Manager. I still play the drums, very well, but alas, not professionally. Now and again I find time to instruct my cousin (Mark's eldest) Matt in the ways of rhythm.

I draw occasionally too (passed down by Grandmother Elaine) although I'm just starting. My goal is to start racing again (motorcycles are my first love), but whether it's dirt or street-oriented I'm unsure (Dirt is so much cheaper)!!

Brother Joel Whitaker, born in 1978, lives near his mother in Woodstock, Illinois. He is taking courses in business and sciences. He writes amazing short stories.

THE NATHAN BRANCH

Grandchildren of Clara, Leo, Kalman, Elsie and Sam

Children of Clara's Son Norman Roth

Susan, William, Joseph, Virginia, Sandra and David Roth

There is a sixteen-year span in the children, from 1951 to 1967. Bill and Joe are in California. Sandy is a dental hygienist, and lives in Atlanta. Susan, Virginia and David live in southern Michigan. Virginia's daughter Jessica just graduated from Georgia's Dental Technology program and is working for an endodontist in Atlanta. Jessica said that her experience in high school as a violinist in the orchestra was the key to the endodontist hiring her over the competition because of her manual dexterity. Grandpa Norman asks "How's that for music genes?"

Sandy Roth treasures her great-grandfather Nathan's Bible, and has this to say:

The Bible that I have is very old. It has a brown cover that someone made to protect it. The cover says Elsie Saeks. I think that originally my Grandma Clara's sister Elsie had it. When I was thirteen, my grandma was about eighty-three. She brought it with her to my Bat Mitzvah, which was Memorial Day weekend in the late 1970s. She gave it to me, because I was the first girl in our immediate family to do a full service. She told me it was her father's and to take care of it. The Bible is in Hebrew. There is a section in front where her father wrote in German the Hebrew names and birthdates of his children. He wrote this in pencil. It must have been a really good pencil, as you can still read most of the writing. It's a very fragile book. (See picture next chapter).

Sandra Roth

Norman's grandchildren are Angeline and Cassie McAllister, Sasha and Ruby Roth, Jessica, Noah and Andrew Privett, and Emily Roth. Sandy is expecting this year.

Children of Clara's Son Robert Roth

Stanley, Gail and Diana Roth

Stanley Allen was born in 1955, and received his B.S. at Bucknell University. His PhD is from the University of Illinois in Inorganic Chemistry. He is married to Kate Bronski, and they have one child, Joseph Madison Roth, born in 1997.

Gail Ellen Roth, born in 1957, received her B.A. in political science from Clemson University. She is divorced from David Young, and is raising one child, Michael August Young, born in 1987.

Robert and Audrey's third child, Diana Lynn, was born in 1959. She is a nurse, and received her R.N. from Montana State University. She is married to Marten Lazar, and has two children, Laura Ann (1986) and Jennifer René (1988).

Jeffery, Beth & Miles Martin, Pinnacle National Monument, California, 1996

Children of Leo Schein's Daughter Norma

Jeffery R. Martin

I was born to Norma (Schein) and David Martin in Chicago, Illinois, May 7, 1947. At age four, my parents, my one-year-old brother Randy, and I moved to Los Angeles, California where I attended school through twelfth grade in the San Fernando Valley. Some of my interests growing up included the temple youth group, boy scouts, where I attained the rank of Eagle Scout, high school swim team, hiking, nature, and piano composition. I was also barmitzvah.

I warmly recall my Grandpa Leo Schein who, in spite of his death when I wasn't yet thirteen, helped inspire in me a strong interest in issues related to international relations and world peace. His influence complemented those of my mother Norma and father David who instilled strong views of peace and justice.

I am a clinical psychologist and received my PhD in psychology from the University of California at Berkeley in 1975. I have private practice offices in Kentfield and Santa Rosa, California, and hold an

appointment as associate clinical professor with the University of California, San Francisco School of Medicine, Department of Family and Community Medicine. I also direct a professional training institute. My special interest is psychotherapy integration, the theoretical and methodological blending of psychotherapy schools. My most recent publication is titled: "Mindfulness, A Proposed Common Factor." My wife Beth Goldberg is an art curator and historian. Our son Miles, born in 1989, has special interests in hiking, music, cub scouts, baseball cards, spelling, and reading books on science, science fiction, history and adventure.

My other interests and activities include: family; hiking and backpacking; membership in environmental and social justice organizations; birding; nature photography; musical composition and improvisation (primarily piano); and natural history. I conduct nature education field trips for elementary school groups. Over many years I have been involved in other nature programs which have included, for example, membership in an ecopsychology group, psychological instructor for the National Park Service, and the creation of a community college field course on the psychology of nature which I conducted. The field course took place in East Africa while on photographic safari. Among our family activities are our annual backpacking trips to the High Sierras which began when Miles was age 3. We look forward to our climb over a nine thousand foot summit to pristine glaciated lakes, majestic mountain peaks, the sweet smell of pine forests, meadows of wild flowers, sliding down snow banks ... and solitude. We reside in San Rafael, California.

Randall Martin

"God is present, whether summoned or not....." C. G. Jung

Born in 1950, Dr. Randy W. Martin, O.M.D., L.Ac., Ph.D., is a graduate of the California Acupuncture College and SAMRA University of Oriental Sciences. He has extensive post-graduate training in nutritional counseling and herbal and homeopathic medicine. He is the author of "Optimal Health: How to Get It, How to Keep It." He is a consultant to the entertainment industry and has been featured on Channel 9 TV, Extra, and Michael Jackson's radio show on KABC. He has been in private practice in Encino and Santa Monica for over sixteen years. Dr. Martin specializes in men's and women's health, with an emphasis on the treatment of prostate problems, fertility and impotence, PMS, endometriosis, fibroids, cysts, and menopause. He treats them with homeopathy, oriental and Chinese herbal medicine, various types of acupuncture, and nutritional and yin/yang analysis. (from Randy's Newsletter "Definitions")

Randy's Cold and Flu Folk Remedy

Good for sore throat, cough, fever, headaches & pains.

Combine the following in a saucepan over low heat:
*1/4 cup of apple cider vinegar
*1 to 2 cups water
*1 to 2 tablespoons honey
*1/4 to 1 teaspoon cayenne (red) pepper

Sip this while it is warm.
For added benefit, sip while taking a hot bath.
(from Randy Martin's Newsletter)

Children of Leo's Daughter Wilma (Billie) Shapiro Valez

Richard, Michael, Janice and Jeanne Shapiro

Billie writes:

I had terrific kids. My older son shined shoes after school; my other son got a paper route. The both gave me their money every week. To make a long story short,

Billie's Shapiro's Family
Top: *Rachel,* ***Michael,*** *Ariel, Lynn*
2nd row: ***Jeanne,*** *Ken, Steve,* ***Rabbi Richard,*** *Margaret*
3rd row: *Lauren, Emily, Joe,* ***Janice,*** *Jennifer*
Bottom: *Aaron*

they all put themselves through college with hard work, grants and financial aid. My older son Richard became a Rabbi. My second son Michael owned his own furniture business. My daughter Janice became a C.P.A., and my youngest Jeanne graduated as a legal technician. They're all happily married and all have children. Needless to say, I am very proud of them, and that in a nutshell is the story of the Shapiro family née Schein.

Rabbi Richard J. Shapiro

Rabbi Richard Shapiro, born in 1950, heads the B'nai Brith Congregation in Santa Barbara. His wife is Lynn Morris, and his two children Ariel (b.1981) and Aaron (b.1984).

We were raised in Orange County from the time I was two. My branch of the family was more or less cut off from the Chicago family for a long time, but reconciled in the last twenty-five years. I remember talking German with my Aunt Ida.

Michael Schein Shapiro

Michael Shapiro, born in 1953, has made a contribution toward this book "in memory of my Grandfather Leo Schein and in honor of my mother Billie Schein Valez." He is a businessman in Southern California. His wife is Peggy Nolan, and Rachel and Lauren (b.1977 and 1980) are his daughters with first wife Gwen Fisher.

Janice Helene Bochman

Born in 1957, Janice is married to Steven Bochman, and the mother of Jennifer (b.1985). They live near Billie.

Jeanne Lee Wagner

Jeanne, born in 1958, also lives near her mother Billie. Her husband is Kenneth Wagner, and she is mother of Emily (b.1990) and Joseph (b.1993).

Children of Kalman Schein's Daughter Donna Levitz

Alan, David and Richard Levitz

The Levitz Family
Top: *Ricky, David & Alan*
Middle adults: *Julie, Bob, Donna, Lorie, Carrie*
Children: *Hannah, Alexa, Andy, Annie Nicole*
Bottom: *Zachary & Jordan*
1996

All three sons are in the insurance business with their father, and live in the Chicago suburbs near each other. Alan (1957) is married to Carrie Hudson, and the father of Zachary, Jordan and Annie Nicole.

David Levitz was born in 1960. His wife is Lorie Green, and their children Alexa and Andy.

Ricky (1963) is married to Julie Weinberger, and the father of Hannah and Matthew (not in picture).

Children of Kalman's Daughter Linda Fleisher Randall

Randy, Stephan, and Jodi Fleisher

Randy Craig Fleisher, born in 1963, is studying to be a Rabbi in New York City. He is married to Amy Gordon, and daughter Zoey Sky was just born. He has published a Fleisher-Randall family Hagaddah. It is a compilation of modern Jewish thought, including a recipe for living:

Fleisher-Randall Blended Family: Josh & Steve Randall, Steve Fleisher, Jessica Randall, Jodi & Randy Fleisher Chicago, mid-1990s

To laugh often and love much;
to win the respect of intelligent persons
and the affection of children;
to earn the approbation of honest citizens
and endure the betrayal of false friends;
to appreciate beauty
to find the best in others
to give one's self;
to leave the world a better place
whether by a child,
a garden patch
or a redeemed social condition;
to have played and laughed with enthusiasm
and sung with exultation;
to know even one life has breathed easier
because you have lived—
This is to have succeeded.

Stephan Mark Fleisher, born in 1966, is in the promotion business in Chicago.

Jodi Deanne Fleisher, born in 1970, is a teacher in Chicago.

Children of Elsie Schein Saeks' Son Jerrold

Abby and Lorne Saeks

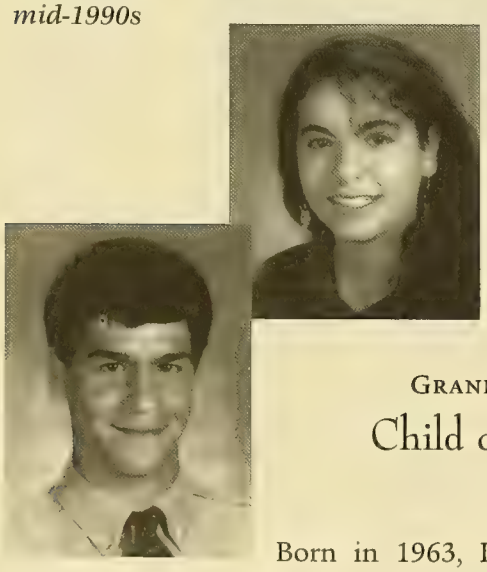
Joyce, Lorne, Jerry and Abby Saeks, Chicago, mid-1990s

Abby Saeks, born in 1963, is married to Michael Markowitz, and lives in Chicago area. In November 1998 she had baby daughter, Shari. She is back to work as a tax consultant.

Her brother Lorne, born in 1966, is a lawyer in Chicago.

Children of Samuel Schein's Daughter Judy Cohen

Shoshana and Elias Cohen



Shoshana, born in 1973, spent a year in Senegal in the Peace Corps. Elias, born in 1976, is a student at McAllister College.

Shoshana & Elias Cohen, Chicago, 1998

THE HENRY BRANCH

Grandchildren of Rosalind and Lester

Child of Rosalind Wolf's Son Harvey

David Eliot Wolf

Born in 1963, David is a prosecuting attorney in Bakersfield, California. He is a Certified Drug Recognition Expert (a D.R.E. to those of you who understand criminal law). He is one of very few lawyers in the country with this title. He recognizes and officially tests for narcotics in suspects. He goes all around the West to train other law enforcement officers in drug topics. He is in court every day prosecuting drug cases, and even was issued a firearm to be part of a Dope Task Force. He went out as

an advisor to a team that would "hook 'em and book 'em" (arrest and prosecute!). As if that weren't enough excitement, he also works in prison, prosecuting prison crime—apparently there's plenty, such as conspiracies, gang-related activity, and drug trafficking. To sum it all up, David says, for those of you that saw the movie *Silence of the Lambs*, the character "Hannibal the Cannibal" is a wimp compared to what he sees! As more optimistic relief, David teaches an anti-drug class for kids.

David Wolf with Sara & Emily

David and his wife Lori live in the San Joaquin Valley, northeast of Los Angeles. Lori has retired from the law to write juvenile literature and care for their two very young daughters, Sara and Emily. David is also a writer on the side, working currently on a mystery about dope and narcotics (what else?). He also is writing a children's book for his girls. He played classical guitar as a boy, but has retired from this pursuit.

Children of Rosalind's Son Jerry

Russell Philip Wolf

I am 31 (born 1967), live in Sherman Oaks, California, and currently work as an Operations Technologist for Goto.com (yes, the up-and-coming search engine on the Internet). Of my brothers, I am the oldest. I graduated from UCLA in 1989. I am currently working/striving/planning on pursuing and continuing my career in the ever-expanding technologies field. In fact, my parents have no fear of calling me (in the middle of the night, or during a meeting) whenever their computers "hiccup."

I can't say I was brought up religiously Jewish. In fact, I didn't start Hebrew School until fifth grade. I had to do a "crash course" for the fourth grade year during that summer to catch up. What was interesting was that my father, who was raised Conservative, and my mother (raised NOT religious) kinda switched roles in that my mom got more and more into the temple community, and my dad shied away from religion. I made it through my Bar Mitzvah and Confirmation, but currently hold myself as non-religious—definitely Jewish through heritage, but not observant.

Steven Laurence Wolf

Steven, born in 1968, is a newly graduated physician and is doing his residency in Urbana, Illinois. He is an enthusiast for musical comedy, and played several leads in high school and college. He also does bead work.

Andrew Loren Wolf

Andy Wolf on stage. California, 1998

Andy, born in 1972, went to Northwestern, and is an actor. His father Jerry says, with humor but trepidation: "He is now in a play closing tomorrow night!" He is a California boy, living in Seal Beach. He was Bar Mitzvahed, like his brothers. The following indicates that he's doing quite well as an actor:

I've been really busy lately. I'm working with two children's theaters, going into schools and performing assemblies. One is "Kids in Motion," and we do a two-person show called "Meet Hans Christian Anderson" and act out "The Princess and the Pea" and "The Emperor's New Clothes." The other is the Imagination Machine, and we perform "Martin Luther King, Jr.—Living the Dream"—a musical about MLK's life and civil rights work. I also play the piano for this show. In fact, it's 4:15 a.m. now, and I have to leave within the hour, as I have four shows this morning in Fontana, California.

I'm also teaching first and second grade drama at South Coast Repertory Theatre, as well as directing a Debbie Friedman musical for kids at the local Jewish Community Center. And auditioning ... just got cast in an independent feature film called "Harrington's Notes." I hope it is commercially available. At this point, I'm just happy to be acting in a film (and getting paid for it)!

Children of Lester Schein's Son Howard

Stevie and Zoe Schein

Stevie Scarlett Schein was born in 1987. Her sister Zoe Susannah's birth year was 1991. These dates make them the youngest of Schein Generation Five. (The oldest of that generation was born in 1929!) Both Stevie and Zoe are very talented swimmers and sharp as tacks in their school work. Stevie has been in several musicals and sings in the Central Illinois Children's Choir.

Children of Lester's Son Fred Schein

Kathryn and Leah Schein

Katey, born in 1981, is graduating from the University of Chicago Lab School. She has worked hard to earn her 3.83 GPA (out of 4). She applied to eleven colleges and is anxious now to move on to George Washington University this fall. She is an avid basketball player and is one of the feistiest point guards her coach Dad has ever seen!

Leah, born in 1984, has put her basketball career on hold for now. She too was a very tenacious guard. Leah is now focussing on the clarinet and has just made the track team at Chicago's premier magnet school, Whitney Young. She is also a member of a local dance school and does anything from hula to jazz to tap or swing. Proud father Fred Schein says:

In my own selfless manner, I have to take some credit for my daughters' basketball acumen as I helped coach both of their seventh and eighth grade teams. We traveled all over the city and played all sorts of opponents and rarely were we disgraced. We even managed to win some leagues and bring the school the most prestigious sports trophies it ever won.

Both Katey and Leah are very social and quite adept at getting along with all sorts of people. The only types of people who they are stereotypically offended by are suburbanites. They are cosmopolitan in nature and proud of it. The girls also spend weeks of each summer visiting their mother Karin's parents on Cape Cod. They have cousins, jobs and friends there.

THE SIGMUND TREE

Grandchildren of Max and Mitzi

Children of Max Schein's Daughter Betsy Goldman

Adam and Amy Goldman (b.1962 and 1965) (adopted)

We enjoy our granddaughter Kyra, age four, whose daddy (Adam our son) works for the Ritz-Carlton here as supervisor of room service. Our daughter Amy (who is Chinese—Adam is Irish-German, and both were adopted as infants) has her Master's in Social Welfare—having recently received her degree from Berkeley. She works with the chronically mentally ill in San Francisco.

When I met Betsy, she was full of the tale of Amy finding her birth mother. It had just happened, and Betsy had very thoughtfully prepared baby photo albums for the newly discovered mother. Amy played Suzuki violin quite seriously as a small child, but was not friendly to the performance idea.

Children of Max's Son Egon Schein

Beth Ann and Julianne Lynn Schein

Beth was born in 1960 when Egon was in the Army Dental Corps in Hawaii. She had a twin brother who died at birth. She is now a lens maker in Illinois. Julie's birth year was 1962. She works as a dental assistant.

Children of Max's Son David Schein

Emily and Andy Schein

Emily Elizabeth was born in 1978. She is a clever writer and artist, taking after her Aunt Betsy (Goldman). Andrew Michael, born in 1981, has a 7 handicap at golf, taking after his Uncle Egon Schein. He was on his high school varsity golf team for three years. He is the only male in the Sigmund tree to carry on the Schein name.

Children of Mitzi's Daughter Sally Moss Diamond

Mitchell Diamond & Marla Diamond White

Mitchell (b. 1954) went to U.C. Santa Cruz, and majored in biology. He has had a varied professional history, first with a peace center, then as a teacher, librarian, then with Apple Computer. He is now with a small internet company in Silicon Valley. He plays guitar, but says the Schein music gene is fuzzy in his generation. His avocation is increasing his understanding of the meaning of religion. He was raised as a cultural Jew.

Marla (b. 1955) is a pediatric nurse and the manager of a small hospital for children with chronic conditions. She is married to a doctor, and lives in the Bay Area.

Mindy Diamond Wolf Rivera

Mindy, born in 1958, is a teacher in Tucson, and has two children, Aaron and Shira. She writes her saga of being Jewish:

My Jewish History

As I grew up I was always told I should marry someone Jewish. When Mom first got cancer, they sent all five of us (Diamonds and Wohlfeilers) to a Jewish overnight camp. It was all of our first experience with formalized Judaism. Most people don't send their kids to camps like that if there isn't some involvement with their religion. Mitch and I were the only ones who liked it so we went back the following year. It did have an impact on me. Some of my friends were also Jewish and as I got older, after Mom died, I wanted to start going to the services for the dead on Yom Kippur. I think in my senior year of high school Dad finally took me.

In college, I again ended up with Jewish friends and continued to learn more about my religion. I hurt my leg in my Junior year and was told not to work over the summer to let it heal so I ended up going with an American Zionist Youth Foundation tour group to Israel. I thoroughly enjoyed it and even stayed there for another month. I had felt that my Judaism was a very important part of me and the trip to Israel just confirmed it. I don't know where it came from. Mitch and Marla don't have the same feeling. I feel like I've had a hard life due to my parents' divorce, remarriages and Mom's death. My father didn't have what it takes to give the

Aaron Wolf, Betsy Goldman, Shira Wolf, Mindy & Leo Rivera, mid-1990s

emotional support we all needed after my mother died. I was the youngest and home alone with him the longest, so I think I turned to Judaism to try to help me deal with things. While I do many of the traditions, I still feel not quite connected with the God part and the prayer part. But here I'm getting ahead of myself.

I married the nice Jewish boy for many of the wrong reasons. One, he was Jewish. Two, I wanted someone there to take care of me emotionally and financially. He is a very nice guy but it didn't last for me. We kept kosher at my instigation. I taught in a Jewish preschool and then 1st grade Religious school and, while I could teach about it, I still didn't have the "feeling." Over the years I started balking at keeping kosher. It's outrageously expensive, limiting on what and where you can eat. But my husband at the time was not willing to be flexible. Once we made this decision we had to stick with it. I also never felt that I fit in with the Jewish people we hung out with. Many seemed very money oriented, social conscious and just not so nice. I'm a very outdoor type of person, into exercise and diet and I didn't share this with any of them. I know in all religions that people don't practice what they preach but it's been hard on me to listen to these people saying how observant they are when they're only observant when it suits them.

Anyway, Jerry and I got divorced about four years ago and I ended up marrying a Hispanic man who doesn't participate in any organized religion. He agreed to my stipulations that we have a Jewish wedding ceremony and a Jewish household. When my kids are with me we do a Friday night Shabbat dinner—very casually. I buy a Challah—we light the candles and say the blessings over the wine and bread—and we have a nice dinner. We do something for almost all the holidays—Rosh Hashonah, Yom Kippur, Sukkot, Simchat Torah, Hanukah, Purim and Passover. My husband even builds me a Sukkah every year and I have many non-Jewish friends celebrate it with us.

When I left Jerry and married Leo all of our Jewish friends sided with Jerry and completely dumped me, so on Jewish holidays I don't have anyone to celebrate with, and it's been hard on me. As the kids get older I will probably start taking only one day for Rosh Hashonah and Passover, instead of two. I am helping my children get a good Jewish education in every way I can. My son goes to a Jewish Day School not so much for the religious part but for small class size and other problems that he has.

I find the Jewish community hard to deal with because so much is dependent on how much money you have. I am a teacher and my husband is a custodian/carpenter. Between the two of us we don't make a ton, yet we're not struggling in any way. We just can't keep up with the Jewish community. There have been Jewish speakers I've wanted to hear but haven't been allowed because I don't give $1000 a year to the Jewish Federation. What does that tell me? Yet I know I can never be anything other than a Jew. I just have to find my nîche as a Jew and I'm still looking. I do Israeli folk dancing quite often so I'm in touch with some Jewish people on a regular basis.

CHAPTER 6

The Current Color of our Feathers

Interlude with Dad

Dad: This is the chapter in which I'd like to clarify the Schein Jewish identity, from Nowy Sacz to now. I want you to help me with your views on the pressures on you and your generation to assimilate and Americanize. And I want to know how the rest of the family responded to these pressures. Should I write to Grandma about the early years?

Love, Linny

DarLin: Yes, Grandma would be the one to discuss her generation. I'll be pondering how Ernie Schein turned into the man you knew.

Lovest, Fa

Dear Grandma Fanny,

One more question, Oma. This is my "kopfwurm"—the worm crawling in my head. Being raised as a Christian has fogged my sights about the Scheins being a Jewish family. I hope others in the family will excuse this obsession of mine. But I'd really like you to reassure me about the "Jewishness" of you and Louis, Ben and Betty, Nathan and Jenny, Henry and Lena, Sig and Sarah, and Ester and Elizer—our Generations One and Two in America. You know—I mean whether you continued your customs from the Old World and felt comfortable with your heritage. Promise, I'll leave you in peace after this!

Love,
Linda

Liebe Linda,

Liebling, you must understand! We were Jewish. We married Jewish. We cooked Jewish. We even went to Temple sometimes—at least on High Holy Days! I would go by myself, sometimes slipping away to the neighborhood shul on Friday night. After we moved up to Avers Avenue, Louis went sometimes to temple over on Irving Park Road. And you remember the story about Nathan being designated as the family rabbi? Actually, his family came over last and had already been part of the Jewish Reform movement in Europe. They got a later start on the pressure to assimilate.

I don't know if it is because we were the oldest, but Louis and I, and to some extent Ben and Betty, communicated the least Jewish pride and tradition to our families. My children really tried hard to leave our heritage and move in other directions. This must be why you're asking the question! The Amsterdams were at least frank with their children about their origins, and even took some pride in them, but secularism and intermarriage crept quickly into our lives. You know how musicians are always working on weekends instead of spending Saturday in shul. We were also very anxious to fit into the society of our new homeland. I remember Ben's daughter Sidonie, on meeting someone who was openly Jewish, said "So nice to meet a Jew!"

Nathan, Henry and Sig married into families of stronger Jewish tradition—the Donners, (Jenny's sister perished in the Holocaust), the Weissmans and the Privulsky's. They kept kosher and usually invited us for Holidays. Sig's sister-in-law Ida lived with them, and she kept kosher very seriously. Finally, I remember the kids wanting cream in their coffee after a meat meal, and kosher came to an end!

There were tremendous changes in our religious observances with the next generation. Before I passed on, Friday night become "Schein Night," for gossipping and playing poker instead of attending services. Only two of my children married Jews—my Rose with her Ignatz Klein, and of course, the short marriage of my baby Ethyl and her Freddy Fredman. But Rose's children, Wally, Sylvia and Beedee, although they married Jews, were determined to blend into sophisticated, modern American society. Ben and Betty's family all intermarried, and Betty herself travelled in Europe with her children, claiming not to be a Jew.

We had wonderful weekend dinners at all the Schein family houses, carrying on at least the traditions of Jewish food. My challah couldn't be beat, and I cooked all the Hungarian-Polish specialties I knew from home.

The taste of Americans was different, though, and my family soon started to change. Unfortunately our Jewishness was severely challenged. We were the victims of new, often painful, influences—including prejudice. Please write your Papa Ernie on this subject. He knows why so many Jewish boys struck out on their own and became lawyers—the regular business companies didn't hire Jews. Keep thinking of me, Liebling. I've loved our correspondence.

Viele Grüsse,
Oma Fanny

Dear Dad,

As advertised, here I am to pry into the "Americanization and Assimilation" of the Scheins. You taught me that the world was my oyster. But what also filtered down to me was almost in the category of anti-Semitism, enveloped in a kind of generalized racism. I want you to set the stage for this transformation from your parents' generation to mine. This will help to unruffle my feathers and decide their color. I love you.

Lovest,
Linny

DarLin:
Now you're playing hardball. All right, here goes. Let me set the scene—rental signs saying "No Jews or Dogs." Neighborhoods, even in California, where no Blacks, Asians, Jews or person of color could even stay over night. A musician friend of ours changing her name from Gertrude Weinstock to Gita Gradova. Did I ever tell you that when I was running for Congress in 1929, I was attacked and beat up for being a Jew? My sister-in-law Vera had to go in to get the family a hotel room so they would not see her Jewish husband. Of course, when they got inside, Sam was the life of the party with his piano playing! All immigrants were called "bloody greenhorns." And then, there was the prejudice among Jews themselves—like my niece Beedee's first father-in -law, Mr. Molner, not wanting his children to marry anyone but Hungarian Jews! Beedee's sister Sylvia, living in conservative Orange County, ran and ran from being Jewish. She told her sons: "Just keep your mouth shut!"

And then there was the distinction between German and Eastern European Jews. As you know, we tried to identify ourselves as the former.

But, as I think my cousin Kal told you, "Anti-Semitism was prevalent against all Jews alike." Yiddish was spoken in my generation only to keep our kids from eaves-dropping. We all claimed German as our language of origin. And Nathan's family spoke it exclusively at home for several years after coming. They had accents, but never taught Yiddish to their children. Though they were the most Jewish of the families, even their progeny probably have trouble identifying with the Yiddish cultural revival going on in your day. The Holocaust struck fear in our family like all other Jews. We all reacted differently, from denying identity to intermarriage to stubbornly keeping the faith. Another Hitler could come along any time. And there you are in Amherst, having been carefully raised a Christian—and what do you do? Visit the National Yiddish Book Center and play in a Klezmer group! As I used to say—Can you beat it?

It is interesting that you seem to find a greater level of ignorance and denial of our background in our family than in the others. You say that in asking your first cousins, noone had any idea where we came from, and weren't even sure that Grandma was Jewish. My niece Bette said the word Jew was never mentioned when she was growing up. You know, I do remember that Uncle George had a client named Elsie who was a society gossip columnist for the national press. I believe that she instructed George's daughters Bette and Louise on the proper social behavior, and had a life-changing influence on their feelings of estrangement from the Schein family. Being Jewish was not for the social registers. And even my Bob said it simply was never an issue in our family. And you went to the graveyards, and found the split in our family between burials in the Jewish and non-denominational cemeteries. I'm willing to admit that this is indicative of the disparity of thinking in our extended family.

My brother George and I were the two with the greatest desire to assimilate. George was a more social and political person than I, and did much to forge our way into social, political and artistic circles. His marriage to the daughter of Oscar Mayer, who was a strong Christian, helped him on our quest. As you know, Louise died very early after bearing the three children, but we were launched on the often rocky path to "passing." I know there were those in the extended family who didn't approve. However, on the good side, we had some very exciting years of the glamorous musical and Hollywood high life, summering at restricted Door County, lawyering for Mayer's company and belonging to such as the Lake Shore Athletic Club. George Junior wanted a fresh start and changed his name to Shields. I'm fascinated, though, that son Todd is changing his name back to Schein.

I, on the other hand, married the beautiful, stoical woman from Kansas and Oklahoma who was your mother Betty Cain. I was the fourth of the brothers to marry a Gentile—Sam was the first, marrying his Vera in 1910. We were most eager to distance ourselves from the "Galitzianer jokes," Landsmannschaften (nationality clubs), and orthodoxy of our family of origin. As my cousin Kalman told you in his understated way: "Ernie did not go out of his way to admit he was Jewish!" Once in the Depression when he applied for a job in our firm, Kal may have thought that George and I and our partner, Yale Man John Beckwith, turned him down in the interest of not over-balancing our firm with Jews. We thought it crucial to associate with a man like Beckwith as senior partner. I know the Yale of my granddaughter Katie was incredibly multi-cultural compared to my experience at Harvard.

The rest of our family had what you'd call "attitudes" about it being lower class to be Jewish or have a Jewish accent. Beedee and Sylvia, my nieces and the wealthy daughters of a furrier, were examples of this. Beedee sent her daughter Marilyn to convent school and Catholic summer camp, and objected to her having too many Jewish friends (with accents!) at Senn High School. In spite of this, Marilyn (Maya) became an observant Jew, which her mother finally tacitly accepted by making her a needlepoint pillow with a Torah on it.

Maya with Beedee's Torah pillow

Your mom and I baptized Bob, our oldest, at St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Evanston. George's children also went to Episcopal Sunday School. By the time you came, we were starting Christian Science. And you know the rest. You know I was a patriot, and that I was in the Navy, the Army and Civil Defense over the years. I apologize for never mentioning the word Holocaust to you. Times were different then, darling. There were members of the family who handled their Jewishness very differently. So, DarLin, carry on with your conclusions. I hope I've helped explain the rainbow colors of your feathers.

Lovest,
Fa

My Conclusions on Elizer's Troupe 100 Years Later—Religion, Geography and Accomplishments

I know that for some of my readers the issue of whether we are Jewish or not is not so compelling as it is for me. Also my bias toward educational level and artistic accomplishment may seem rarified. However, I hope you may find my conclusions of some interest. They are based on the soundest facts and statistics I could muster, without really being acquainted with most of the family.

Louis Branch

Our family is the biggest at about seventy-five members, alive or dead. We are the most diverse geographically, with generous smatterings in East, Midwest, Mountain and West Coast—even one in the South. When Ernie's generation of eight dispersed, two branches went East and two went West. Lately, there's been a run to the Rockies in Generation Four and Five. This widespread aspect has affected the cohesiveness of the family. We have not relied upon each other, or in most cases, even communicated—until now!

On the question of how Jewish we are, you know how Ernie and George went about re-inventing themselves with a pioneer American vigor. Of forty-four spouses from Ernie's generation through Generation Six, only one quarter are Jewish. Aunt Rose and Aunt Ethyl, the oldest and youngest, married Jews. Rose and Ig's three—Wally, Sylvia and Beedee of my generation—married a Jew at least the first time around (Beedee twice). Beedee's daughter Maya married a Jew, Irwin Mittelman, the first time. Rose's family, probably from being the first Schein family in that generation, and being influenced by Ignatz Klein as patriarch, was and is the only one you might call Jewish in Louis' progeny. Maya was a committed Jew after college when she distanced herself from her mother. Marilyn and Mitt helped start the temple in Palo Alto, although Maya now describes her beliefs in more general and less sectarian spiritual terms. She did, however, remember fondly that convent school and send her daughter Gina (Malkah) to Catholic summer camp. To continue the duality, this same Malkah almost decided to become a Rabbi at age forty-two! She writes:

I'm raising my kids as Reform Jews, as I was raised, although I'm most keenly drawn to the Jewish Renewal movement. I hope to see aspects of this spiritual movement continue to infiltrate and enliven Jewish life everywhere. My husband Bruce was raised Lutheran but it didn't stick, and he is very happy to be part of a Jewish family.

Auntie Ethyl divorced Freddy Fredman early on, and was non-adherent after that. Uncle Sam was the first of Schein Generation Three to intermarry. His wife Veronica Broderick's other family name was Fitzpatrick! Their grandson Richard Krauss was married to Arlene Bush under a "hoopa" by a rabbi, but they are not observant. Uncle George's family, as we know by now, are far from Jewish. My brother Bob married Elean Stevens, who much later found that her birth-father was Jewish. When I married Michael Greenebaum, he had wanted to be a rabbi. He also is no longer observant. But he has Jewish genealogies up and down both sides of his German family—the Heimerdingers, the Loebs, the Greenebaums among them. My sister Ann Schein's husband Earl Carlyss is from a strongly Christian Swedish background. His father was a preacher. Between the Christian Science and Earl's influence, I believe their daughters Linnea and Pauline have felt little sense of Jewish heritage.

As for our four beloved daughters, who are three quarters Jewish, there is hardly an observant bone in them. Two are married to half Jews—Derek Katz and Joshua May. Katie and Josh belong to a Temple in New York, but so far use only the nursery school and the swimming pool! My girls have had the same experience as I and my cousin Bette—being considered "Jewish gals." But they don't seem to mind a bit. The other three-quarters of the Louis Schein family married mostly Protestants or Catholics. There has been one Hispanic and now one Japanese-Chinese wife in brother Bob's family. Van Smith's wife is part Native American, as is Maya's second husband Carver.

We are highly articulate, well-educated, with a generous smattering of advanced and professional degrees. At least a dozen are outstanding in the arts. This gene crept noticeably through all four of Ernie's generation who married. At least nine have been professionals as artists, musicians and writers. Ernie's Harvard-spawned attitude on an Ivy education was communicated only to me.

Ben and Betty's Branch

The Amsterdams number thirty on the family tree. Only in Generation Five have three families moved to the Midwest and East. Ben and Betty's family transplanted to California, and all intermarried, from Maurice, Max and Donie's generation on. The one exception may be Maurice's daughter Bettie's short first marriage to Mel Schneiderman. Maybe the California atmosphere and the musical-artistic genes that came down strongly in that family caused a melting-pot attitude. But Max in his

philosopher role felt that the best thing for the world would be for the races and religions to intermarry. Their female children married men named Anderson, Drake, Barker, Lane and Farley and Orwin. But on the other hand Max talked about how incredible the Jewish people are—how extraordinary. And that the fear and persecution of Jews followed this feeling of envy. He filled his children with pride in being Jewish, but taught them to be careful about revealing it in the prejudiced society in which we all lived then. Children had to put down "race" or "religion" on a card at school. Max told them not to do that. The children were encouraged to be agnostic, and make up their own minds as adults. Max remembered vividly being abused as a kid for being Jewish. Some Amsterdams would have preferred that cousin Morey not be quite so "Jewish" in his comedy routines.

Now that she is older and off in Idaho, Elaine Amsterdam, the artist, admits that there remains a sensitivity about her Jewish heritage, should the subject come up. Her feeling is more concern for the discomfort of others. "Will they feel differently toward me if they know?" She tries very hard to be "a bunch of whirling molecules, like everyone else." But her grandson Jody Whitaker is farther from the problem. He writes:

As for religion—it seems the Jewish tradition faded with the older generations, as I have no recollection of any Hanukkah celebration in my family. Come on, I had to consult Webster's to spell it!

Music ran very strong in Generation Three—Fanny, Maurice and Max were fantastic musicians. The next generations include Bettie, David and Lynne as musicians, and Elaine the wonderful artist. Others are teachers, lawyers and businessmen. One, Jeremy Lane, is in the military and married to a Japanese woman.

Nathan's Family

Nathan's family is second to Louis' in number—seventy-one at last count. Three of the eight branches in Generation Three went to California, and the communication with those in the Midwest may have been slim for some years. Since Nathan's family was the latest to come over and the only non-musicians, they were the ones who spoke German longest and retained their Jewish identity. They all knew they came from Mahrische Ostrau, and noone was ashamed of it. Maybe the intention of Ester and Elizer to make Nathan a rabbi filtered into his progeny. Out of forty

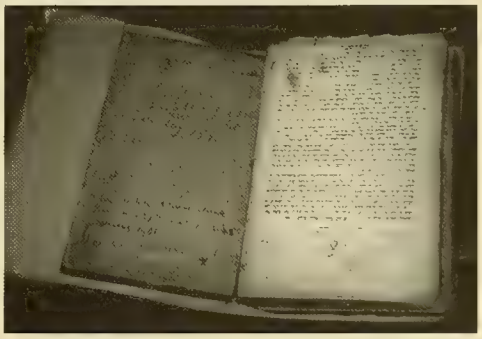
spouses from Generation Three on, twenty-two have been Jewish. In the eight members of Generation Three itself, all spouses but one, Joe Arman, were Jewish. Leo was a leader in underground anti-fascist efforts before the War to bring threatened Jews to this country—among them an attempt to save his sister-in-law Ann Donner, who did not avoid Auschwitz.

Among Nathan's great-grandchildren are two Rabbis—Richard Shapiro in Santa Barbara, and Randy Fleisher, finishing rabbinical school in NewYork. Richard is the only one in Wilma Schein Shapiro Valez' family of four children to marry a Jew, although they were all barmitzvah, including two or three of the grandchildren. Rabbi Richard had intended to become a physicist, but had a change of heart after being drafted and holding a position in Germany where he was on Red Alert for dropping bombs. He became close to a chaplain and decided to be a Rabbi. He has been interviewed on National Public Radio. Randy Fleisher has written a modernized Haggadah for the family.

Nathan's grandson Norman Roth (son of Clara) and his wife Rose Marie are active in their Temple in St. Joseph, Michigan, as is their daughter Ginnie. Their daughter Sandy was the only one of the six children to be batmitzvah in a full service. She treasures her Great-Grandpa Nathan's Hebrew Bible. Some of Norman's other four children are actively Jewish and raising their children as Jews. Grandson Noah blew the shofar so well in Michigan that the visiting Rabbi wanted to take him back to Israel! Norman wrote this about his granddaughter Emily:

My youngest son David came in with his non-Jewish wife, Lydia, and my granddaughter Emily to have dinner with me on my birthday. Emily, at age six, went through a conversion mikvah ceremony (ask your Jewish friends what a mikvah is); and my now Jewish Emily told me that in her religious school class the kids were asked to write eight reasons what being Jewish meant to them (again ask your Jewish friends the significance of eight). Emily went through the first seven answers. But the eighth was "Being Jewish is neat!"

Nathan's Hebrew Bible



Norman's brother Bob Roth has at least one child who is actively Jewish. Jerry Saeks' daughter Abby was married in a Jewish ceremony. Jerry writes:

The Nathan Schein family were observant Reform Jews. This is the only Jewishness I know or understood growing up. It is still the only form I relate to.

Judy Cohen, granddaughter of Nathan, and her husband Howard, a Sephardic Jew, belong to a Reconstructionist congregation in Evanston. Norma's son Jeffery, the psychologist, has as an adult just joined a Temple with his family. Miles, his son, wants to be barmitzvah, just like his cousin Aaron Shapiro, Rabbi Richard's son. Jeffery Martin has this to say about his mother and father, Norma and Dave:

Norma and David had not been active participants at a Jewish temple growing up (a common experience for second generation immigrant Jews in the United States), though they remained closely identified with their Jewish roots. As their children grew to religious school age however, their family because very active in a Los Angeles reform Jewish temple. Both of their children, Jeff and Randy, were barmitzvah and the temple became a center for social and cultural activity for the whole family for many years.

There is a strong tendency toward education and advanced degrees in the family, especially in science, education and health-related fields. They are also in law and business. In only a few have I sensed a strong interest in music or art. Billie is a published poet. And, of course, the two Rabbis.

Henry's Branch

Of the only seventeen in Henry's family, seven have lived West, nine Midwest, and one South. Four out of eleven from Generation Three onward have or have had Jewish spouses. Lena Weissman, Henry's wife, was from a strong Jewish family. That helped keep the tradition going in her family. She even had the rest of the family over for holiday dinners, encouraging those other Scheins who tended to be slackers as Jews! Her daughter Rosalind was a strong Jew, along with her husband Nathan Wolf. Their sons Jerry and Harvey were barmitzvah. Jerry's first wife and three sons (great-grandsons of Henry) are Jewish. The boys were barmitzvah.

Bar Mitzvah Boy Russell Wolf

Henry and Lena's musician son Lester married Toby Silbert, the left-wing liberal Jew from the West Side. Their sons Howard and Fred call themselves "ethnically" Jewish. They were never associated with a Temple or barmitzvah. But they went to Yiddish school and to a very left-wing Jewish Sunday School. All four grandsons of Henry—Harvey, Jerry, Howard and Fred,

are now married to Protestants. Fred writes of his Christmas Holiday experience with his wife Karin Olson:

Karin really gets into the whole holiday thing—lights festoon the house. We will have our twenty-third annual glüg party for 50-75 people this December, and my party from work (Chicago Transport) at a night club hopefully will draw over 200 employees this year.

Fred and Howie have the same experience that all of us who are from inter-marriages have with the holidays. There seems, however, to be no "Jewish denial" in Lester's boys.

Because Henry died early and noone talks about him, the influence toward educational advancement did not come from him! Perhaps it was the Weissmans! Two have PhD's, two are lawyers, Steven Wolf is a doctor. Russell's in computers, and Andrew is an actor. He and his great-uncle Lester are the only ones in the arts. Fred manages the elevated trains in Chicago and encourages the strong musical interest of his high school daughters, Katey and Leah.

Sigmund's Branch

Of the twenty-five in the Sigmund tree, eleven are on the West Coast, and these are mostly Generation Four of Sally Moss's family. Sig's son Max and his wife Mutzie had four children, and they're all still in the Midwest with their families. Perhaps the fact that Sig lived 20-30 years longer than his siblings caused his family to stay near Chicago.

In Sigmund's family, out of seventeen spouses from Generation Three onward, nine were Jewish and one half-Jewish. Sig's son Max married Mutzie Fischmann, who saw to it that three of their four children were confirmed. Of these four—Betsy, Egon, Susan and David—all but Betsy married Gentiles (Betsy's husband Norm Goldman is the half- Jew). David is becoming more interested in Judaism as an adult. He now goes to Temple every Friday and felt proud when the Rabbi asked him to carry the Torah around the sanctuary. Susan and Egon seem not to deny Jewishness, but aren't actively involved.

In the rest of this branch, Sig's daughters Eva and Mitzi both married Jews (Eva twice). Mitzi's daughter Sally Moss was a Jew culturally, belonging to Hadassah. But she left this impression on her daughter Mindy:

Both Mom and Dad (Sally and Jerome Diamond) seemed to be atheists to me. God was never discussed. Nor was our religion. Yet it was always very important to

them for us to know that we were Jews. We celebrated Hanukah to an extent and Passover if we were fortunate enough to be invited to someone's Seder. Mom was involved in Hadassah, but Dad wasn't involved with anything Jewish per se. What is interesting though, is that almost all of his friends were Jewish. We never went to synagogue or religious school. I'm pretty sure that my Dad was turned off from the religion by his Orthodox Eastern European parents. They were very strict.

Mindy Rivera wrote about her personal Jewish history in the previous chapter. Mindy's son Aaron, from her first marriage to a Jew, was bar-mitzvah in 1998, and her daughter Shira will have her service soon. Their Uncle Mitchell, heretofore unobservant, wore a prayer shawl for the first time at Aaron's service in the Conservative temple.

After Sig, Mitzi and her niece Betsy Goldman were the ones to earn their living in the arts. But Dr. Egon Schein is also an excellent amateur singer, thespian and artist. Susan DiManno specializes in animal rights. David Schein has a Masters in Geography. Generation Five has health professionals and a computer expert.

About the Burials

I spent an afternoon with my newly-found cousin Judy Cohen looking for the gravesites in Jewish Waldheim Cemetery on Des Plaines Avenue in Chicago. We found the stones of Ester and Elizer, Louis, Sig, Sarah and Mitzi, Nathan and Jeanette. We knew Toby Silbert was over there in the Haymarket Rioters section. It was a very moving experience to partake in the Jewish custom of putting a pebble on the graves. We found that Kal had been financially maintaining the Schein graves, and that one of his grandsons took it over. I had a very tangible feeling of my Jewishness at this cemetery.

Grandma Fanny's grave at Rosehill

The day before I had gone with Glela Sharp (Suni Schein) to Rosehill, the non-denominational graveyard in a more up-scale North Side location on Peterson Avenue. It is maintained beautifully and is indeed non-denominational. There was a Jewish section, in which there were Greenebaum stones, but the Scheins weren't there. I found Uncle George and Ernie and my little sister Paula in the mausoleum. Grandma Frances, Uncle Sam, Vera, their son George, and

Linda at Waldheim Cemetery

my Aunts Anna and Sarah were all in the less ostentatious addendum across Peterson Avenue. The stones were flush to the ground, and there was a little pond with Canada geese. I had a very graphic flash of the split in the family—the admitted Jews versus the non-sectarians. The Oscar Mayer clan was across the street in the fancier part, and Louise Elizabeth Schein, née Mayer, was there. I could well see how my Mama, a spiritualized person and completely unsentimental about graves, still quietly shipped off Ernie's ashes to be buried at Rosehill with his family. I almost bought a plot myself! And then, ever conflicted, I thought I should buy one at Waldheim.

I've since found that the other big Jewish cemetery, Westlawn at Harlem and Irving, is the resting place for many of Nathan's family. Judy Cohen bought a remaining plot from her cousin Norman Roth. Of course, many members of the family are buried elsewhere, from Chicago to Missouri to California. Does it matter, when your granddaughter wants to communicate with you in spirit, whether you're in a casket, cremated, in a Jewish cemetery or have had your ashes scattered to the winds like my own Mother? Probably not.

Postlude

For us the living, I hope our family will treasure the importance of each other and of our tradition. It takes more courage and inner resources than I have to forge a completely new path as my Father tried so hard to do. I respect the historical forces and leadership qualities that led him to do this. But, for me and my children, I cannot help but try to reclaim what he left behind. Something appropriately new will come out of it.

I am comforted to find the musical and artistic traditions in Elizer's Troupe are intact and thriving. I feel fellowship with the other musicians, artists and writers and teachers. I hope our children will perpetuate this priceless tradition, even though they may inevitably form a new ethnicity for the new Millenium. I celebrate and greet the entire family, late though it be in my life to have found you. I hope this attempt of mine to unify us will bear fruit.

The Music Lives On
Samuel Katz
Menemsha, 1997

Appendix

Dearborn Street, Chicago, 1892

Chicago Directory

Residences of the Scheins from 1893 to 1929

These are from the Chicago Directories at the Newberry Library.
I have tried to adjust the addresses for the 1910 address changes.

1893	Amsterdam, Benjam, music teacher	900 Milwaukee Ave.
	Schein, Sigesmund, musician	1105 N. Ashland Ave. (at Division)
1894	Amsterdam, B.	906 Milwaukee Ave.
	Schein, Louis and Frieda (from Ed's birth certificate, not Directory)	721 W. Division
1895	Amsterdam, B.	1370 E. 55th (south side)
	Schein, Sigmund, musician	609, 55th (may be old number)
1896	Amsterdam, B.	185, 55th
1897	Schein, Louis, musician	310 W. Division (at Clybourn)
1898	Schein, Sigmund, musician	179, 55th
1899	Schein, Louis	1237 N. Leavitt (nr. Division, e. of Western)
1901	Amsterdam, B., musician	437 W. Division
	Schein, Henry, musician	1144 N. Wood
	Schein, Lizer, musician	(2 blks. w. of Ashland)
	Schein, Sigmund, musician	"
	Schein, Louis	1420 N. Claremont (2400 W.)
1903	Amsterdam, Ben (last entry)	302 W. Division

1906	SCHEIN, GEORGE, LOUIS, SAM	586 (1301) N. Hoyne (Wicker Park, nr. Damen)
	SCHEIN, HENRY AND LIZER	539 N. Wood
	SCHEIN, SIGMUND	682 W. North
1908	SCHEIN, SIGMUND	717 W.12th St. (Roosevelt Rd) (1600 block)
	SCHEIN, GEORGE, LIZER, LOUIS, SAM	586 (1301) N. Hoyne
1910	AMSTERDAM, MAX, music teacher	1344 N.Robey (at Damen)
	SCHEIN, GEORGE L., lawyer	1407, 204 Dearborn
	(home)	1301 N. Hoyne
	SCHEIN, LOUIS, musician	"
	SCHEIN, SAMUEL, musician	"
	SCHEIN, SIGMUND	2019 Potomac Ave. (Humboldt Park)
1914	SCHEIN, HENRY AND SIGMUND	3714 Grenshaw (south side)
	SCHEIN, NATHAN, grocer	1451 N. Leavitt
	and CLARA (store)	2152 Lemoyne
	SCHEIN, SAM, music	1058 Leland
1915	SCHEIN, EDWARD, soler	3825 N. Avers
	GEORGE, lawyer	"
	SCHEIN, HENRY	3714 Grenshaw
	SCHEIN, IDA, Miss, tailoress	1415 N. Leavitt
	SCHEIN, LOUIS, musician	3825 N. Avers
	SCHEIN, SIG, SAM, NATHAN	same as 1914
1917	KLEIN, IRVING, furrier	
1923	SCHEIN, ERNEST AND LOUIS	3825 N. Avers (Addison and Irving Pk.Rd.)
	SCHEIN, GEORGE	1310 Astor Street
	SCHEIN, JEANETTE (DONNER)	N. Sawyer St.
	SCHEIN, SAMUEL	4334 Vista Terrace
	SCHEIN, SIGMUND	3714 Grenshaw

1928	KLEIN, IRVING, furrier	4936 Sheridan Rd.
-29	SCHEIN, EDWARD, salesman (Northwest Buick)	3825 N. Avers
	SCHEIN, CHARLOTTE D., bookkeeper (Drake Minty)	4654 Monticello
	SCHEIN, ELSIE, stenographer (Amer.Heating & Plumbing)	"
	SCHEIN, ROSALIND, stenographer	4638 Monticello
	SCHEIN, HENRY, musician	4638 Monticello
	SCHEIN, IDA, draper	4654 Monticello
	SCHEIN, JEANETTE, widow Nathan	"
	SCHEIN, LEO D., lawyer (Schein & Gross)	2648 Winnemac
	SCHEIN, LESTER, clerk (Schwartzchild & Co, Jewelers) (Max Schein worked here too)	4654 Monticello
	SCHEIN, LOUIS, musician	3825 N. Avers
	SCHEIN, SAMUEL, lawyer (Schein & Beckwith)* Asst. Corporation Counsel	4334 Vista Terrace
	SCHEIN, SAMUEL, student (Nathan's son)	4654 Monticello
	SCHEIN, SARAH, clerk	3825 N. Avers
	SCHEIN, SIGMUND	6256 N. Wayne** (betw.Ardmore & Thorndale in Edgewater)

* Schein & Beckwith lawfirm by now is George, Ernie, Sam, John Beckwith and Leslie Donahue.

** Sig lived two places on Wayne—the other at 6233, when Glela (Suni) joined the family.

LAWRENCE JACQUES, M. D.
20 EAST JACKSON BOULEVARD
CHICAGO 60604

8/21/67

Dear Betty,

I did hear about Ernie's passing recently—and tried several times to write to you. But each time I got started and couldn't go on. It just didn't seem possible that I should be writing that kind of a letter to you.

As you may know, Ernie and I first met formally at eleven— when we were 6th grade classmates at Wicker Park School, although we had played indoor baseball in the alley behind his house on Hoyne Ave. for some years before that. He was outstanding even then—bright, clear-headed and way above the average. In 8th grade, honors came to both of us—we were made bell-boys—that is, we were chosen to ring the bells at the end of recess. As always, Ernie was a little ahead of me. He got the girls' side. He stood in a bay window facing the girls' school yard, and I stood in a window facing the boys', which seemed about a mile away. When the time came—10:10 I think it was—we'd give each other a signal and start ringing to beat hell. It was a great experience.

In 8th grade we had Miss Nottleman ("knothole" she was called). I told my wife a couple of days ago about a little incident that I happened to remember. It was in arithmetic and we were studying how to figure the volume of a cylinder. Knothole called on Ernie, and he had figured it out his own way—quicker and easier and just as good as the one in the book. And Knothole turned to the rest of us and said "See how smart he is, children?" He was that and much more. But he wasn't valedictorian, as I remember. That went to a prissie little girl named Rosie Schwimmer, who didn't deserve it and as far as I know never amounted to anything.

Then we split up for a while because I went to Tuley High. But the Scheins got swell and moved to Avers Ave. on the far Northwest side—and Ernie went to Carl Schurz. But we kept in contact and I would often visit up there with him—where Mrs. Schein fed us some of the best noodle soup that has ever been made. He was valedictorian at Schurz.

We graduated at the same time (I was editor-in-chief of the Murray F. Tuley High School Review—which was something)—and then we both went to the University of Chicago and were room-mates at North Divinity Hall. Strangely enough, my wife's office as student adviser at the U. of C. is now on the very spot where Ernie and I roomed together. It's now called Gates-Blake.

During that year Ernie worked about half as hard as I and got all A's. I can see that course book now:

A A A

A A A etc.

He was a hard man to live with! (Mine was more like A- B-) As you know, after freshman year I stayed in Chicago and Ernie went to Harvard. But all the way through college we got together during holidays and vactions—especially Christmas. The big deal on a frosty December afternoon was to go to the Sherman House bar—knock off a couple of sissyish pink drinks with a little froth on top—called "Alexanders"—then light up a couple of Bock Panettellos—and then walk arm in arm down Michigan Avenue and look them over.

After that there was something of a gap for a few years, although we never lost touch. When I was an intern at County, he visited me many times. I remember one visit particularly when I was on the Psychopathic Hospital service. I showed him through some of the big rooms swarming with nuts—and he looked really scared.

I first met you in your beautiful apartment on the Near North Side. I remember there was a baby in a crib. For a while there you were always having babies. From then on you may remember more than I do, including the immortal sea voyage to Muskegon.

During the past 20 years Ernie never came to or passed through Chicago without at least calling. Although more recently he began passing me up for grandchildren.

It's a comfort to me—and I'm sure it must be a great one to you—that his last few years were filled with so much satisfaction and happiness. He was in all his conversations with me full of pride in you, in his children and grandchildren—and of course in the beautiful miracle of little Ann.

We think of you often and particularly what comfort you must get from your wonderful family and friends....

As ever,
Lawrence

Kalman Schein's Memories

(written hurriedly right before his death in 1997)

Born 9/8/08 Mahr Ostro (Austria) near German border. Language German. Sixth of 8 siblings, sister Elsie born two years later and Samuel born 1912 after family emigrated to U.S. Other siblings in order of birth: Ida, Clara, Leo, Anna, and Charlotte. Mother's name Jeanette née Donner. Knowledge of Mother's family limited to sister who remained in Europe. As a child I remember hearing she vacationed in Carlsbad yearly.

Father Nathan Schein, one of 4 brothers and one sister Betty, married to Benjamin Amsterdam; brothers Louis, Henry and Sigmund. Brothers, sister and sister's children all musicians—Amsterdams, Hollywood. Brothers, Chicago Symphony and legitimate theatre. Mostly cello and violin.

Grandparents on Father's side: Leiser (1840-1909) and Esther (1840-1910)

When coming to the States we lived on the Northwest side, the Humboldt Park area. At age 6, I was enrolled in the Lafayette grammar school. My Dad became deceased as the result of an ulcer operation at the age of 56. I was 12 years old. We were eight siblings and each had to cope on its own. School and full or part time work depending on age. Between the ages of 12 and 25, I was employed at many part time and full time positions.

News deliveries, newsstand, jewelry, shoe store assistant, delivery to _____ on horse and wagon; clothing delivery, loop and direct order by mail advertising. Most during summer school vacations. Helped make friends and future clients and always involved in neighborhood groups.

After two years of High School (Hubbard) in Albany Park, then a 2 year school; we had moved to Albany Park. I attended night school, completing high school at Central Preparatory and taking State examinations —what was then called pre-legal at DePaul U. and Law at DePaul and Kent, now known as Illinois Institute of Technology. Mother passed away when I was 21 years of age and for a while entire family lived with sister Clara and husband Joseph Roth. Later, before getting married, shared an apartment on Sherwin and the Lake with Charlotte, Elsie, Sam and myself.

Met your mother (Grandma Betty Goldstein) at age 16 when going to Night High School and employed at De Voe Mail Order Company. Mother had completed a 2-year high school course and was employed at

_____ as a typist (a very good one). Grandpa Goldstein did not believe in college for girls. Dated Mother for 9 years and married Sovereign Hotel 9/17/33, seven months after I received my law degree.

During pre-legal and law, active in Alpha Beta Fraternity and Chancellor of (it?) during undergraduate years. Many fraternity brothers became good friends and Mother and I had an active social life, employment, school and all.

Bar Exam, Oct. '33 in the height of the great Depression, became house counsel, with right to handle own practice with Minn. Loan Co. (Hacking Bros. Co. who also processed delinquent _____)

After about 6 months or sometime early in 1934, in spite of the depression, rented space at 33 N. LaSalle and because of friendships I had made, was successful in building a satisfying law practice; by satisfying I mean, earn a living, save a little, and whenever able to act as a mediator and discourage unnecessary adversarial relationships and interactions.

Over the years, 61 years now, my practice consisted of family law, advice and counseling, small businesses, starting with entrepreneurs and developing into partnerships and small corporations, and for some years a fair share of complex litigation, including involvement in class actions. Clients came from employees I worked (with?), temple I joined, condo I bought, friends and relatives.

First large trust other than from Loan Co. was S & MG More Co. Represented them for $1000 per year (good in 1930s). Represented company and individuals. Handled renegotiation of government contracts, travelled to Washington often. Represented company for many years until their CPA's insisted they hire a large firm, but (from this point it is evident that Kal is hurrying to write things, knowing his time is up) replaced with employees who _____(George Poplar), till his death many years later. _____sold and handled litigation that _____ _____.

Margolis-Temple—1st car wash and North Park Hotel thru Temple (Menorah)

Wittenberg—defended many law suits, Temple—spent 1 day per week sub-contract-full-time (he turned it down) insisted I could

_____

Contest _____Hartung contest other children

Colitz - Revy

copyrighted _____Larson.....

(Kal passed away within days of finishing this, in April of 1997 at age 89)

ERNEST SCHEIN
1025 Connecticut Avenue, N. W.
Washington 6, D. C.

Book Review for The Journal of the Bar Association of the District of Columbia.

BOOK REVIEW: *The Musician and Petrillo*
by Robert D. Leiter, Bookman Associates, Inc. New York, 1953. 187 pp.

Prospective readers who may have been frightened by a book title containing the awe-inspiring name of Petrillo are invited to take a second look at this slim but informative volume. It is neither propaganda for the labor movement nor an apology for the life of the militant leader of unionized musicians.

Beginning with an account of the place of professional musicians during the nineteenth century, the author has given a completely objective report of the association of these craftsmen into societies for mutual protection. He recognizes and tells us frankly that "the story of the musicians union is a study of personalities..." These include the dominant characters of Owen Miller, whose life "is interwoven in the development and early growth of trade unionism among musicians," Joseph Nicholas Weber, who occupied the office of the president of the American Federation of Musicians from 1900 to 1940, and, of course, James Caesar Petrillo.

It is to the credit of the scholarship of the author that he has not lost sight of the work of the early leaders in the blinding luster of Petrillo's leadership which started when he was a very young man and took him through the ranks of the American Musicians Union to the presidency of the Chicago Federation of Musicians and ultimately to the top post in the international organization. In this career, whatever critics and enemies he may have won along the way, Petrillo established himself as the most aggressive leader of the musicians and one of the outstanding figures in the whole American labor movement.

Further, it was a courageous undertaking of Robert Leiter, a young professor of economics of the City College of New York, to record the activities of a highly controversial figure not only during his lifetime, but within an era of fresh memories of serious rebukes by the public of his zealous efforts in behalf of his union. There is a studious effort to avoid taking sides in the disputes between the union and the Boston Symphony, and the greater controversies in connection with recording and radio broadcasts.

"If Petrillo had been content to confine his dispute with the radio networks to matters dealing with recordings and to the wages and hours of musicians employed by the stations, he might have succeeded completely in his objectives." These are the words with which the author opens his chapter on the differences between Petrillo and the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan. It will be remembered that Petrillo in his effort to protect his musicians against the ravages of the growing canned music and radio industry, struck out against competition from amateurs, particularly school orchestras, for broadcast time. Petrillo directed the permanent cancellation of the Interlochen series. The author says that "while the objective of the union in this case was not felicitous, the decision had not been made in haste." This is the closest that he comes to an apology in this case which many people believe reflected no credit on the union.

A serious consequence which has been traced directly to the Interlochen controversy was the adoption of the Lea Act. This legislation, introduced by Congressman Clarence F. Lea, was passed by Congress and signed by President Truman in 1946. It made it unlawful for the union to threaten or compel a broadcaster to employ more persons than it needs or to pay money instead of hiring additional musicians; to refrain from broadcasting non-commercial, educational programs; and in certain other respects enumerated in the law to limit its activities or exact penalties. Whether the law is good or evil, whether it is effective or innocuous, it stands upon the books as a possible set-back to labor movements and must be so regarded by labor leaders.

The book is replete with exciting incidents in the unceasing struggle of Petrillo and the union for recognition and protection of members. The pace is never permitted to slow up while Jimmy is the one leading character of the story. Still there is much left unsaid in the life of Jimmy Petrillo which would have added to the awe and wonder of the reader at the remarkable accomplishments of this vigorous man. For instance, it is not related that while he was an official of the American Musicians Union in Chicago an injunction was procured by this organization, which was chiefly composed of part-time players, against the stronger Chicago Federation of Musicians, restraining the officials of the latter from threatening employers of A.M.U. musicians or labelling them as non-union or scab workers. Later, when Petrillo had become president of the Chicago Federation of Musicians, this very injunction rose to plague him and his associates time and time again. A protracted law suit to dissolve the

injunction finally was terminated without decision when, as the author reports, the American Musicians Union was naturally absorbed by the Petrillo group.

Of particular interest to lawyers is the combination in Petrillo of zeal for this organization, willingness to litigate when rights were in dispute, and a deep respect for legislation and the decisions of our courts.

From Auntie Ethyl's Memory Box
A description of her married years. 1935-45
from a mysterious source

Personality Parade

A dark haired, dark-eyed beauty is Mrs. Ethyl Fredman of the West. After studies at Northwestern U. and the Chicago Academy of Art, she found a colorful career as model, interior decorator, and fashion illustrator. The last two she converted into interesting and absorbing hobbies.

Ethyl loves symphonies. She has acquired an appreciation for music in general from her musician father. She is strictly a spectator when it comes to sports but she enjoys dancing. Her reading tastes range from intellectual topics to fairy tales. She wouldn't mind finding herself stranded on a lonely island, if she could live on a diet of steak—done rare—avocado, corn on the cob, and ripe olives.

Of all the places she has visited, Cuba holds the most attractions for Ethyl. She is proud of her husband's flying stunts, but admits that they do make her a bit nervous. Between rest periods she amuses herself by trying to draw cartoons.

Ethyl will some day own fourteen cocker spaniels. Her ambition is to have twelve children, too. Lucky youngsters! They'll be well dressed and they'll know their fairy tales, too!

VOTE FOR

ERNEST SCHEIN

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

CONGRESS SEVENTH DISTRICT

BORN in Chicago in 1898; has resided at 3825 N. Avers Avenue with parents for over 20 years. Graduated college and law school at Harvard University, after attending public schools in Chicago. Also studied economics and social problems at University of Chicago.

Member law firm of Schein & Beckwith, representing Chicago Federation of Musicians (affiliated with American Federation of Labor.) Oscar Mayer & Co., Great Lakes Boat Building Company, German-American Press Association and other prominent organizations.

Served in the World War. Member reserve 65th Cavalry Division of the U. S. Army.

Member of Chicago, American and Illinois State Bar Association, Ben Franklin Lodge A. F. & A. M. Other fraternal and social bodies.

Supported by individual Republican leaders of all factions as well as by many prominent business men.

Schein's Bulletin

ERNEST SCHEIN Publisher

Number 2

March 26, 1931

EDITORAL

Program:

Change the election machinery of the State, particularly the direct primary.

Abolish the Spoils System in local government.

Encouragemnt Progressivism in local as well as national politics.

Abolish the Small Parks System.

SPOILS TO THE VICTOR

There are very few of us who have not at some time or other succumbed to the wiles of a Precinct Captain. When we speak of an organization controlling a political situation,we mean that a group has augmented its power by extending tendrils into each small community which comprises the political entity in which we live. The tendril usually takes its shapein humanform. Akindly neighborwho has devoted his time to questions of public moment, who can help us in an hour of need, whose leisure is adequate to establish and cement his local social contacts, is delegated to instruct the electorate as to its duty, and to see that the vote is properly counted in his own bailiwick.

This local diplomat in his ideal state, is endowed with a job. His justification is in the great Andrew Jackson who first announced the principle that "to the victor belong the spoils." If his party is not victorious he has lost his means of livelihood. If, not holding a paying position he aspires to one, then victory for his party means material provision for himself and his family. In a better sense the Spoils System might create local political representation that would be healthy and of assistance to the average citizen who can devote only small time to the affairs of state. We believe that in our own community this is so. But by and large the Spoils System in local politics has destroyed the freedom of choice on the part of the voters and has created a condition under which a primary election, placing before the public candidates for high office, is in the hands of one powerful group whose interests, unfortunately, are usually selfish.

NEWS ITEM

When politicians advance money to newspapers in financial straits and receive the papers support in return the editor need not pay back the loan, the Washington State Supreme Court has ruled. This should be cause for great jubilation on the part of many of our partisan newspapers whose printing bills are met by contribution of candidates for public office.

NOT SO FUNNY

Teacher: What is Boston noted for?
Pupil: Boots and shoes.
Teacher: Correct. And Chicago?
Pupil: Shoots and booze.

BOOKKEEPING IN POLITICS

The Better Government Association has introduced approved auditing methods into the local political situation. It has published a balance sheet exposing the assets and liabilities of the respective candidates offered by the Republican and democratic parties for the office of Mayor of Chicago.

We notice that the position of the present Mayor is sound with a comfortable surplus of assets over liabilities. On the other hand, the condition of the Democratic candidate, now the President of the County Board, and Chairman of the County Central Committee, is somewhat shaky and distinctly in the red We recommend to all of our readers who have a mathematical. turn of mind to investigate carefully the accounts of the candidates.

NO TAXES

A proposal of a plan to abolish all taxes is made in the "Bazoom," house organ of a downtown company. Taxes are just an old habit and obsolete and discredited. It is suggested that no taxes be levied in accordance with present systems and that revenue be procured by governmental agencies through cutting out expensive bureaus and obtaining labor and supplies at the lowest market rate; through making charges for public services, now mostly free, such as water and the use of highway and through sharing in a larger proportion of the profits of public utilities, now mostly in the hands of the favored few

We are all interested in reducing taxes without impairin efficiency in government. We welcome any practicabl innovation which would abolish taxes entirely without removin services which our public agencies have come to supply.

THANK YOU, YOUNG READER

Dear Editor:

I believe I am speaking for many younger citizens when I say that an honest expression of public opinion is very welcome. To us who are old enough to think but not yet old enough to vote, the impressions which are now received appear to be most valuable. Our point of view may not be of any great political value now, but what we are taught and what we believe at this time will shape the future of the country. The men wh are in charge of affairs now should realize that the impressio that is created upon the younger generation who cannot expres their opinion by ballot is as important as their responsibility to the voter.

Yours truly,
Harold Ernst.

JUSTICE HOLMES

It is an inspiration to those of us who face the future with awe to regard Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Celebrating his nintieth birthday a few weeks ago he still serves with active mind and great distinction on the bench of the highest court in the land.

He was born in 1841, the son of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, served in the Cival War, was wounded and became a Colonel when twenty-four years old. He is far-famed as a Jurist, particularly because of his liberal human sympathies. His point of view is a helpful tonic in checking what might become sluggishness on the part of the chief judiciary of this Country.

LITTLE GARDENS

One of the greatest grafts in creation is the Small Parks System. Besides living in the City of Chicago, the County of Cook and the eminent Sanitary District, all of us have a local Park system to contend with. It is not consistent with modern methods of efficiency to permit a wasteful condition to continue.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

There are over eighty-one municipalities in Cook County?

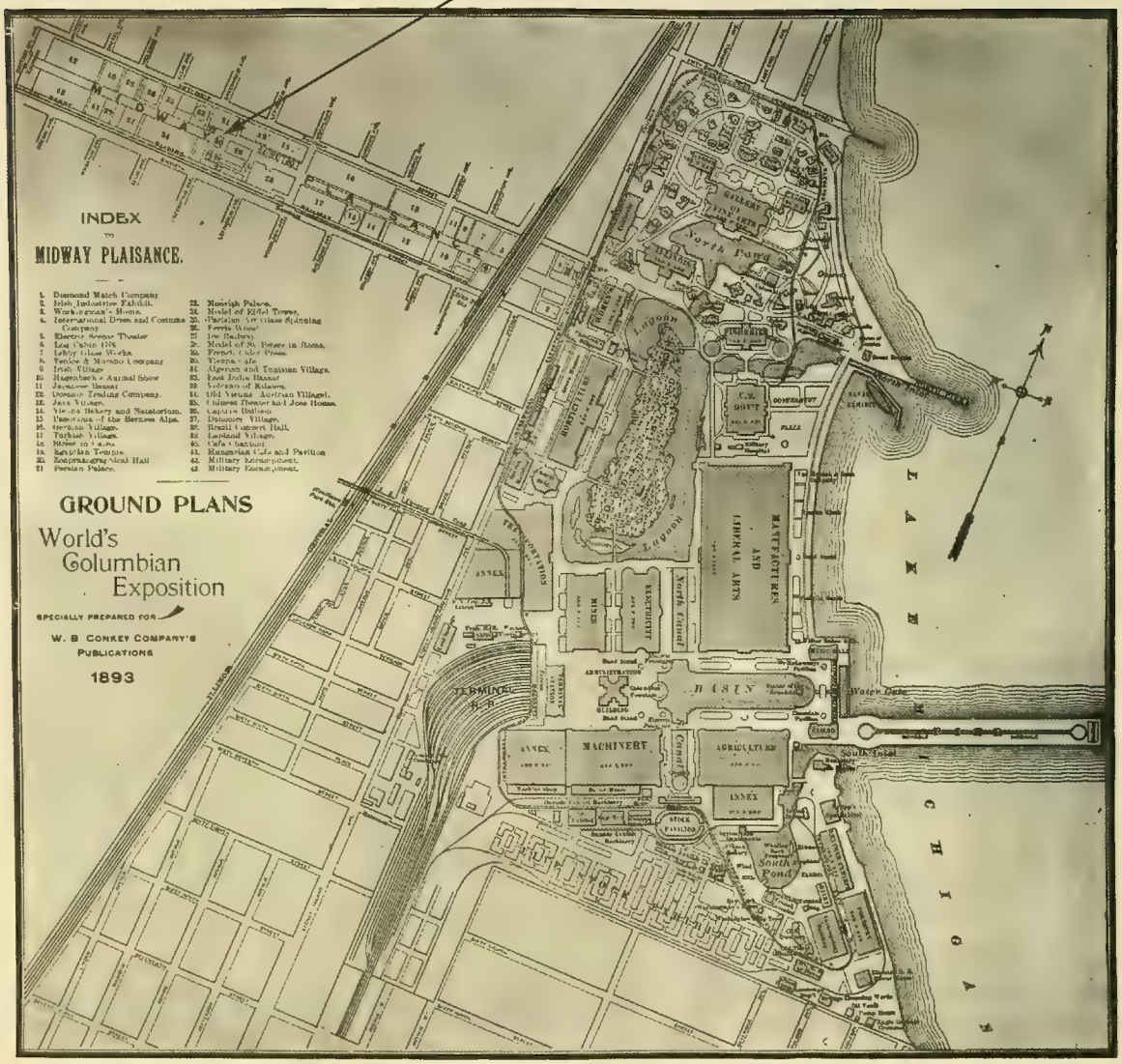
There are over thirty thousand acres of Forest Preserve in Cook County?

That Cook County uses over forty million dollars per year to keep going?

That there are about twenty-five thousand employees of the City of Chicago?

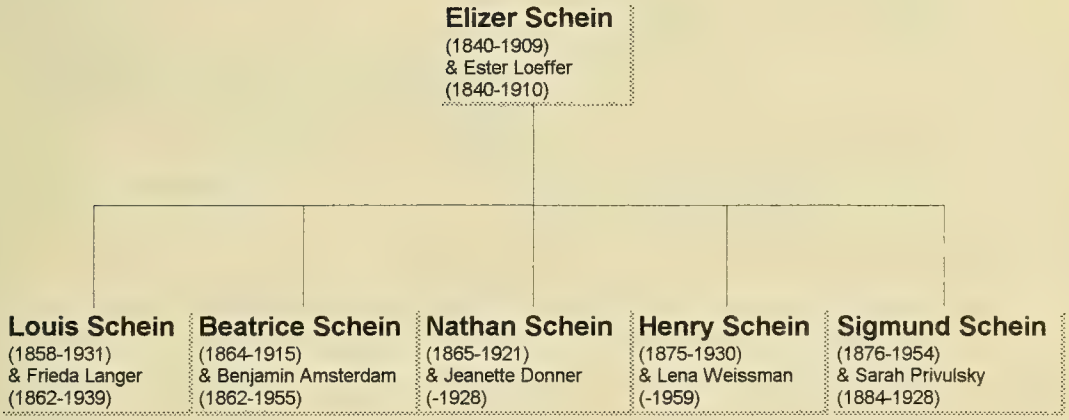
No comment.

#30 Alt Wien Café

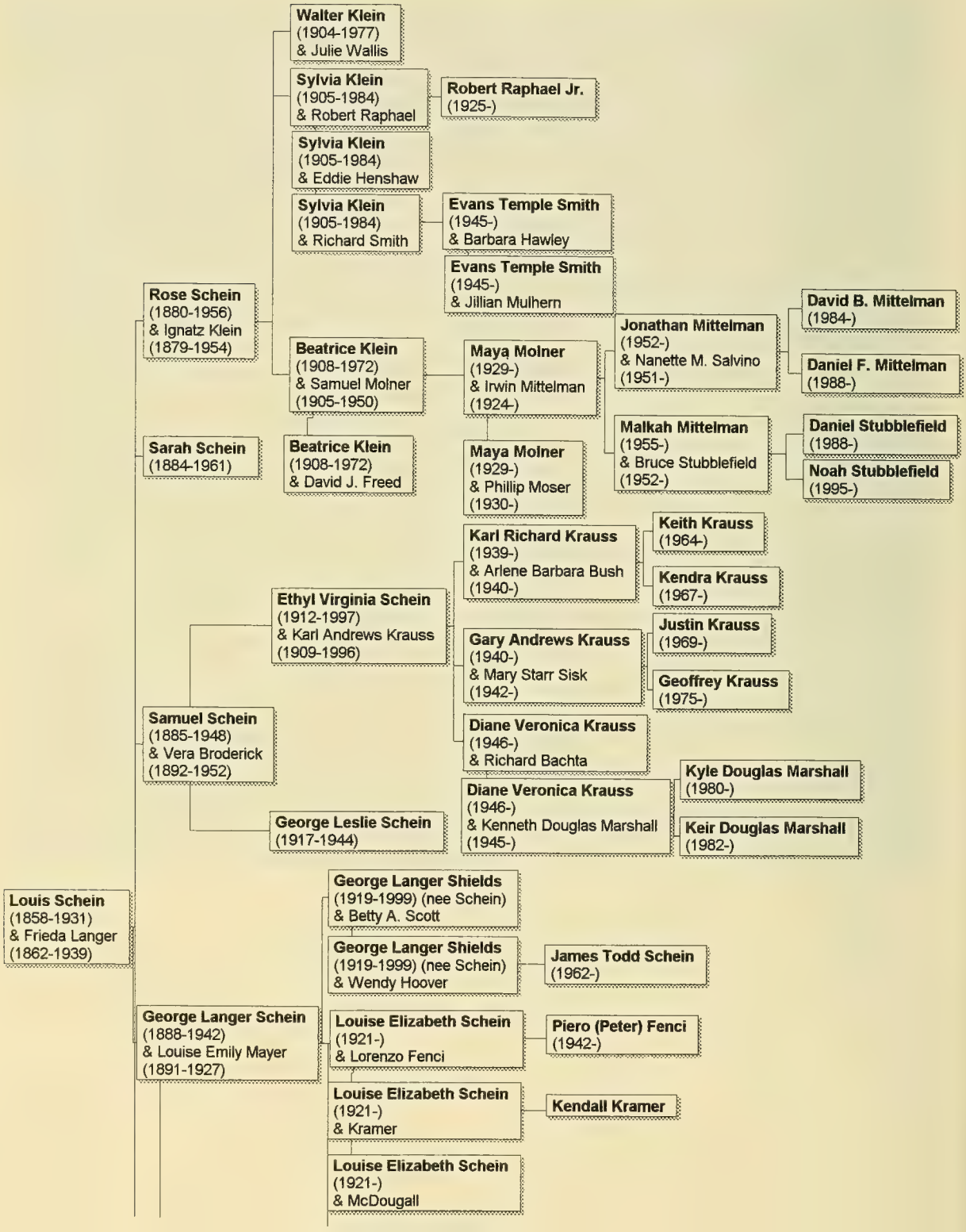


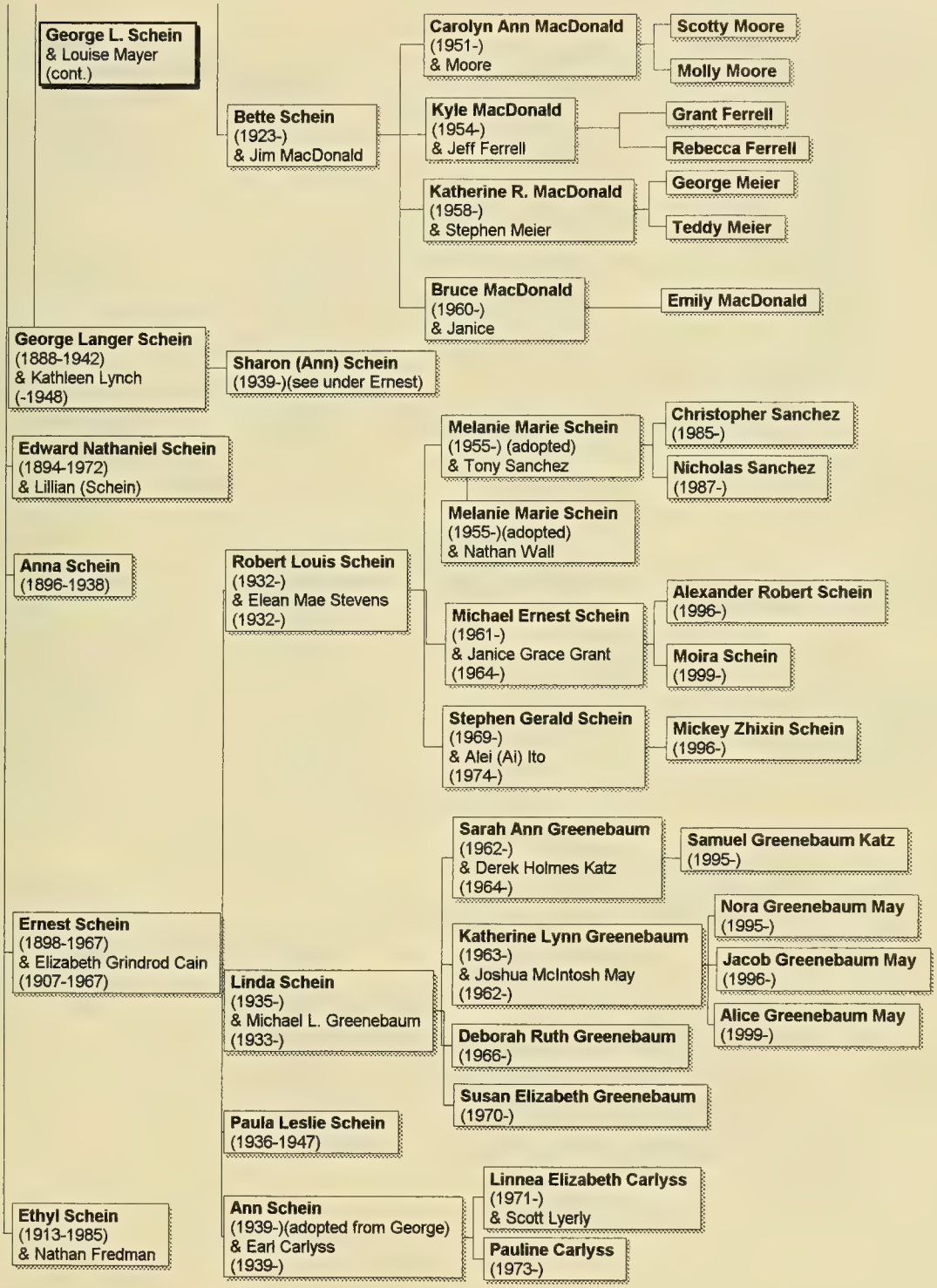
Map of Columbian Exposition of 1893
Scheins & Amsterdams played in #30
Alt Wien Café

Schein Family Tree

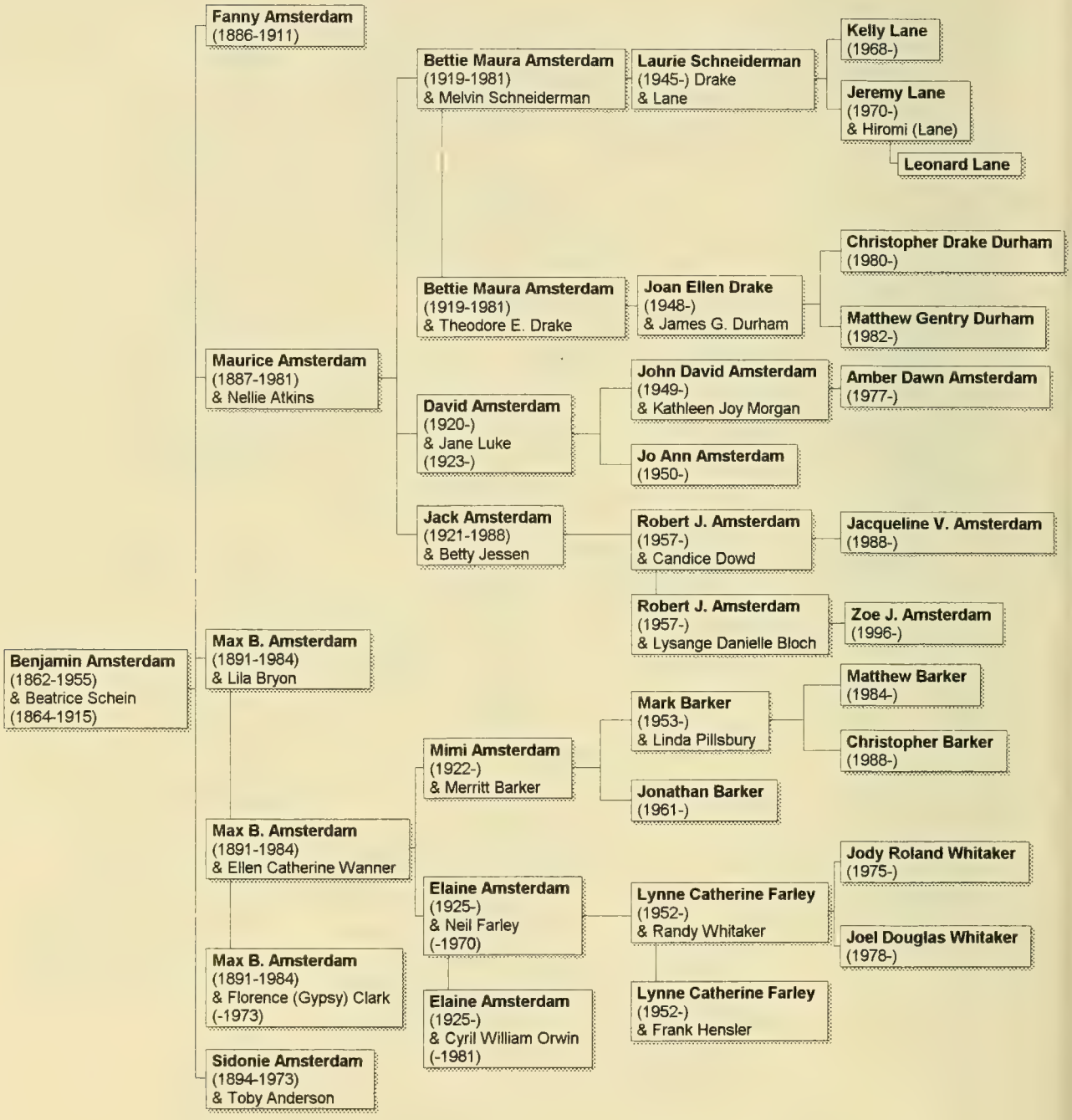


Louis Schein Family

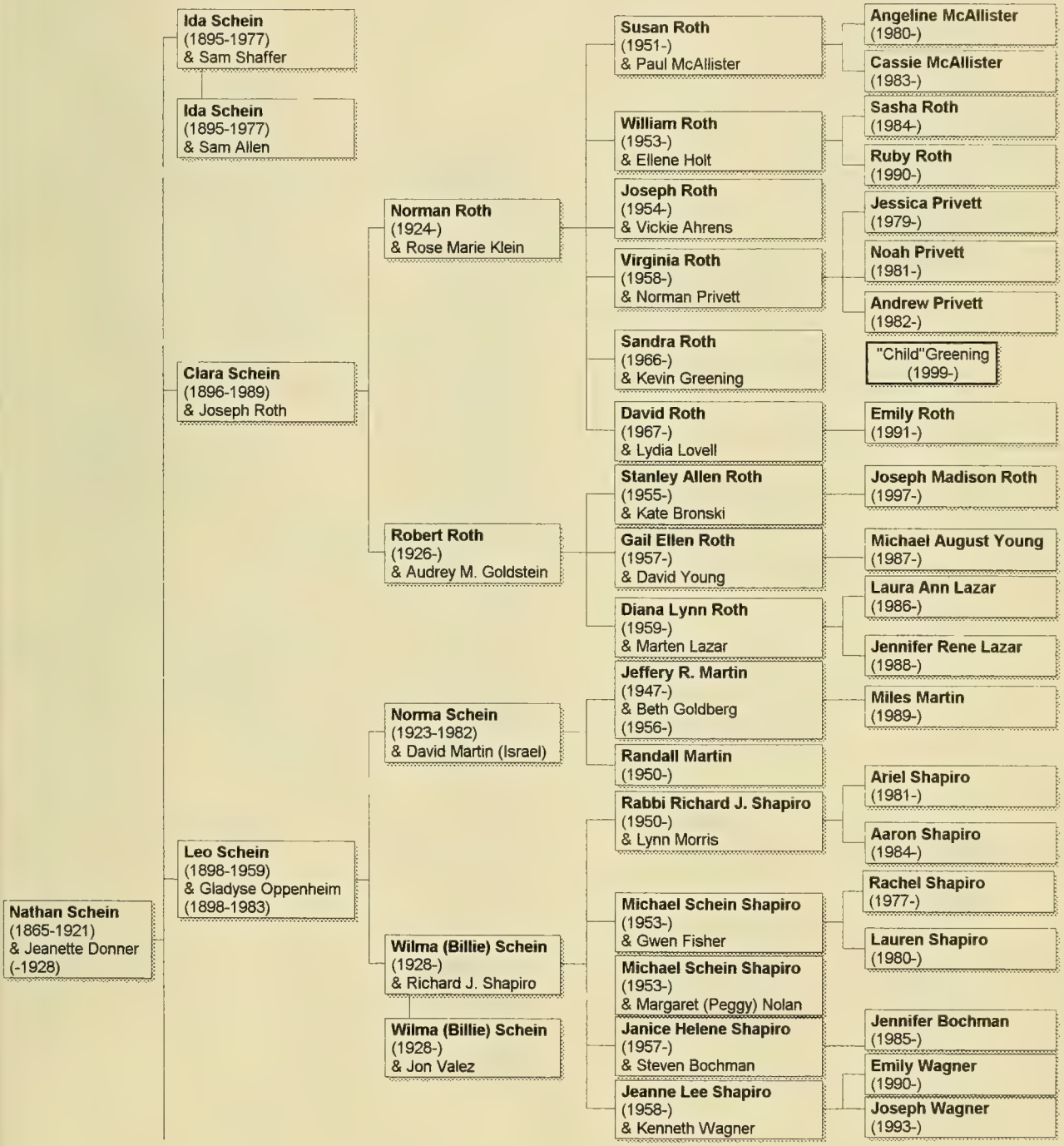


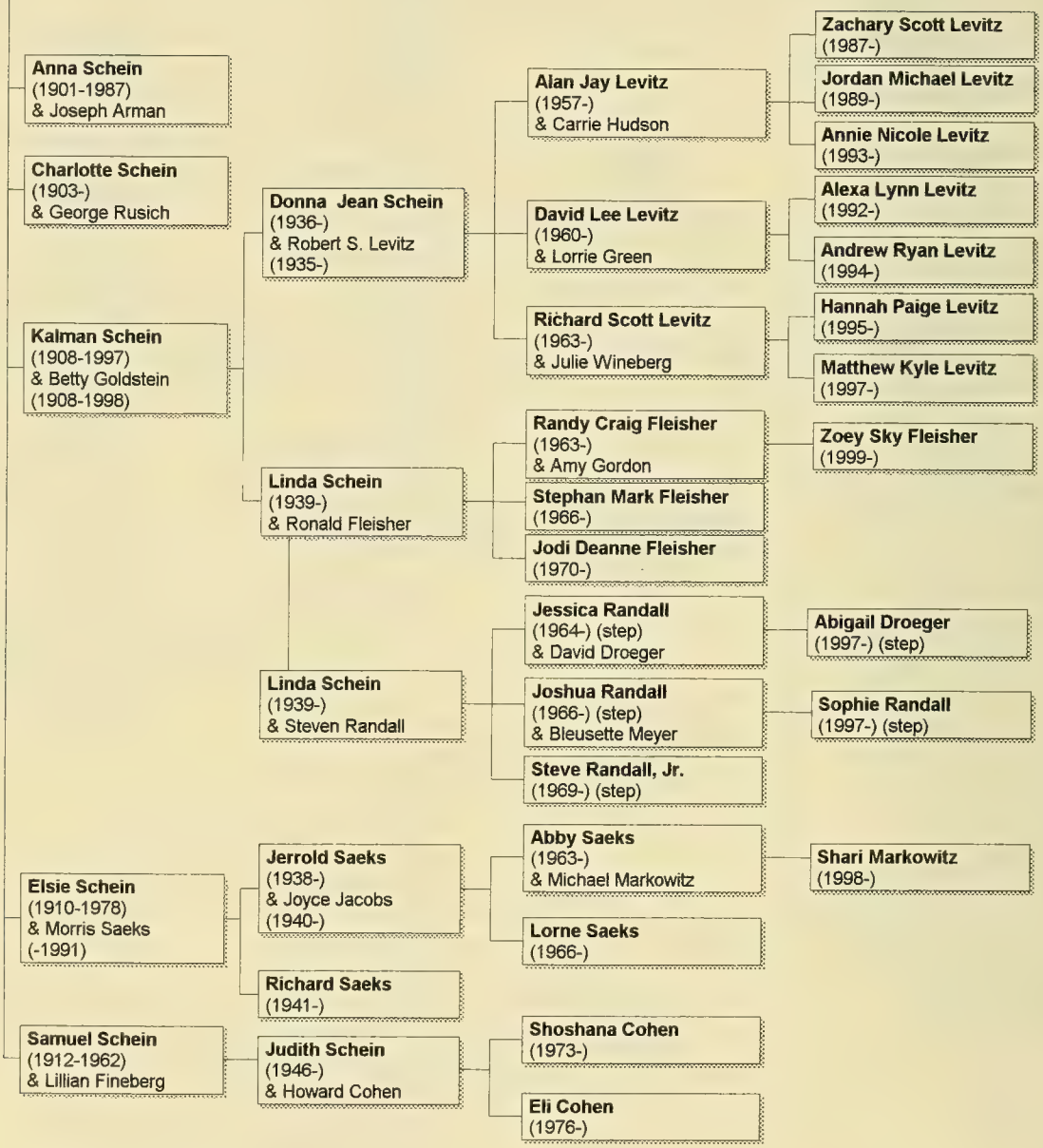

George L. Schein
& Louise Mayer
(cont.)
Bette Schein
(1923-)
& Jim MacDonald
Carolyn Ann MacDonald
(1951-)
& Moore
Scotty Moore
Molly Moore
Kyle MacDonald
(1954-)
& Jeff Ferrell
Grant Ferrell
Rebecca Ferrell
Katherine R. MacDonald
(1958-)
& Stephen Meier
George Meier
Teddy Meier
Bruce MacDonald
(1960-)
& Janice
Emily MacDonald
George Langer Schein
(1888-1942)
& Kathleen Lynch
(-1948)
Sharon (Ann) Schein
(1939-)(see under Ernest)
Edward Nathaniel Schein
(1894-1972)
& Lillian (Schein)
Melanie Marie Schein
(1955-) (adopted)
& Tony Sanchez
Christopher Sanchez
(1985-)
Nicholas Sanchez
(1987-)
Melanie Marie Schein
(1955-)(adopted)
& Nathan Wall
Anna Schein
(1896-1938)
Robert Louis Schein
(1932-)
& Elean Mae Stevens
(1932-)
Michael Ernest Schein
(1961-)
& Janice Grace Grant
(1964-)
Alexander Robert Schein
(1996-)
Moira Schein
(1999-)
Stephen Gerald Schein
(1969-)
& Alei (Ai) Ito
(1974-)
Mickey Zhixin Schein
(1996-)
Sarah Ann Greenebaum
(1962-)
& Derek Holmes Katz
(1964-)
Samuel Greenebaum Katz
(1995-)
Ernest Schein
(1898-1967)
& Elizabeth Grindrod Cain
(1907-1967)
Katherine Lynn Greenebaum
(1963-)
& Joshua McIntosh May
(1962-)
Nora Greenebaum May
(1995-)
Jacob Greenebaum May
(1996-)
Alice Greenebaum May
(1999-)
Linda Schein
(1935-)
& Michael L. Greenebaum
(1933-)
Deborah Ruth Greenebaum
(1966-)
Susan Elizabeth Greenebaum
(1970-)
Paula Leslie Schein
(1936-1947)
Linnea Elizabeth Carlyss
(1971-)
& Scott Lyerly
Ann Schein
(1939-)(adopted from George)
& Earl Carlyss
(1939-)
Pauline Carlyss
(1973-)
Ethyl Schein
(1913-1985)
& Nathan Fredman

Schein-Amsterdam Family

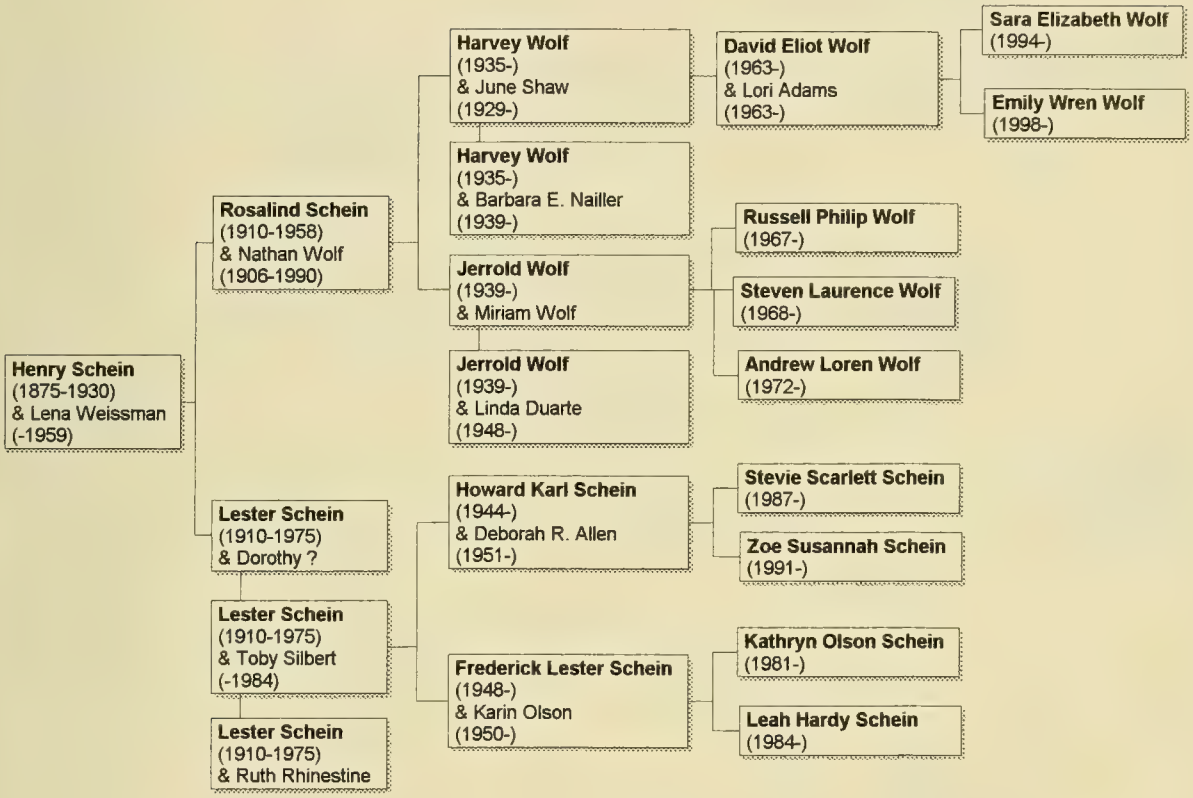


Nathan Schein Family

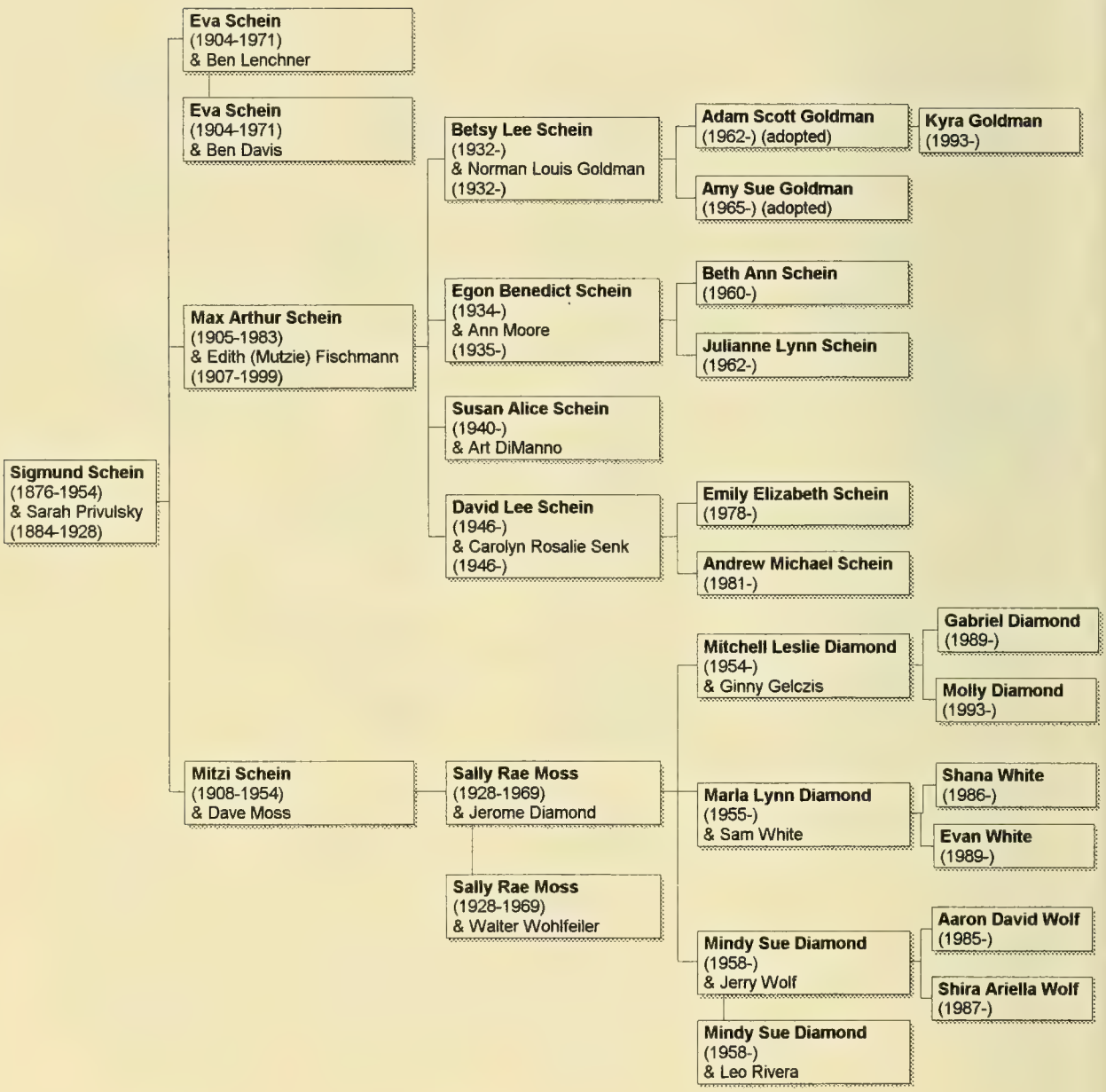



Anna Schein
(1901-1987)
& Joseph Arman
Charlotte Schein
(1903-)
& George Rusich
Kalman Schein
(1908-1997)
& Betty Goldstein
(1908-1998)
Donna Jean Schein
(1936-)
& Robert S. Levitz
(1935-)
Linda Schein
(1939-)
& Ronald Fleisher
Linda Schein
(1939-)
& Steven Randall
Alan Jay Levitz
(1957-)
& Carrie Hudson
David Lee Levitz
(1960-)
& Lorrie Green
Richard Scott Levitz
(1963-)
& Julie Wineberg
Zachary Scott Levitz
(1987-)
Jordan Michael Levitz
(1989-)
Annie Nicole Levitz
(1993-)
Alexa Lynn Levitz
(1992-)
Andrew Ryan Levitz
(1994-)
Hannah Paige Levitz
(1995-)
Matthew Kyle Levitz
(1997-)
Randy Craig Fleisher
(1963-)
& Amy Gordon
Stephan Mark Fleisher
(1966-)
Jodi Deanne Fleisher
(1970-)
Zoey Sky Fleisher
(1999-)
Jessica Randall
(1964-) (step)
& David Droeger
Joshua Randall
(1966-) (step)
& Bleusette Meyer
Steve Randall, Jr.
(1969-) (step)
Abigail Droeger
(1997-) (step)
Sophie Randall
(1997-) (step)
Elsie Schein
(1910-1978)
& Morris Saeks
(-1991)
Samuel Schein
(1912-1962)
& Lillian Fineberg
Jerrold Saeks
(1938-)
& Joyce Jacobs
(1940-)
Richard Saeks
(1941-)
Judith Schein
(1946-)
& Howard Cohen
Abby Saeks
(1963-)
& Michael Markowitz
Lorne Saeks
(1966-)
Shoshana Cohen
(1973-)
Eli Cohen
(1976-)
Shari Markowitz
(1998-)

Henry Schein Family



Sigmund Schein Family



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 06666 153 7